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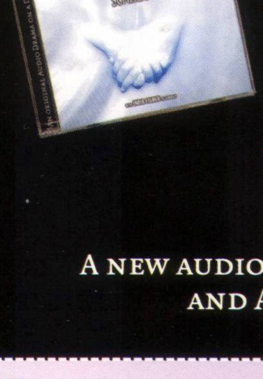

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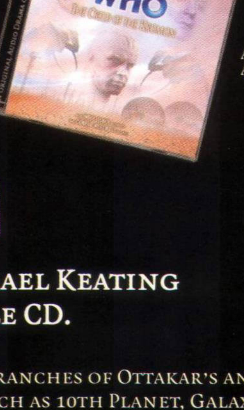

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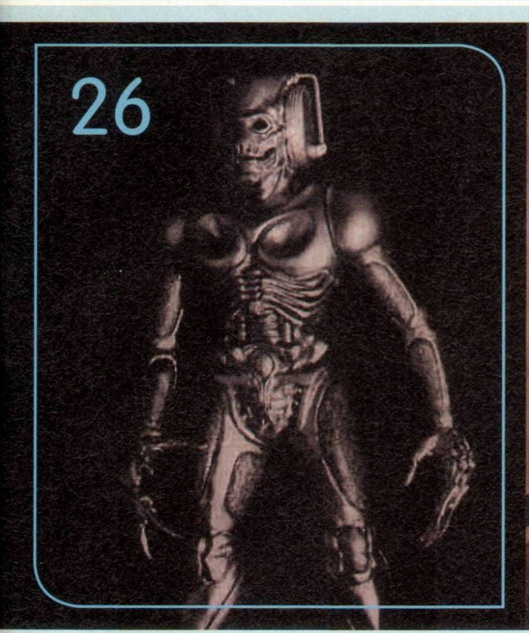
DWM 341

"HE'S REVERSED THE LINEARITY OF THE PROTON FLOW!"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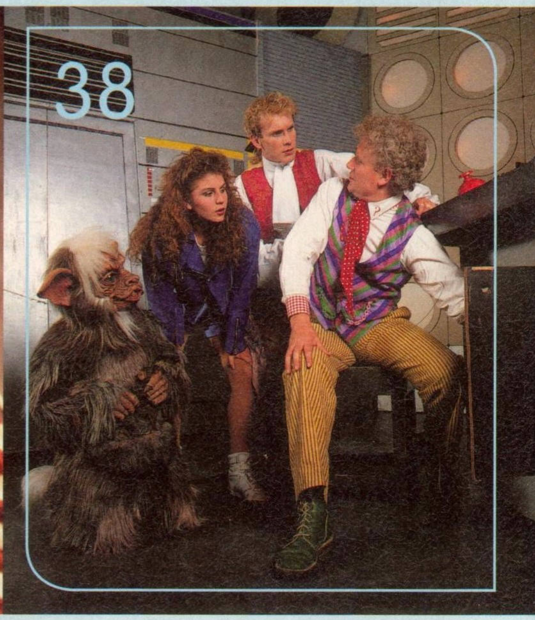
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At last! **Doctor Who**'s new Executive Producer and script writer, **Russell T Davies**, begins a new column exclusively for **DWM**. The journey begins here ...

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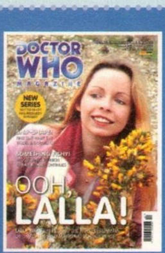
DOCTOR WHO
CHANGE, MY DEAR...

DOCTOR WHO
MEET HEX
THE BIG FINISH



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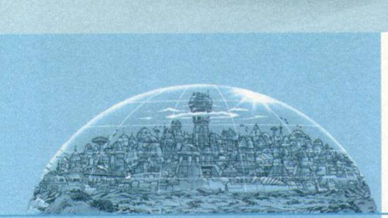


GALLIFREY **GUARDIAN**

OTHER NEWS…

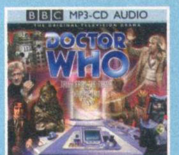
SLAUGHTERING 'EM!

BBC Books' Justin Richards has given **DWM** news of the first two *Doctor Who* books scheduled for 2005. January will see the Eighth Doctor adventure *To the Slaughter* written by Stephen Cole, in which the Doctor and friends "find themselves in *Changing Rooms* … but on a planetary scale!" February's release will now be the Fourth Doctor and Leela story *Match of the Day* by Chris Boucher. Next issue we hope to have news from Justin about the future of the books range in light of the new television series.

REVISED HISTORY

Lance Parkin's *History of the Universe* is to be updated and reprinted by Mad Norwegian Press, now including stories from BBC Books and Big Finish, and other material published or released since the book's first edition in 1996. The updated edition will be published as an oversized softcover in December 2004.

RADIO TALES



The next release from the BBC Radio Collection will be *The Wheel in Space* with narration from Wendy Padbury on May 4, while MP3 versions of *Death Comes to Time* and *The Crusade* are due on June 7 and August 2 respectively. Two volumes of *Tales from the TARDIS* are also due for release on July 5. These feature audio readings of *Doctor Who* novels narrated by the show's stars, previously released on cassette. Volume 1 comprises *The Curse of Peladon* (read by Jon Pertwee), *Kinda* (Peter Davison), *Attack of the Cybermen* (Colin Baker) and two short story collections – *Out of the Darkness* (Colin Baker and Nicola Bryant) and *Short Trips* (Nicholas Courtney and Sophie Aldred). Volume 2 features *Planet of the Daleks* (Pertwee), *Warriors of the Deep* (Davison), *Vengeance on Varos* (Baker), the novel of the film (Paul McGann) and the short story collection *Earth and Beyond* (McGann).

BILLY HUNTER!

The BBC Radio Collection's Michael Stevens has put out a request to anyone who has off-air radio material from the 1960s that could be used for a second volume of *Doctor Who at the BBC*. The team is particularly after William Hartnell's appearance on *Desert Island Discs*, the *Moviegoround* feature on Doctor Who and the Daleks, Nicholas Courtney on *Today* in 1974, and anything featuring Patrick Troughton. Michael says "there are tons of other things we know were broadcast but are no longer held. If anyone has material and is prepared to loan us tapes for a short while, please get in touch!" E-mail radio.collection@bbc.co.uk putting DWATBBC as the subject header, or write ▶

NEW SERIES EXCLUSIVE! WRITERS LINE UP FOR THE NEW **DOCTOR WHO** TV SERIES

WRITE AWAY!

After much speculation over who would be joining executive producer Russell T Davies in writing the new series of *Doctor Who*, **DWM** can now exclusively reveal that Steven Moffat, Mark Gatiss, Paul Cornell and Robert Shearman have been signed up to the writing team.

All four should be familiar names to **DWM** readers, between them being responsible for dozens of *Doctor Who* books, audios, webcasts and spoofs [see opposite for a full list of credits].

The BBC Controller of Continuing Drama Series, Mal Young, who also acts as an executive producer on the new series, said: "I've never received so many requests from writers and actors to be involved in a drama series, as I have had for *Doctor Who*. It seems everyone wants to be a part of bringing back such an iconic series. We only wanted to bring back *Doctor Who* if we could have the best talent around. Russell T Davies was always everyone's first choice, but now we're thrilled that Julie Gardner has been able to assemble a truly stellar team of writing talent to support Russell and enable us to keep the high standard of writing required, right across the series."

Julie Gardner, Head of Drama at BBC Wales, and also the third executive producer on the show, added: "Finding writers for the new series of *Doctor Who* has been one of the best jobs I've ever had. The talent available was exceptional. The team, led by Russell, is passionate about bringing the Doctor back to our screens. For many months to come we'll all be burning the midnight oil to make the new series the best it can be."

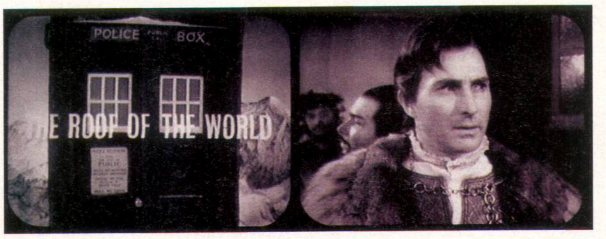
Gatiss, Cornell and Shearman are each to write one episode, while Moffat is scheduled to script two, with Russell T Davies writing the remainder of the series. Filming is due to begin this Spring, with transmission still on course for 2005.

Exciting though this news is, **DWM** would like to respectfully remind readers to refrain from contacting the new *Doctor Who* producers and staff-members or sections of the BBC requesting information on the new episodes or any other details of the production. Since the announcement of the new series last September, many departments of the BBC have been overwhelmed with calls and e-mails from well-meaning fans, and it is fast getting to the point where this correspondence is swamping the corporation! Rest assured, the best place to find out official information about the new series is in the pages of **DWM**, and we will continue to keep our readers updated with all news regarding the production as soon as it is made officially available.

MARCO POLO TELESNAPS FOUND!

Just two months after the safe return of *Day of Armageddon* to the BBC Archives, fans of William Hartnell's Doctor will be delighted with the news that telesnaps of six of the seven episodes of 1964's *Marco Polo* have been unearthed by **DWM** contributor Derek Handley.

The telesnaps were discovered in the possession of *Marco Polo*'s director, Waris Hussein, and do not include the fourth episode, *The Wall of Lies*, as this instalment was directed by John Crockett. Derek Handley, part of the 'Loose Canon' team of reconstructionists, a group who recreate missing episodes on video on a non-profit-making basis, takes up the story: "I first met Waris Hussein at John Nathan-Turner's memorial service in 2002. I recognised him immediately and said how pleased I was to meet him as *Marco Polo* was one of my favourite stories. He gave me his card so we could stay in contact.



"Eight months later, I had an opportunity to meet Waris again at a signing at the Tenth Planet bookshop. We were discussing how sad it was that so many early stories were missing and I mentioned the surviving telesnaps. This jolted something in Waris' memory and he said he used to order pictures from a "John somebody-or-other" for shows he had directed. I asked him if he by any chance had these for *Marco Polo* and he told me he imagined so, because he he'd ordered them for every show he worked on. Waris said he had no idea where they'd be, but I asked him to please try to find them!

"Eventually, in October 2003, he e-mailed me to say he had found the pictures. Waris was about to leave for some work in the USA, but kindly agreed that I could visit before he left to see the telesnaps. He still had them stored in the little envelopes from John Cura, and they were in excellent condition. In addition to the small contact strips, he had around ten enlarged telesnaps from each episode."

Derek informed **DWM** of his find, and we contacted Waris in the hope that he would allow us to reprint these exciting pictures so that fans worldwide could finally enjoy a glimpse of this missing adventure.

Waris was only too delighted to help, and so next issue **DWM** will be dusting off *The Telesnap Archive* to bring you *Marco Polo* episode one, *The Roof of the World*, with the remaining five episodes to follow. We also hope to run a full interview with Waris, *Doctor Who*'s first-ever director, as soon as possible.

The images were originally taken off-screen by freelance contractor John Cura, who was paid by the BBC from 1953 onwards to photograph their broadcasts, providing a permanent record of a transmitted show in the days before domestic video. Around 60 images would be taken for a 25-minute episode of *Doctor Who*, and sets would be made available to the cast and crew of each show.

This is the first such haul since 1999, when telesnaps for *The Crusade* were uncovered by **DWM** reporter Peter Griffiths during an interview with George Gallacio. Amusingly, the report of the *Crusade* find in issue 280 concluded "… it is entirely possible that images from the highly-regarded *Marco Polo* could well exist in someone's loft somewhere. If they do ever show up, rest assured that **DWM** will not be far behind …" Well, they have, and we weren't! Here's hoping for more discoveries in the future.

WIN A CUSHION!

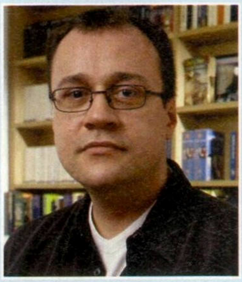
BBC
DOCTOR WHO
PYRAMIDS OF MARS
The TOM BAKER Years 1974-81

Because *you* voted for it, 1975 favourite *Pyramids of Mars* is released on shiny DVD on March 1 priced £19.99 from BBC Worldwide, and we've got five spangly copies to give away. To be in with a chance of winning, just tell us the answer to this logical poser: "If I was to ask the other guardian which is the correct answer, what would he say?" Is it: [a] This one!; [b] That one!; or [c] Er, dunno. Just put me into the draw, anyway, OK? Send your answer marked I HAD ENOUGH OF THAT IN 1666 to the editorial address by 1 April. Thank you. That is all.

MEET THE DREAM TEAM…

DWM proudly presents the writers of the 2005 season of **Doctor Who**:

RUSSELL T DAVIES



PREVIOUS FORM

TV: *Mine all Mine* (ITV 2004); *The Second Coming* (2 episodes, ITV 2003); *Linda Green* (1 episode: *Rest in Peace*, BBC1 2001); *Bob & Rose* (6 episodes, ITV 2001); *Queer as Folk* (10 episodes, C4 1999-2000); *Touching Evil* (1 episode: *Amathus Part One*, ITV 1997); *The Grand* (1997); *Springhill* (1996); *Revelations* (1994); *Century Falls* (1993); *Dark Season* (1991); *Breakfast Serials* (1990); *Children's Ward* (1988); *Why Don't You...?* (1988-92) Novels: *The New Doctor Who Adventures: Damaged Goods* (1996)

AWARDS

BAFTA for Best Children's Drama (*Children's Ward*); RTS Award for Best Children's Drama; Indie Award (*Queer As Folk*); Indie Award (*Bob & Rose*); British Comedy Award for Best Comedy Drama 2001 (*Bob and Rose*); British Comedy Award for Writer of the Year 2001; Broadcast Drama Award 2004 (*The Second Coming*)

AND THEY SAY ...

"I really believe we've got the best people in the business, now working on the best show. They'll be writing stories ranging across the whole of time and space. The Doctor and Rose already have the best allies on their journey – brilliant writers with brilliant scripts. It's an honour to work with these people, who are so talented they shouldn't be allowed to travel together!"

STEVEN MOFFAT

PREVIOUS FORM

Press Gang (43 episodes, ITV 1989-93); *Joking Apart* (13 episodes, BBC 2 1993-95); *Chalk* (12 episodes, BBC1 1997); *Coupling* (22 episodes, BBC2 2000-); *Doctor Who and the Curse of Fatal Death* (Comic Relief sketch, 1999); *Murder Most Horrid* (3 episodes: *Overkill, Dying Live, Elvis, Jesus and Zack*, BBC2); *Stay Lucky* (1 episode, *The Devil Wept In Leeds*, ITV 1990); *Norman at the Office* (ITV); *Exam Conditions* (ITV); *Continuity Errors* (short story, *Decalog 3*)

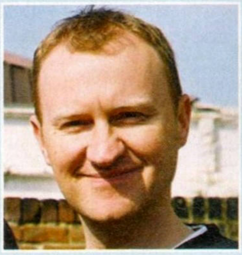
AWARDS

BAFTA for Best Children's Drama (*Press Gang series 2*); Royal Television Society Award (*Press Gang series 2*); Silver Rose Of Montreux (*Coupling series 1*); Bronze Rose Of Montreux (*Joking Apart series 2*); British Comedy Award for Best Television Comedy (*Coupling series 3*); Prix Jeunesse 1st Place (*Exam Conditions*); Prix Jeunesse 2nd Place (*Press Gang series 5*)

AND THEY SAY ...

"I'm very excited to be doing *Doctor Who*. My agent rang me about the job just as I was leaving for the Comedy Awards where we won for *Coupling*. And I met Peter Davison. I don't need the rest of my life now – I just need December 10, 2003 on a loop!"

MARK GATISS



PREVIOUS FORM

TV: *The League of Gentlemen* (BBC2 1999-present); *Randall & Hopkirk (Deceased)* (BBC1 2001); *Doctor Who Night* (BBC2 1999). Novels: *The Vesuvius Club* (2004); *The New Doctor Who Adventures: Nightshade* (1992); *The New Doctor Who Adventures: St Anthony's Fire* (1995); *Doctor Who: The Roundheads* (1997); *Doctor Who: Last of the Gaderene* (2000). Audio dramas: *Doctor Who: Phantasmagoria* (1999); *Doctor Who: Invaders From Mars* (2002). Stage plays: *A Local Show for Local People* (2001). Radio: *On the Town with The League of Gentlemen* (1997); *Ringing the Changes* (2001).

AWARDS

NME Award for Best Television Programme, 2001 (*The League of Gentlemen*); BAFTA Award for Best Comedy, 2000 (*The League of Gentlemen*); Golden Rose of Montreux, 1999 (*The League of Gentlemen*); RTS Award for Best Entertainment, 1999 (*The League of Gentlemen*); Perrier Award (*The League of Gentlemen*); DWM Awards Favourite Novel of 1992 (*Nightshade*)

AND THEY SAY ...

"I am thrilled beyond measure to finally be writing for *Doctor Who* on the telly. I still can't quite believe it. It shouldn't take me long to finish the script as I've been writing it in my head for the last 30 years!"

PAUL CORNELL

PREVIOUS FORM

TV: *Casualty* (BBC1 2001-03); *Holby City* (BBC1 2004); *Doctors* (BBC1 2000); *Children's Ward* (ITV 1996-99); *Coronation Street* (ITV 1996); *Love in the 21st Century* (C4 1999); *Wavelength* (ITV 1996-7); *Springhill* (C4 1997); *Kingdom Come* (BBC2 1990). Novels: *The Uninvited* (1997); *Horrorscopes: Leo* (as Maria Palmer, 1995); *Something More* (2001); *British Summertime* (2002): *The New Doctor Who Adventures: Timewyrm: Revelation* (1991); *The New Doctor Who Adventures: Love and War* (1992); *The New Doctor Who Adventures: No Future* (1994); *The New Doctor Who Adventures: Human Nature* (1995); *The New Doctor Who Adventures: Happy Endings* (1996); *The New Adventures: Oh No It Isn't!* (1997); *Doctor Who The Missing Adventures: Goth Opera* (1994); *Doctor Who: The Shadows of Avalon* (2000); *Doctor Who: Scream of the Shalka* (2004). Audio dramas: *Doctor Who: The Shadow of the Scourge* (2001); *Doctor Who: Seasons of Fear* (2002); *Professor Bernice Summerfield: Death and the Daleks* (2004). Webcast: *Doctor Who: Scream of the Shalka* (2003). Comics: *XTNCT* (2003), *Pan-African Judges* (1993), *Deathwatch* (1995) (*2000AD Megazine*); *The Chameleon Factor, Emperor of the Daleks, Time and Time Again, Seaside Rendezvous, Metamorphosis* (*Doctor Who Magazine*)

AWARDS

DWM Awards Best New Adventure (*Human Nature*); DWM Awards Best Book of All Time (*Human Nature*)

AND THEY SAY ...

"It's wonderful, and quite surprising, that I get to fulfill an ambition I've had for nearly 30 years. I've no doubt that with Russell in charge this is going to be very exciting *Doctor Who*."

ROBERT SHEARMAN

PREVIOUS FORM

Stage plays: *White Lies* (1998); *Mercy Killings* (1998); *Fool to Yourself* (1997); *Binary Dreamers* (1996); *Easy Laughter* (1995); *Breaking Bread Together* (1994); *Couplings* (1992), plus work produced by Alan Ayckbourn and Francis Ford Coppola.
TV: *Born and Bred* (Writer, BBC1, 2003)
Radio: *About Colin; Inappropriate Behaviour; Afternoons with Roger; Forever Mine.*
Audio dramas: *Doctor Who: The Holy Terror* (2000); *Doctor Who: The Maltese Penguin* (2001); *Doctor Who: The Chimes of Midnight* (2002); *Doctor Who: Jubilee* (2003), *Doctor Who: Scherzo* (2004); *Doctor Who Unbound: Deadline* (2003)

AWARDS

Sunday Times Playwrighting Award 1993 (*Easy Laughter*); Guinness Award for Ingenuity in Association with the Royal National Theatre (*Binary Dreamers*); World Drama Trust Award 1992 (*Couplings*); Young Playwright Award (*White Lies*); Sophie Winter Memorial Trust award (*Fool to Yourself*); Writer in Residence Arts Council bursary; DWM Awards Best Audio 2000 (*The Holy Terror*); DWM Awards Best Audio 2002 (*The Chimes of Midnight*); DWM Awards Best Audio of All Time (*The Chimes of Midnight*); DWM Awards Best Writer of 2002; currently nominated for Sony Award for Best Radio Drama 2003 (*Afternoons with Roger*)

AND THEY SAY ...

"I was far too scared to watch *Doctor Who* until I was nearly a teenager and used to run from the room at the sound of the theme music. It's wonderful to think I've got a stab at traumatising a whole new generation of pre-teens!"

to *Doctor Who* at the BBC, BBC Audiobooks, St James House, The Square, Lower Bristol Road, Bath BA2 3BH. Michael adds, "We'd be delighted to give you a credit in the sleeve and a copy of the finished release."

RADIO TIMES SPECIAL

The reprinted *Radio Times 10th Anniversary Special* is still available for a limited time by mail order by calling 0870 770 7979 (quoting '**DWM**'). The price is £7.99 including post and packing. Call between 08.30-18.00 Mon-Fri, 10.00-14.00 Sat. Calls are charged at national rate.

DARROW SPEAKS

A new *Kaldor City* short play, *The Prisoner*, starring Paul Darrow as Kaston Iago and Peter Miles as Landerchild, and written by Alan Stevens and Fiona Moore, will be appearing on the latest *The Actor Speaks* CD from MJTV. It also features a dialogue between Darrow and Miles about *Doctor Who and the Silurians*. The CD will be launched with a signing at the Star One convention on 24 April 2004.

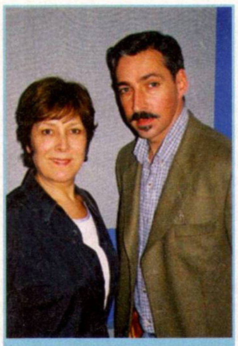
FANS NEEDED!

Reeltime Pictures is researching a new DVD release to feature *Doctor Who* fans' own video footage, as a snapshot of modern fandom. They are looking for fans who are willing to record themselves at conventions, making amateur videos, visiting locations, or engaging in any other fan activities! If you'd like to contribute, e-mail *fanvideo@reeltime.co.uk* or write to Reeltime Pictures, PO Box 23435 London SE26 5WU.

INQUISITOR RETURNS!

The four plays in Big Finish's spin-off series *Gallifrey* have now been completed, with several familiar names among the guest cast. Joining Lalla Ward (Romana), Louise Jameson (Leela) and John Leeson (K9) are a supporting cast of Miles Richardson as Cardinal Braxiatel, Sean Carlsen as Coordinator Narvin and Andy Coleman as Commander Torvald. Also appearing are Hugo Myatt as an intergalactic 'Harry Lime', Arkadian, India Fisher as Sissy Pollard; and Lynda Bellingham, reprising her role from the TV story *The Trial of a Time Lord* as Inquisitor Darkel. The first story, *Weapon of Choice* by Alan Barnes, is due out by the end of March.

Meanwhile, Big Finish producer Gary Russell has given **DWM** some news about forthcoming *Doctor Who* audio plays. July's CD will be a Fifth Doctor story, *The Roof of the World* by Adrian Rigelsford, the writer of 1993's cancelled television special *The Dark Dimension*. Joining Peter Davison, Nicola Bryant (Peri) and Caroline Morris (Erimem) are Edward de Souza as explorer Lord Davey and William Franklyn as Erimem's father, Pharaoh Amenhotep II. August's release is a Sixth Doctor adventure, *Medicinal Purposes* by Robert Ross. "It's set in Edinburgh during the nineteenth century, and deals with the famous case of Burke and Hare ..." says Russell. September's adventure is a Seventh Doctor story by John Ostrander, entitled *Dead Man's Hand*. According to Russell, "it's set in the gambling, gun-totin' world of the American Wild West."


Lynda Bellingham and Miles Richardson in the **Gallifrey** series

Also revealed is the line-up for June's *Short Trips* collection, *Repercussions*. Edited by Russell himself, the list of stories and authors is: *Bobby Zierath's Story* by Trey Korte; *The Rag and Bone Man's Story* by Colin Brake; *The Farmer's Story* by Todd Green; *The Steward's Story* by Mark Michalowski; *Jake Morgan's Story* by Andie Frankham; *Professor Bullworth's Story* by Peter Anghelides; *The Bushranger's Story* by Sarah Groenewegen; *The Republican's Story* by Andy Russell; *The Assassin's Story* by Andrew Collins; *The Gangster's Story* by Jon de Burgh Miller; *The Inquisitor's Story* by Shaun Lyon; *The Diplomat's Story* by Kathryn Sullivan; *The Tramp's Story* by Joe Lidster; *The Ghost's Story* by Trevor Baxendale; *The Time Lord's Story* by Iain McLaughlin and Claire Bartlett; and *The Juror's Story* by Eddie Robson.

THE GREEN DISC

The 1973 Jon Pertwee story *The Green Death* is the next story to be released as a Region 2 DVD. The story, the last to feature Katy Manning as the Doctor's companion Jo Grant, will contain a commentary for all six episodes, featuring Manning herself, producer Barry Letts and script-editor Terrance Dicks. Other special features to be included are interviews with the story's visual effects designer, Colin Mapson, (including a demonstration of how to build a giant maggot!), writer Robert Sloman and actor Stewart Bevan, who played Professor Clifford Jones in the story. There is also a special bonus feature, *Global Conspiracy?*, presented by BBC *Man Alive*'s original industrial correspondent Terry Scanlon, looking back at the social changes in the valleys. The featurette includes contributions from Mark Gatiss, Jerome Willis, Tony Adams, Stewart Bevan and Roy Evans. The package will also include the customary photo gallery and subtitle production notes. *The Green Death* will be released as a single disc on May 8.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAID

A ROUND-UP OF **DOCTOR WHO**'S APPEARANCES IN THE UK PRESS, COMPILED BY **HUW TURBERVILL**

DECEMBER "Oi, Doctor – shut it!" That's what we could hear next year if the wishes of *EastEnders* hardman Steve McFadden are granted. The actor told *The Daily Star* on Dec 7: "I would like to do something in the new *Doctor Who* special – I've always been a fan." • Anthony Stewart Head would model his Doctor on Patrick Troughton's incarnation, he tells *The Daily Express* on Dec 12. Asked what he thought about topping the *Radio Times*' poll to see who should land the role, he said: "I suppose I might be considered because of my sci-fi status. If I did get the part I'd like to take him back to the kind of character that was played by Troughton. He was the best. He had whimsy but he had a dark side, too, and I think that with subsequent Dr Whos there was too much emphasis on whimsy." • Head is too well-known for the role, however, if you agree with the views of Peter Davison. He told *The Daily Telegraph* on Dec 13 that "it would be a big mistake to choose someone who is already known as a character in their own right – the BBC would be mad not to realise that. I wouldn't believe any of these high-profile people who are being touted; it's got to be someone we've never heard of." • Sean Pertwee rides on a wave of national euphoria by plumping for England World Cup-winning rugby star Jonny Wilkinson as the new Doctor, telling *The Daily Express* on Dec 17: "I met Jonny the other night and he has the right kind of enigmatic quality." • *The Story of Doctor Who* was reviewed favourably by Fleet Street, with *The Independent on Sunday*'s Stuart Price giving it the warmest greeting. "It's been hard this Christmas to escape the self-reverential television programmes stringing together clips of 1970s classics," he wrote on Dec 28, "but if there's one show from this cheap-as-chips genre that deserves the airtime, it's this lovely documentary charting the 40-year history of one of the best television drama serials ever made. *Doctor Who* is an institution that has embedded itself in the collective consciousness of the nation's 30 to 50-year-olds, and this chronicle provides a welcome chance for that generation to relive those Saturday-evening childhood nightmares. My own sleepless nights were prompted by a spacecraft-full of other budget baddies from the show, including the glowing maggots down the mine and the silver-suited Linx. It's one to watch with like-minded friends; you might even need your mum there to hold your hand and cook your tea afterwards." • *The Guardian*'s Gareth McLean, on Dec 30, hit out at the BBC's decision to wipe out old *Doctor Who* stories. Reviewing BBC Four's *Time Shift: Missing Believed Wiped*, he lamented the loss of episodes of "*Morecambe and Wise, Monty Python* and *Doctor Who*" when "you can now buy *Gimme Gimme Gimme* and *EastEnders: Slaters in Detention*" on video. • *The Daily Star*'s Charlie Catchpole, on New Year's Eve, attacked the BBC for not celebrating *Doctor Who*'s 40th anniversary in better style. "The milestone could have been marked by screening a different episode nightly for a week, featuring each of the seven [sic] Doctors," he said. "Instead, they belatedly and half-heartedly caught up with *The Doctor Who Story*. Maybe somebody in high places is still embarrassed by the intergalactic hoo-hah over the decision to axe the show towards the end of the Eighties – an awesome example of viewer power that forced the Corporation grudgingly to grant the time-travelling Doctor a brief reprieve." • Russell T Davies has a formidable task, according to McLean again (yup, definitely a fan) on the same day after he had seen the documentary. "Dr Who is, you realise, bigger than any one of his incarnations," he wrote. "He's a great big pop culture artefact in whom thousands of people have an (emotional) investment and about whom they have an opinion. Often, it's quite a fiercely held opinion expressed with pointy fingers and sweaty brow. It makes you consider the task RTD has taken on in resurrecting him. Or, indeed, her."

JANUARY "Doctor Who defeated the Daleks, smashed the Cybermen and stitched up the Silurians before being topped by his toughest enemy, the Ak-Ountants," 'loveable rascal' Garry Bushell wrote in *The People* on January 4. "BBC1 will revive the Time Lord next year. (Who should play him? Jeffrey Archer! He's a Lord. He's done time.) Fact: Dr Who had Tardis sex. He looked small from the outside but inside he felt so much bigger." And there's more ... "Will Young ... went to Funky Buddha ... blatantly auditioning for the role of the new Doctor Who in a terrible mismatched outfit," writes gossip girls Leigh Purves, Nadia Brooks and Amy Watts in *The Daily Star* on Jan 5. "Only a timelord (sic) could excuse that scarf and we all know what kind of lord Will is ... And bless him, he had his own female assistant by him and looked incapable of outwitting anything not made out of a washing-up liquid bottle." • Tom Baker is considering joining the cast of *Monarch of the Glen*, according to the *Day and Night* column in *The Daily Express* on Jan 12. The story reads: "Good to know that Baker – best-known for fighting Daleks and Cybermen – should have to do battle with little more than windswept lochs and haggis should he take on the role." • *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* DVD is a favourite of *Paradise Towers* baddie Richard Briers (pictured). He told *The Times*, on Jan 17: "We've been watching a lot of *Doctor Who*, because they're resurrecting it and my wife (the actress Ann Davis) appeared in that particular story." • Peter Davison's sons Louis, four, and Joel, two, cannot get enough of their father's appearances as the Doctor, according to *The Daily Express*. "My boys are addicted to the show," he told the *Day and Night* column – yes, them again – on Jan 20. "Their favourite is *Resurrection of the Daleks*, which they want to watch every day. It's absolutely great as being an older dad can be tiring but when I put *Dr Who* on TV I can be a fantastic role model. Even while I'm just sprawled on the sofa, I'm up there saving the universe!" • Tony Blair's premiership has survived extermination – for now – but *The Independent on Sunday*'s Iain Miller has an interesting theory on Jan 25. "There are Tony Blairs everywhere! And don't believe what you read – he's getting younger by the day. Or maybe he's actually been cast as the new Dr Who, switching bodies so fast that we won't be able to get a grip on what relative dimension in space and time he's currently occupying."

"YES, I KNOW I'M IMPOSSIBLE! I'M THE DOCTOR..."

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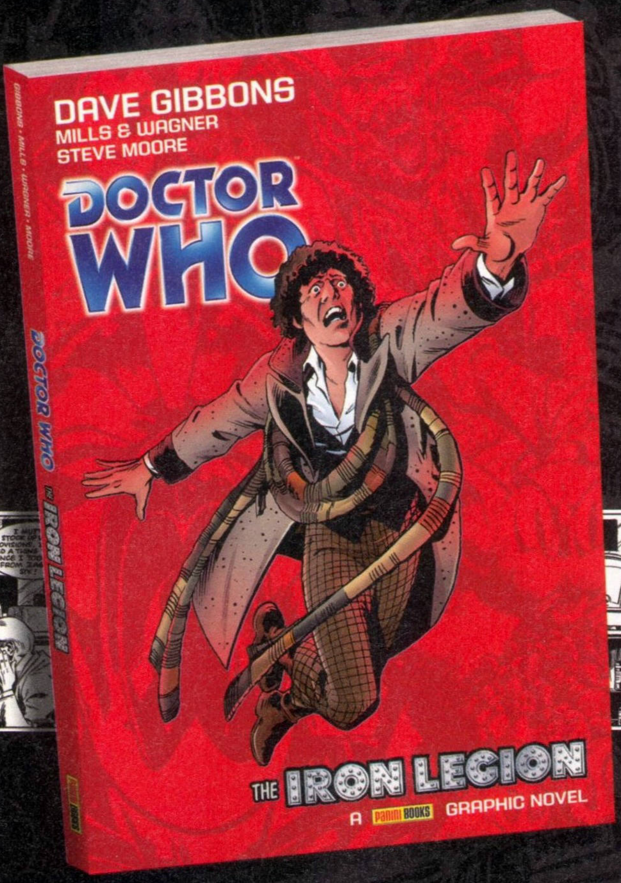
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THE IRON LEGION

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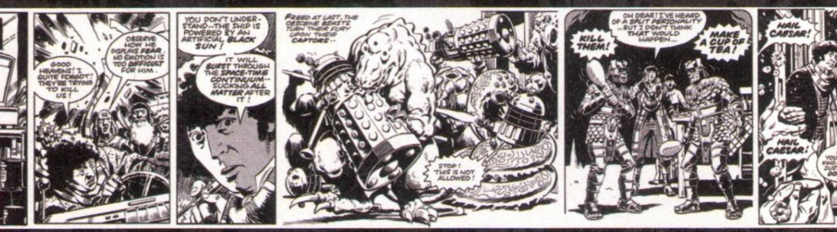
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IT WILL BURST THROUGH THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM--SUCKING ALL MATTER AFTER IT!
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KILL THEM!
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HAIL CAESAR!
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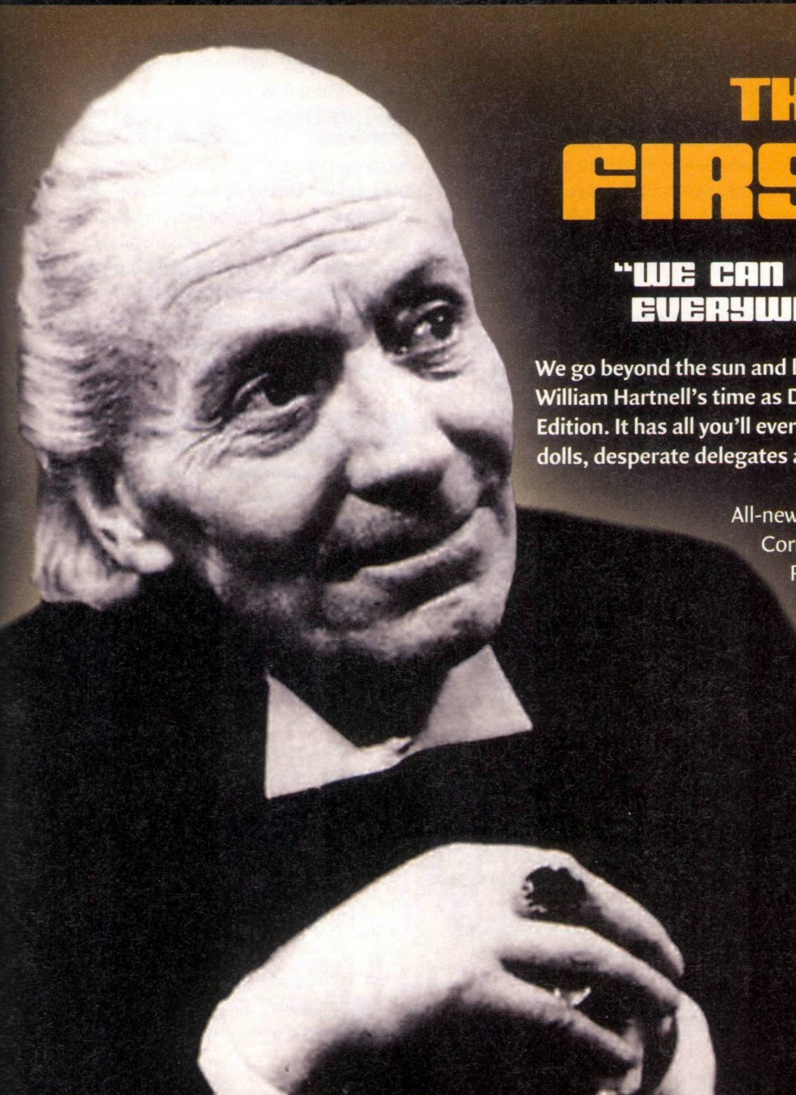

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PANINI COMICS

Assistant EDITOR'S **LETTER**

If you're wondering why Clayton isn't here to greet you with one of his usual paeans of wisdom, it's because he's away at the Gallifrey Convention in Los Angeles, "working extremely hard, and under *no* circumstances just having a holiday." Well, that's what he said anyway. In reality, I reckon he's lounging around a hotel poolside with the likes of Paul McGann and India Fisher, sipping champagne from a diamond-encrusted glass slipper, while serving-boys in loincloths bring him bowls of Shreddies at the mere snap of his fingers. What this means, dear reader, is that it's up to yours truly to put the finishing touches to this issue of **DW**M, and to try to write something witty and/or useful in this space. "And no signing off with 'Happy Times and Places' either," my dear editor warned me, just before setting off on his luxury private jet.

Anyway, it's a whole year since I was abandoned on **DW**M's doorstep, and Clayton took pity on me and took me in. It's been a pretty eventful 12 months by anyone's standards, and I have to admit that the prospect of being able to cover a brand new TV series of *Doctor Who* was pretty far from my mind when I took this job. I – like all of you – am a little bit excited. In fact, that's an understatement. Readers in the South-East of England who were watching the BBC local news on 26 September 2003 will have seen just *how* excited I was. (Yes, that was me – the prat squeaking "Yippee, *Doctor Who*'s coming back!" – while Clay rather more sedately remarked how wonderful it was that the series was in the hands of someone as capable as Russell T Davies. They stitched me up in the editing, I tell you.)

"It really does seem as though **everyone's** talking about it!"

Ever since that initial announcement, the public interest in *Doctor Who* seems to have increased tenfold. There was a time when Clay, myself and comic strip genius Scott Gray could discuss our secret plans on the train back to London each evening, without fear of being overheard. Now, we can't get as far as High Brooms without an eager-eared commuter butting into our conversation and asking us whether the Voord will be making a comeback. I'm not joking. What with multiple *Radio Times* covers, UK Gold theme days and a celebratory documentary on BBC One, it really does seem as though – to coin a phrase – *everyone's* talking about it.

And as if to put the icing on the cake, we've had the wonderful news of *Day of Armageddon*'s return to the BBC archives – an event which was even a headline story on the BBC's *Liquid News*. It's almost as though some mysterious force is doing its best to keep the series in the public eye while we await the biggest news of all: just who will be the new Doctor?

In the meantime, this issue's revelation of who will be writing the Time Lord's new adventures should keep us all chatting for another four weeks, and that's without even mentioning the first of Russell's Production Diaries on page 50. Something tells me the next 12 months are going to get even more interesting ...

Happy Times and, erm, Plasmatons!

Tom

LYNDA DAY CLAYTON HICKMAN
KENNY PHILIPS TOM SPILSBURY
JULIE CRAIG JAMES CLARKSON

MATT KERR ANDREW PIXLEY

PRODUCTION MARK IRVINE
MANAGING EDITOR ALAN O'KEEFE
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THANKS TO David Banks, David Brunt, Andrew Cartmel, Paul Cornell, Kevin Davies, Russell T Davies, Nev Fountain, John Freeman, Mark Gatiss, Derek Handley, David J Howe, Warris Hussein, Steve Johnson, Steven Moffat, Michelle Osborn, John Ostrander, Adrian Rigelsford, Julie Rogers, Gary Russell, Rob Shearman, Paul Spragg, Lalla Ward, Martin Wiggins, BBC Worldwide and Big Finish.

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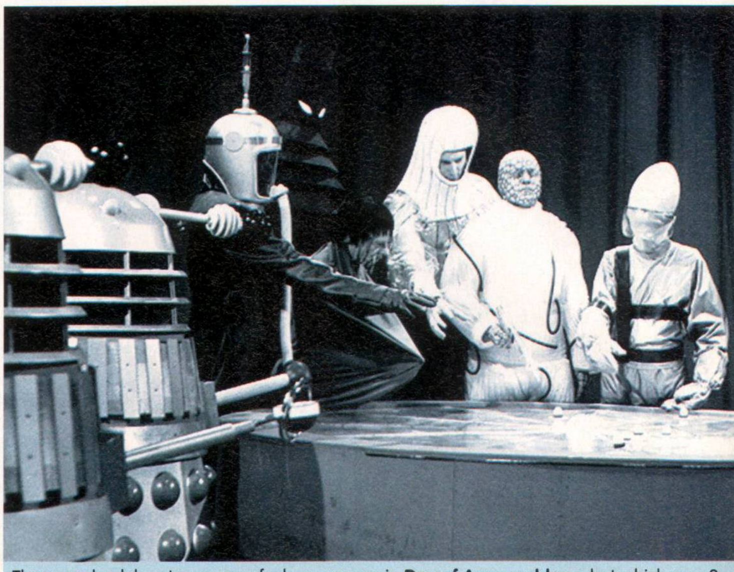


Those pesky delegates, some of whom appear in **Day of Armageddon** – but which ones?

CAUSE FOR CEL-EBR-ATION!

I'm sure I'm not the only reader who found the discovery of *Day of Armageddon* as exciting as the prospect of the new series. How about a DVD release with all the extant *Master Plan* material? And to think, at one point I said I wouldn't be upgrading my VHS!

STU MADDISON EALING

A missing episode has been found! Not just *any* missing episode, but a missing Dalek episode! This is wonderful news. *The Daleks' Master Plan* is such a good story and the discovery of episode two is just fantastic. Here's to the return of other missing episodes!

DANIEL HUGHES E-MAIL

What a truly wonderful way to begin the new year! Almost five years to the day since the last one turned up, yet another classic *Doctor Who* episode is returned to the BBC archives. And what a story! Ever since I got hold of a very poor-quality audio recording of *The Daleks' Master Plan* in 1996, I have been a real fan of this story – and *Day of Armageddon* is a particular favourite of mine. At last we will get to see those rather strange-looking aliens that joined forces with the evil Daleks to take over the universe ...

PAUL DAVIDSON CARLISLE

Three cheers for Francis Watson and his prescient trash-picking so many decades ago! Now the Time Team – and hopefully the rest of us in *Doctor Who* fandom – shall have their wish of seeing just how Beaus (the delegate who looks like 'Satan's Christmas tree') looks when he(?) moves around, not to mention a full episode with Katarina and Bret Vyon!

JOHN S HALL RHODE ISLAND, USA

It seems that the discovery of *Day of Armageddon* has raised even more new questions – and, despite what was previously thought, 'Mr Walking Christmas Tree' doesn't appear in the episode after all! Check out next issue's *Time Team Special*, along with Andrew Pixley's investigation into which delegate is which!

STOP YER WHINGING!

Something has been bothering me for some time with *Doctor Who* fandom. It's a nasty ailment called Whinging Syndrome and it seems to have reached epidemic proportions, if last month's letters page is anything to go by.

I was expecting *Scream of the Shalka* to get a slagging off. But complaining about the eventual DVD release? Please! Then we get the person moaning that we may be ... er ... *forced* to endure reruns of classic stories before the new series airs. What sadistic bastard at the BBC dreamed that idea up?

Sadly, the worst is yet to come. Poor Roger Shore appears to have a terminal case. Not only does he hate the fact that other people voted for stories that he doesn't like, he also hates his 40th anniversary book. What's more, he is not impressed at all that the BBC is subjecting him to the horror of a new series as it'll never be as good as when it was a rip-off of old hammer horror films ... and besides, *Buffy* and *Stargate* are better. And don't get me started on the 'your free CD ruined my magazine' letter ...

People, *Doctor Who* is coming back! Our favourite series! The reason we're all clutching this magazine! The best show in the world! The future of *Doctor Who* hasn't looked this good for a very long time. Lets enjoy what we've got.

ERIK POLLITT E-MAIL

"Dear **DW**M. I have read your magazine for five years/ten years/since the first issue (delete as applicable) and I have never (supposedly) written in before now, but I felt so angry/upset at your publishing of Roger Shore's e-mail. How dare you print an opinion that isn't the same as mine! Blah blah blah. I hope you think twice in the future before lowering yourselves and letting people state opinions. Yours faithfully/despondently/sarcastically,"

NICK MELLISH E-MAIL

I agree with Roger Shore – the high placings of *The Curse of Fenric* and *Remembrance of the Daleks* is shocking. I suspect that there was a militant underground movement sabotaging the voting; I can only advise that in future, voting should be conducted among an elite group who witnessed Season Five first hand and hate anything by Paul Cornell. Don't you guys at Panini Towers realise that the only good bit of *Doctor Who* ever was the last five minutes of *An Unearthly Child*? Everything else is just pants! Yah boo sucks the lot of you!

JOHN ANDERSON E-MAIL

MORE DOWNIE FALLOUT

What an arrogant, rude and downright nasty piece of work Gary Downie has proved to be. Many of those he made personal attacks on were simply people who gave their own valid opinions. Peter Davison says he would have liked the show to be darker, so Downie rubbishes his acting ability. Bonnie Langford was surprised to be replaced, so Downie says she considered herself indispensible. Like all actors, apparently. And of course, the fans are all dreadful people – apart from the ones who sent messages of condolence on John's death. Double standards, anyone?

There can be no doubt that some of the treatment meted out to John Nathan-Turner was unacceptable by any standards, but this interview was every bit as offensive and childish.

STUART FARQUHAR E-MAIL

As someone who has never spent much time in the company of fellow fans, I thoroughly enjoyed the recent interview with Gary Downie. I have learned so many things that I never knew through what must be the most candid interview ever printed in **DW**M.

Any chance of getting Anthony Ainley in to tell his side?

CHRIS BRYANT GUILDFORD

Re The Gary Downie interview. Presumably Mr Downie persued a career in television because he lacked the talent necessary to work for Tesco or as a warehouseman.

ROY WATSON-DAVIS ROCHESTER

I have to say, I completely agree with Gary Downie [**DW**M 339]; fans killed *Doctor Who*. Not the BBC, not Michael Grade and certainly not John Nathan-Turner. There was (and sadly still is) an attitude among fans that we somehow 'own' *Doctor Who* and deserve a say in how it is made. It's so arrogant. Like Gary, I have met many 'fans' who thought they knew how to produce, direct and script the show better than those whose job it actually was.

A girlfriend recently said to me, "I see *Doctor Who*'s coming back. I bet you fan-types think it's going to be crap already." If she, as a casual observer of 'fan behaviour' can see it coming a mile off, then it should be obvious to us too.

PETE DARRINGTON E-MAIL

A COMIC LETTER

The choice of which Doctor to use in the comic strip should be a matter for the fans and not the magazine editor. Clearly this person is an idiot and unsuitable for the job. Anyone who fails to recognise that the fans' favourite is Tom Baker, is living on Skaro. Is there some contractual obligation that stops you from using the Fourth Doctor in the comic strip? There must be, because you can't be that stupid! Bring him back now!

GARETH PHILLIPS E-MAIL

AND IF I REFUSE?

BACKGROUND ISSUES

Contrary to what Mark Bailey says in **DW**M 339, it actually *is* unreasonable to express reservations about how Russell T Davies' previous work might reflect on a new series of *Doctor Who*. Professional authors adapt their style according to what they're writing. Before he wrote for the series in 1963, Terry Nation was working on scripts for Tony Hancock, but the Daleks didn't trundle around shouting "Stone me!" or threatening to fetch the Doctor a punch up the bracket. Give the man some space, or so-called 'concerned fans' will end up strangling the new series at birth.

TONY WHITEHEAD CARDIFF

Russell T Davies' attitude seems almost sub-Ali G: "Wot? Is it cos I is gay?" He (rightly or wrongly) has linked his writing with his sexuality in the past and now seems to see it as a means of avoiding criticism – dislike his work and you are a homophobe, apparently.

The point is that, to some people, his recent work was rubbish and so they are justifiably concerned. Rather than whine, he should take heed of the concerns and then decide whether or not to make any changes to his vision for the new series. Hopefully it will be great, but hiding behind accusations of discrimination doesn't bode too well for the future. Why is he so touchy?

DJ TYRER E-MAIL

PLANNING AHEAD

I have every issue of **DW**M, and have never written in before. But then again, the magazine has never done this before either:

"Phase Five ++ a new Cyber control base ++ to be built ++ in Aberdare"!

At last! Finally, after 338 issues, my home town gets a mention in the pages of your hallowed and august magazine. Though I have not lived there for nearly 30 years, I am sure I could provide a list of possible sites for the new base to the Cyber Planner.

For example, only a mile out of the town centre stands the Aberaman Silver Band Institute. Perfect cover, as there's no band there! Change the name to the 'Aberaman Silver Nemesis Institute' (half the letters are missing from the outside wall, anyway) and no one would notice ...

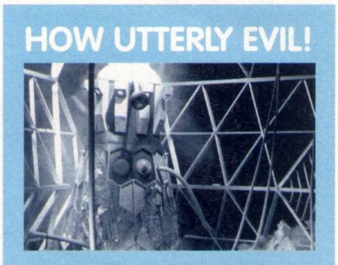
The Rex Cinema is long gone, but the car park where it once stood is easily large enough to provide a site in which the Cyber ships could land – and is right next to St Elvan's Church with its distinctive spire which would act as a landmark!

As you can see, my excitement holds no bounds, and I am relying on you to pass on my offer of assistance to the Cyber Planner at your earliest opportunity.

STEVE WILLIAMS E-MAIL

IN DWM 342

HOW UTTERLY EVIL!



Static shocks and Victorian frocks! *The Fact of Fiction* delves under the crinoline and holds a mirror up to 1967 classic *The Evil of the Daleks* – and we really mean it this time!

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Andrew Pixley examines how the Doctor fared in his battles against the other TV space heroes in the third part of *Scheduled for Success!*

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WE ALSO HEARD FROM ...

ADAM MEAKIN ("So the yummy Philip Oliver is the latest companion! How I wish his adventures were visual not audio. Keep your hands off him Dorothy McShane, or else!"); **TIM BISHOP** ("How many years between the launch of the series in 1963 and the relaunch in 2005? 42. Therefore *Doctor Who* is the meaning of life!") and loads more ... Ta-ra for now!

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COMING **UP...**

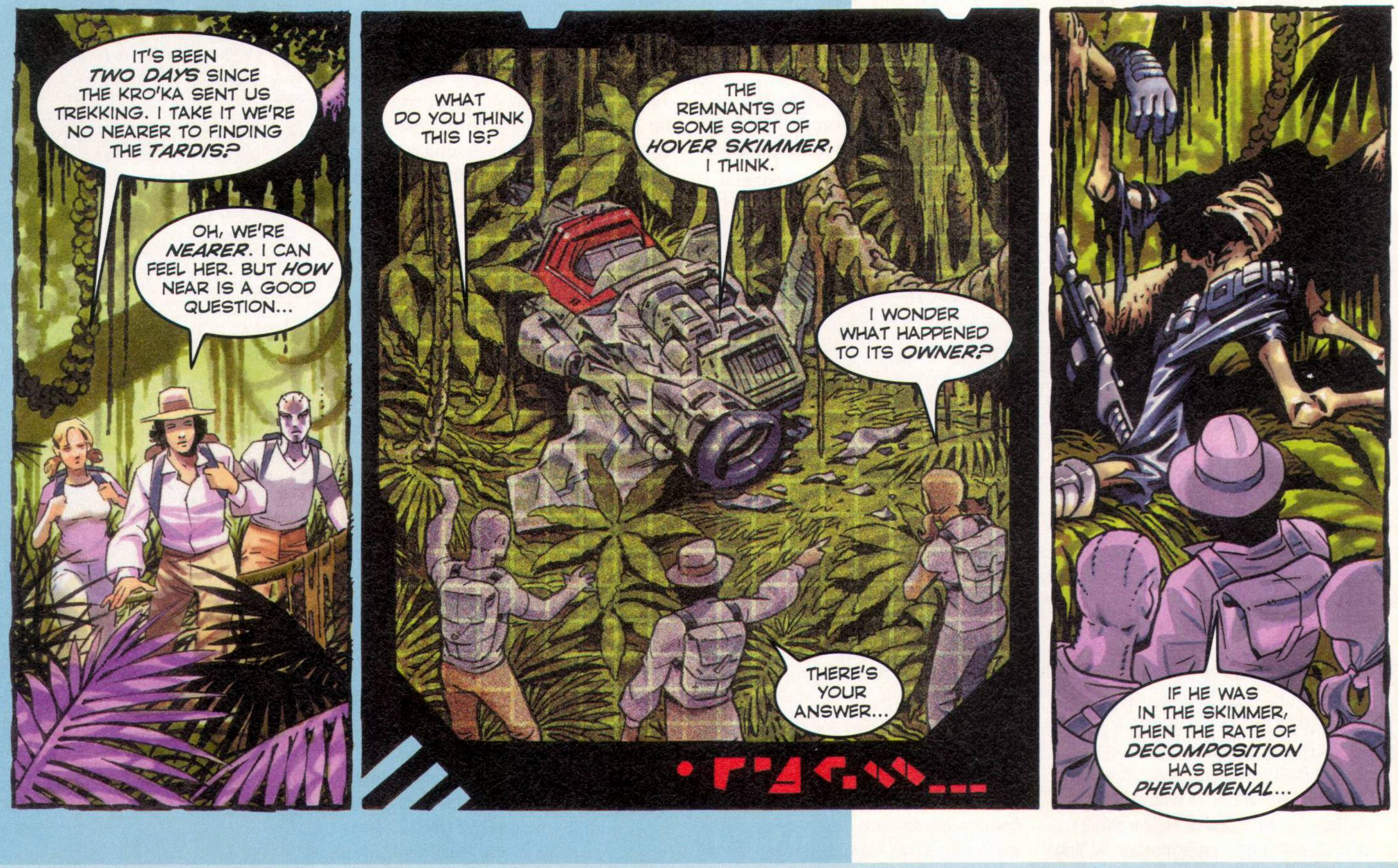
IT'S BEEN TWO DAYS SINCE THE KRO'KA SENT US TREKKING. I TAKE IT WE'RE NO NEARER TO FINDING THE TARDIS?
OH, WE'RE NEARER. I CAN FEEL HER. BUT HOW NEAR IS A GOOD QUESTION...
WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS?
THE REMNANTS OF SOME SORT OF HOVER SKIMMER, I THINK.
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO ITS OWNER?
THERE'S YOUR ANSWER...
IF HE WAS IN THE SKIMMER, THEN THE RATE OF DECOMPOSITION HAS BEEN PHENOMENAL...

ILLUSTRATION BY **MARTIN GERAGHTY**

STARRING PAUL McGANN
DOCTOR WHO
THE TWILIGHT KINGDOM
MICHAEL KEATING
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Director Gary Russell

Sent by the mysterious Kro'ka into a jungle environment, the Doctor, Charley and C'rizz get more than they bargained for.

"It's all Rob Shearman's fault," says Will Shindler, when asked how he got involved in writing a *Doctor Who* play for Big Finish. "I commissioned him to write an episode of [BBC1 drama] *Born and Bred* and he in turn asked me if I'd be interested in writing for Big Finish. I remember being terribly insecure about it. Then while I was dithering, Gary Russell e-mailed me to formally sound me out. By then I couldn't really say no without looking like a complete wuss!"

"He came up with this really straightforward idea for a story," says Russell, "amidst loads of pitches for rule-breakers such as *Scherzo*, *Natural History of Fear*, *Master*. It just worked for me. As a script editor, I knew he would understand things being succinct, straightforward and economic in both storytelling and practical terms."

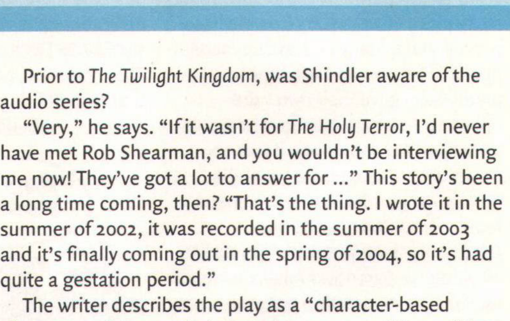
As well as *Born and Bred*, Shindler has also script-edited *Doctors* and is currently on *The Bill*. Before working in television, he was a reporter for Radio 5 Live: during *The Twilight Kingdom*'s recording, he resoundingly beat **DWM** in a game of Who Has The Most Famous Name Stored In Their Mobile Phone ... with Franz Beckenbauer!

"I absolutely adored the show as a child," he says of *Doctor Who*. "I was never quivering behind the sofa – I think it was more like seeing your favourite mad Uncle once a week, every week. I've never really been involved in the fan community, but I've certainly never been in the closet about it, so to speak."

Prior to *The Twilight Kingdom*, was Shindler aware of the audio series?

"Very," he says. "If it wasn't for *The Holy Terror*, I'd never have met Rob Shearman, and you wouldn't be interviewing me now! They've got a lot to answer for ..." This story's been a long time coming, then? "That's the thing. I wrote it in the summer of 2002, it was recorded in the summer of 2003 and it's finally coming out in the spring of 2004, so it's had quite a gestation period."

The writer describes the play as a "character-based piece set underground, designed to scare ... with a smidgen of *Apocalypse Now* thrown in for good measure!"



"I WANTED TO SEE PAUL McGANN'S DOCTOR RUFFLED A BIT MORE..."

Writer Will Shindler gives the Doctor a worthy opponent in **The Twilight Kingdom**

"I really wanted to end the season on a more traditional kind of story," says Russell. "This one's a good character-based story, about people doing what they believe is right, regardless of the cost. We can see that some of the more militant types are possibly being influenced by external forces, including some mood-enhancing drugs, but not everyone is quite what they seem."

What does Shindler think about his Doctor? "I loved Paul McGann's portrayal in the TV movie – particularly all that roaring when he's yanking the medical gubbins out of his stomach. But I've always felt he's a little too sedate in the audios and wanted to write a story where he was ruffled a bit more. I wanted a villain who really understood what makes the Doctor tick. He is, after all, every villain's nightmare and I wanted someone who recognised that."

The Twilight Kingdom is the final play of the season – a season which has introduced a new regular companion. What did Shindler know about C'rizz? "Not a lot! But the more I wrote him, the more I felt I got to grips with him. It was interesting talking to Conrad [Westmaas] at the recording, because it gave me a much clearer idea of how he saw the character."

"THERE'S THE BEGINNINGS OF SOME GOOD THREE-WAY BANTER!"

Conrad Westmaas predicts a bright future for C'rizz, the Doctor and Charley

"It's always a bit scary when a writer watches us actors slaughtering their young," says Westmaas. "But Will was very gracious about it. Big Finish took us all out for a big boozy curry and Will told us he was delighted, but had he met India and me before he'd written it, he'd have put more gags in. As a serious actor, I'm quite sure I don't know what he means ..."

Westmaas has now appeared in three audio plays as C'rizz. What are his memories of his first recording block? "Being tied up and bullied by Jeremy James and Vivien Parry – I know it was in the script, but did they have to enjoy it so much? Paul McGann trying to put me off during recording by dropping in *Withnail & I* quotes and saying things like, 'Look C'rizz – a skellington!' Seeing my childhood hero Alan Rothwell stamp on a caterpillar outside the studio. I'm sending Big Finish one hell of a therapy bill."

Westmaas continues: "With most acting jobs, and especially something like *Doctor Who*, the working atmosphere is largely informed by your lead actor, so I feel very lucky to be teamed up with an actor of Paul's calibre who's so down-to-earth and charming – although I had no idea that saving the universe involved so much giggling."

What about *The Twilight Kingdom* itself? "I've got a real soft spot for this story, as after some very brave and 'out there' stories this is real Saturday teatime fare – caves, laser guns and a cracking villain on one hand, but look a little closer and there's a whole *Heart of Darkness* thing going on. Really smashing stuff."

Twilight must be different after the previous two plays – his début in *The Creed of the Kromon* and oddball story *The Natural History of Fear*. "They were very challenging stories in completely different ways – talk about being thrown in at the deep end! With *Twilight* I get to do some more straighforward 'companion-ing' – asking questions, getting into insane amounts of trouble and, most promisingly, the beginnings of some good three-way banter."

India Fisher found out about C'rizz while on stage at an American *Doctor Who* convention. "Jokingly, I wasn't best pleased, but then I met Conrad and instantly liked him as a person," she says. "I was really glad it was him playing the part, and he does it so superbly. It does add a whole new dimension to it, I love it."

What does Westmaas make of his fellow companion? "India is one in a million – she's this incredibly vivacious, striking young woman with a knack of nailing the most complex or emotional scenes in a single take. And she's easily the most mischievous person I've ever met. Before I joined I was really worried about whether we'd get on. By the time it came to *The Twilight Kingdom*, Gary said he was going to have to split us up if we couldn't behave!"

The Twilight Kingdom's guest cast includes former *Blake's 7* actor Michael Keating, who also played Gordry in 1977's *The Sun Makers*. "I can't give too much away!" he says when asked about his character. "You've got to buy the CD! But it is an amazing script, I was quite surprised by it."

"It was lovely to see how much Michael Keating relished his part," says Shindler. "I'm not sure he's ever really had the chance to cut loose as the villain of the piece, so I think he enjoyed playing against type."

During the recording session, it was generally agreed by all that Alan Rothwell, who plays Janto, should be the next Doctor Who.

"I think everybody fell a little under Alan's spell," says Shindler.

"It's enormous fun!" says the man himself. "My character's a baddy – well, he's there in the baddies' camp, but he's not quite a baddy."

"Alan Rothwell is officially the loveliest man in the world," agrees Westmaas. "Not only did he impress everyone with his professionalism and sheer class, he endured me following him around asking him about my childhood TV favourites *Hickory House* and, of course, *Picture Box* – the only programme with title credits and music weirder than *Doctor Who*."

With the third Eighth Doctor season now complete, does Westmaas feel like a fully-fledged *Doctor Who* companion? "I'm a real worrier. I literally lost a lot of sleep about joining the team! But Paul, India and the Big Finish crew made me feel very at home – you can generally get a measure of how comfortable people are with you when they start teasing you: on the first morning, the studio calls were along the lines of 'Excuse me, Conrad, would you like to join Paul and India for scene three?' By lunchtime it was, 'Oi, Lizard Boy – you're on!'"

Westmaas says that Russell's plans for his character are very exciting, but he won't reveal much. "I'm really looking forward to seeing what the writers are going to do with a self-exiled Time Lord, a kick-ass Edwardian adventuress and a neurotic six-foot reptile."

"I'm very pleased with it," says Russell about the latest Eighth Doctor season as a whole. "It's heading exactly where I knew I wanted it to head right back when we were doing *Invaders From Mars* in 2001. Four very different stories, three of which met my criteria of being by writers I hadn't worked with before on a Big Finish CD. There are messages, there are themes and there is development. But most importantly, there are four entertaining, diverting well-crafted stories, which is always the point where good *Doctor Who* starts from."

TIME-PATH INDICATOR

MARCH

SATURDAY 6
TV Doctor Who: Revenge of the Cybermen by Gerry Davis [Fourth Doctor, Sarah Jane and Harry] *UK Gold*

SUNDAY 7
TV Doctor Who: Terror of the Zygons by Robert Banks-Stewart [Fourth Doctor, Sarah Jane, Harry and UNIT] *UK Gold*

SATURDAY 13
TV Doctor Who: Planet of Evil by Louis Marks [Fourth Doctor and Sarah Jane] *UK Gold*

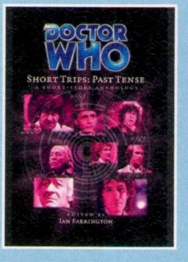
SUNDAY 14
TV Doctor Who: Pyramids of Mars by Stephen Harris [Fourth Doctor and Sarah Jane] *UK Gold*

SATURDAY 20
TV Doctor Who: The Brain of Morbius by Robin Bland [Fourth Doctor and Sarah Jane] *UK Gold*

SATURDAY 27
TV Doctor Who: The Seeds of Doom by Robert Banks-Stewart [Fourth Doctor and Sarah Jane] *UK Gold*

SUNDAY 28
TV Doctor Who: The Masque of Mandragora by Louis Marks [Fourth Doctor and Sarah Jane] *UK Gold*

ALSO THIS MONTH
Audio Drama Doctor Who: The Twilight Kingdom by Will Shindler [Eighth Doctor, Charley and C'rizz] *Big Finish*



Short Story Collection Doctor Who: Short Trips – Past Tense Edited by Ian Farrington *Big Finish* £14.99

Graphic Novel Doctor Who: The Iron Legion By Dave Gibbons, Mills & Wagner, Steve Moore [Fourth Doctor, K9 and Sharon] *Panini Books* £14.99/$24.95

APRIL

THURSDAY 1
DWM Issue 342 on sale *Panini Comics*

SATURDAY 3
TV Doctor Who: The Hand of Fear by Bob Baker and Dave Martin [Fourth Doctor and Sarah Jane] *UK Gold*

SUNDAY 4
TV Doctor Who: The Deadly Assassin by Robert Holmes [Fourth Doctor] *UK Gold*

MONDAY 5
Novel Doctor Who: Halflife by Mark Michalowski [Eighth Doctor, Fitz and Trix] *BBC Books*

THURSDAY 29
DWM Issue 343 on sale *Panini Comics*

ALSO THIS MONTH
Audio Drama Doctor Who: The Axis of Insanity by Simon Furman [Fifth Doctor, Peri and Erimem] *Big Finish*

Except where stated: BBC Books novels £5.99; BBC videos £12.99; BBC DVDs £19.99; BBC Radio Collection/Big Finish audios £13.99 [all double CD]. All prices quoted are RRP.

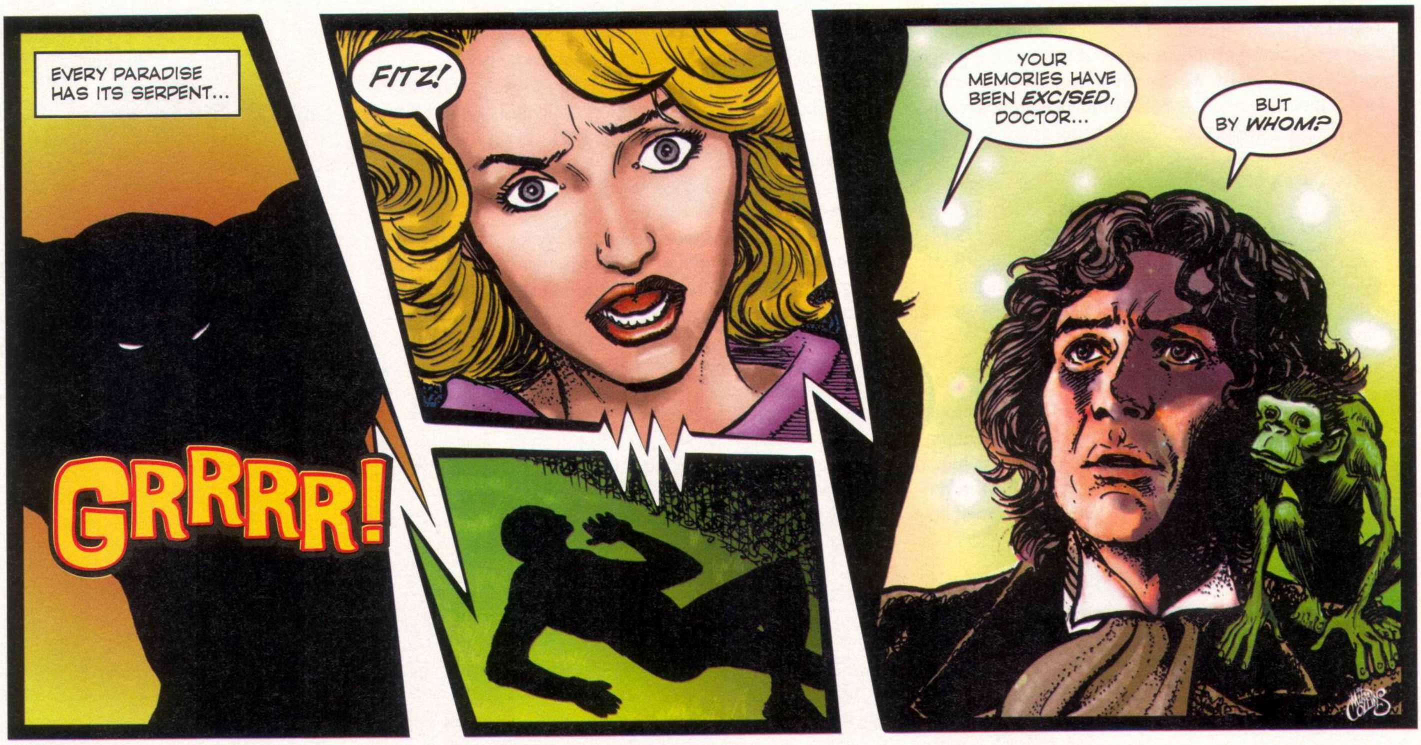
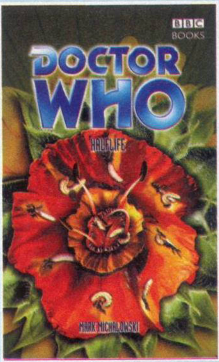

EVERY PARADISE HAS ITS SERPENT...
GRRRR!
FITZ!
YOUR MEMORIES HAVE BEEN *EXCISED*, DOCTOR...
BUT BY *WHOM?*

ILLUSTRATION BY **MIKE COLLINS**

HALFLIFE

A NOVEL BY **MARK MICHALOWSKI** PREVIEW BY **DAVID DARLINGTON**



PUBLISHED 5 APRIL 2004

Featuring The Eighth Doctor, Fitz and Trix

Enemies Suspicion, dislike for the unlike – and 'Reo' ...

Setting The colony of Espero

You'll like this if you like... *Heritage*, *The Colony of Lies*, *Scherzo*, *Kinda*, 1950s B-movies, *Red Dwarf: Thanks For The Memory*

Say What? "The thing lay there, looking up at him. Joshua reached out and touched it ... and remembered last night."

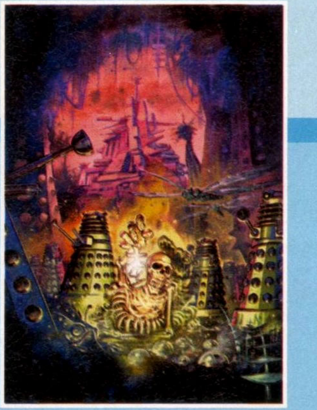
"It's two and a half years since *Relative Dementias*," mourns sophomore novelist Mark Michalowski. "God, how time flies!" He's telling me – I thought it was about a year ago until I checked the old release schedules. God, I'm old. Anyway ...

As with the recent novella *Companion Piece*, Michalowski's *Halflife* seems to be steeped in Catholicism. "I'm a 'recovering Catholic'," Michalowski confesses, "but I don't think I'm using *Halflife* to critique Catholicism or work out personal issues – it just seemed to fit. But you can never be too sure, can you? Christianity has had a huge influence on humanity's development, and it seems unlikely that such influence will vanish when we get out into space – indeed, it may become more entrenched, since religious fundamentalism is often a cultural response to rapid social change. In a similar vein, I made my culture predominantly black partly because of black people's invisibility in science fiction in general, and in *Doctor Who* in particular – but let's face it, when we finally do get space travel and planetary colonies, humanity isn't going to flood out into space in a homogenous, rainbow-diversity mix of people. People with different religious and ethnic backgrounds are going to club together and colonise worlds where they aren't surrounded by people who don't share their faith, their ethics, their attitudes to technology or their skin colour." Gosh – that's a rather depressing, fatalistic view of the cultural melting pot ... "I suspect," Michalowski smiles, "that I don't have a very positive view of humanity's chances of galactic integration ..."

> "TRIX HAS SPENT HER TIME PRETENDING TO BE OTHER PEOPLE. NOW SHE'S STUCK AS HERSELF"
>
> Author Mark Michalowski relishes the chance to put Trix in an uncomfortable situation for **Halflife**

"The other reason I thought a planet of black humans would be good," the writer continues, "would be because of what it did to Trix. I think you only get to find out what characters are like when you put them in uncomfortable, challenging situations: and what worse situation could a woman who lives for the chance to dress up and role-play face? So far, Trix has spent her time pretending to be other people – so how would she cope in a culture where, short of 'blacking up', she was stuck as herself? As for Trix's integration into the plot – *Halflife* was originally written for Fitz and Anji, and the whole Trix thread was added very late on. I suddenly realised that I had a huge Trix-shaped hole in the plot, with nothing for her to do. One of the other BBC authors, Simon Forward, helped me thrash out what could happen to her, and it all fell into place. Like you say, the whole strand now seems so intrinsic that I can't understand how the book would ever have worked without it. Serendipity – what a wonderful thing, eh?"

The diversion of *Scream of the Shalka* means it's been a longer than usual gap since the last Eighth Doctor story, and of course *Halflife* supposedly sees us embarking on a whole new strand of adventures. Doesn't it? "Before I knew that *Sometime Never* was to see the end of the 'Sabbath arc'," Michalowski admits, "I did ask Justin about incorporating Sabbath, but he said Sabbath would probably be gone by then. But a large part of the book is concerned with something that's been simmering away for years, ever since *The Ancestor Cell*. I must admit, I was expecting large swathes of red pencil to be taken to the manuscript! As with *Relative Dementias*, I could have written another thirty or forty thousand words – not because I had too much plot, as I think I did with my first one, but because I think there's so much more to say about the culture of Espero. One of my readthrough people said that he'd loved to have seen more exploration of the themes and ideas. Perhaps the Beeb should bring out special extra-length books: 150,000 words for £9.99. I'd buy them – and write them, too!"



THE DALEK FACTOR

A NOVELLA BY **SIMON CLARK** PREVIEW BY **DAVID DARLINGTON**

RELEASED MARCH 2004
Featuring The Doctor
Enemies Take a wild guess ...
Setting An unnamed planet in the Quadrille System
You'll like this if you like... *Dalek Empire, TV21's Dalek comic strips, Ten Little Aliens, Event Horizon ...*
Say What? "They're a billion times worse ... they consume anything and everything to preserve their existence. They're like a virus spreading through the universe."

"I've known David Howe, co-founder of Telos, for a long time," says *Doctor Who* débutant Simon Clark, "although for many years I didn't realise he was such a huge fan of *Doctor Who* – just like me! My first major project with him was to write a short story, *Goblin City Lights*, for his *Urban Gothic* tie-in anthology *Lacuna and Other Trips*. I think of David as the incredibly ambitious athletics coach urging his protege on from the side-lines: 'Go on! You can run faster! You can jump higher!' The times I'd finish discussing an early draft of *Goblin City Lights* with him and I'd be ready to gleefully throttle the man after he suggested revisions ... but then I'd realise his suggestions were spot on. His feedback inspired me to be more ambitious in my story-telling. When *Goblin City Lights* won the British Fantasy Society's Best Short Story award in 2001, that was proof positive of David's acumen. So when he said to me, 'Simon, I've got permission to use the Daleks, are you interested?' ... you can guess the answer."

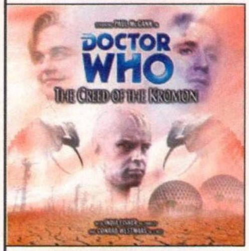
So many of Telos' authors are people who have kind of 'come out of the closet' as *Doctor Who* fans, and Clark is yet another example. "For a long, long time!" he grins. "I was there at the first episode, age five, and was hooked. My Dad is a fan, too, and when we were going on holiday to Cornwall all the way from Yorkshire, he'd break the laws of motor vehicle use, and probably physics, too, to get to the caravan in time for the opening credits. Growing up with *Doctor Who* had a profound effect on me, probably steered me toward becoming a writer and still influences my work."

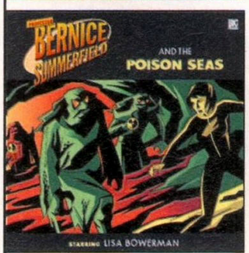
We don't see the Daleks in prose fiction too often these days ... "Telos worked hard to win the rights to using the Daleks," Clark states, "then approached me. When I was six I wrote to the BBC asking them to send me a Dalek. They didn't then, but 39 years later my dream came true. It was daunting – after I'd agreed to write the book, I woke up in the middle of the night thinking, 'My God, you do know what you've taken on?' It was so important to me that I got it right."

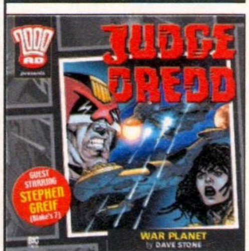
Having previously resurrected another twentieth century science fiction icon – The Triffids – how does Clark approach playing with other people's toys, as it were? "With *The Night of the Triffids* and *The Dalek Factor* I knew that I was being handed a baton – someone else's creation, which I was going to be custodian of, just for a while. But I wasn't simply pointing at Triffids and Daleks and saying, 'Look, aren't they cool!' I was sticking my neck out and grabbing hold of them, manipulating these iconic images into a story of my creation. Imagine being asked to remix *Dark Side of the Moon* or create a CGI version of *Genesis of the Daleks* – in the very act of creating, you run the risk of destroying. Ultimately, my main concern had to be with the content of my book; to write the best possible story I could that would take the reader on a hell of a ride.

"My take on the Daleks is that they are like the dark mass in the universe – we know they are there, that they are hugely powerful, that they dominate the cosmos – but most of the time we don't see them, we only discern their nature from the evidence of their destructive acts. Whereas the Doctor is a mystery, wrapped in an enigma, enshrined in a question mark of cosmic proportions. With this novella it seemed fitting to unlearn what we know of the Doctor, go back to basics – a mercurial, flawed figure that incorporates a bundle of opposite characteristics."

The Dalek Factor is the last of Telos' *Doctor Who* novellas. Was Clark aware he'd have the responsibility of rounding off the range? "No. I wish Telos could have continued, but I'm sure they will still dazzle us with new projects. Novellas are new territory for me, actually. By sheer chance I've just written three others, so I learned fast. The main danger is to surge past the 30,000-word limit. If you look at *The Dalek Factor* you can check if I've done just that!" DWM







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HERE COMES THE SUN

In the concluding part of her revealing interview with Benjamin Cook, **Lalla Ward** tells us all about life with Tom Baker, her brush with the seedier side of film-making, and losing her best friend Douglas Adams ...

"Oh no! Oh don't! Do you *have* to?" I have asked Lalla Ward about a film she made called *Got It Made* in 1974. The film was later reissued as *Sweet Virgin*, with sex scenes added featuring other actors.

"It made me very angry, the whole thing. The film had been very well-organised. It was directed by James Kenelm Clarke, who we thought was a decent director. And no, I don't care if he reads this, but I'll try not to be libellous," she says, rolling her eyes, "because it'd be too boring to be sued back. I mean, I did think at the time, 'This is a fairly slim story, but never mind, because it's such a wonderful part.' The original film wasn't anything like what it was eventually turned into. It had some good actors in it – Michael Feast, Fabia Drake, Michael Latimer – but it disappeared without trace, of course, as we all thought it would.

"The next thing I heard – I was in France with a friend, and my mother got a phone call from [gossip columnist] Nigel Dempster. He rang mummy and said, 'How does it feel to have a daughter appearing in a porn movie?' He'd have loved that, what with my parents having a title. 'Well, I wouldn't know,' she said. 'You'd better ask the mother of a daughter who is doing that. I think she'd have told me.' Mummy rang me in France and said, 'What is all this?' I hadn't the slightest idea, so she rang [actors' union] Equity, who were absolutely useless. They just said I should forget about it.

"I eventually got to the bottom of it all and found out that they'd not been able to sell the film," explains Lalla, "so they'd re-edited it with doubles and turned it into a rather pitiful porn movie. I couldn't sue them, because I didn't have any money." A few years later, however, adult magazine *Club International* ran a selection of nude photographs from *Sweet Virgin*, which they purported to be of Lalla. "About six pages of me – all sorts of compromising shots! It said, '*we celebrate the Dalek-table Lalla Ward*' – I mean, can you bear the puns? – '*with pictures from the movie that she wouldn't want you to see*' or something. These pictures weren't even of me! There were pictures of me with my clothes on, and pictures of somebody without a head pretending to be me with no clothes on! As I facetiously told them at the time, I wouldn't have minded if they'd got somebody with a better body! What really hacked me off was that they'd got somebody with a worse one!

"I was doing *Doctor Who* at the time, so at least I had enough money to dare to take them to court. I sued *Club International*, I sued the editor, I sued the director of the film, the whole bloody lot of them. It won't have done them any harm. It probably did them some good. I was doing it for all the people who didn't have the money to sue them. I fought them hard. I was scared to death. The first thing they tried to pin on me was ... well, when you sue for libel, you have to prove that you were damaged. I thought it was pretty damaging having obscenities shouted at me. I had people shouting at me in the street – you know, making rude remarks. The other thing is that it's hard to prove that you've been damaged by jobs that you *haven't* got. And with the girl whose body they got, I was hardly even being offered porn films, so I couldn't even say I wasn't taking *them*! They argued that 'it can't have been damaging, because Lalla's the sort of person who *would* have done it.' Hah! If I'm the sort of person who would have done it, why didn't they ask me in the first place? They'd have had a head on the body! They knew bloody well that I wouldn't have done it."

The case was settled out of court. "I don't think they ever had a case. They had said it was me and it wasn't. Then they said, 'Oh, well, all those scenes were in the script, so you should have known,' and my biggest ally on the case was the cameraman, who still had his shooting script, which proved that those

Springtime in Paris for young lovers Tom Baker and Lalla Ward during filming for Season Seventeen's **City of Death**.

scenes shouldn't have been in the film. I felt angry and annoyed at being used. The unfairness of it. The cowardly, pathetic nastiness of it – being dragged into a world that I didn't want to be part of. I absolutely loathed them. And I still loathe them. I just wish the apology had taken up as much space as the original libel. That would have been wonderful – six pages of 'we are sorry'! That would have meant far more to me than the money. I wasn't doing it for the money."

Okay, let's get back to where we left off last issue. How did Lalla come to marry Tom Baker? "How? Well, I signed on the dotted line!" Fair point, but what was the chain of events that led to that signature? The subject is given the grand total of, erm, two lines in Tom Baker's autobiography (*'Lalla was marvellously witty and so good to be with that I fell in love with her. Later we got married and were happy for a little while'*). "The chain of events," sighs Lalla, "was having a fling with him ... which is fine – I mean, one does that sort of thing sometimes ... and deciding it was a frightfully bad idea, getting the hell out of it, and then having him, sort of, get into a state, really. And then I felt ..." she pauses, as if to catch her breath, "I don't know. He went off to Australia in between seasons, and I played Ophelia in *Hamlet* for the BBC, and when he came back [shortly before filming started on *The Leisure Hive*], I think he thought he could pick everything up where he'd left off. But I didn't. He mooched around the place refusing to look at me, and being rude ...

"He came into rehearsals one day and said, 'Christ! Where did you get those bloody awful trousers?' I remember being quick enough to say, 'At the same shop you bought that bloody awful shirt!' He was really impossible. If he ever reads this, he'll probably think it wasn't like that, but it was, as a matter of fact. Other actors found it extremely uncomfortable working in a situation where the two regulars were ... not at each other's throats, but just not communicating in any way whatsoever. They were bemused by it and thought how boring it was. It was on *The Leisure Hive* – that's the one we were doing. It was just silly. Life's too short. And there isn't enough time on *Doctor Who* to mess about like that," she shrugs, "but there you are, these things happen. I just saw him falling apart at the seams and thought, 'Oh well, there's one way to rescue the situation ...'" Getting back with him, you mean? "Yes. And I suppose I was so utterly shocked when he said, 'Well, you can marry me. That would solve it,' that I was a complete and utter cretin and said yes.

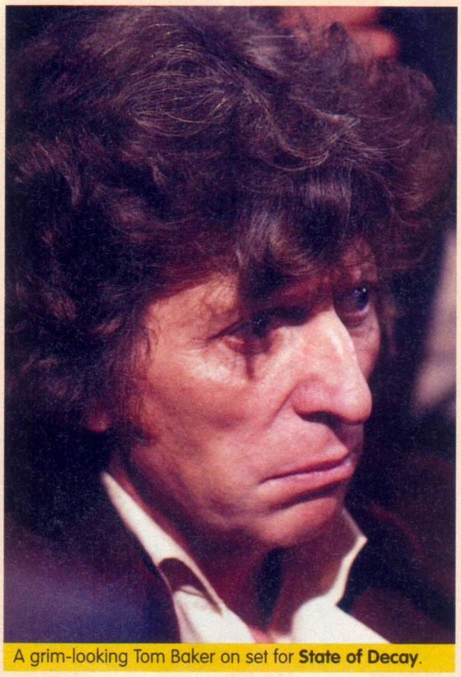
"It was a very, very clear case of something that happens to actors quite often, which is muddling the part you're playing in the programme with reality. And you're in a particularly bad way when you muddle *Doctor Who* with reality! I was in a bad way to do anything as stupid as ... I mean, I'm not saying Tom isn't a wonderful person to be married to for *somebody*, but absolutely not for me. Although, it was fun while it lasted – all 10 minutes or so of it!" The wedding took place on 13 December 1980, just before filming began on Tom's last story, *Logopolis*. The marriage lasted 16 months. "Was it that long? That's because we didn't see that much of each other!" When did Lalla realise that she'd made a mistake? "Oh, I don't know. I don't regret it. I don't feel like regretting things. I don't *want* to regret things. You learn stuff from mistakes just as much as from the things you get right."

A shrug greets the suggestion that married life with Tom Baker must have been, well, demanding. "I think one got swept along in the whole publicity thing. You can see how Hollywood movie stars get thrown into these put-up jobs, really, but we did it to ourselves, more or less in character. And when you realise he isn't the character, it's like Samson cutting his hair off. The whole building falls down. You're left with a stranger."

She pauses for a moment, before adding, "We were good friends. I liked Tom, but he had a little way of, sort of, getting fed up with things. 'These friends that we've seen today,' he'd say, 'I'm bored of them. I don't want to go round there again.' And you'd say, 'Well, they're friends! I'm going, sorry. You don't have to come ...' And one day he came back and said, 'I think I'm bored with being married.' I thought, 'Ah. Right. Well, if he still says that tomorrow, it's probably not that he's been in the pub too long.' So I asked again the next day ... I said, 'What you said yesterday evening – is that what you still think?' He said, 'Yeah. I'm bored of being married. Off you go.' And I said, 'Okay, fine.' And I went – that was the last time I ever saw Tom. I've never seen him since. Not since that minute.

"He went off to work and I cleared out my things from where we lived. My parents were away, so I went back to their place, picked up my two cats ... The next thing I knew, I was doing a play, and so was he as it happened, and I went into the theatre, to the stage door, and the door man said, 'Have you read *The Daily Whatever?*' He said, 'There's a whole piece about your marriage breaking up and why it happened.' I said, 'Oh good, I'll read that, because I don't know why it happened!' And there it was – a long interview with Tom saying what had gone wrong. I mean, I didn't know any of this stuff. He said that he missed the cats. I thought, 'Oh well, tough.' I mean, there was no animosity, there was no agro really, there was no *anything*. It was just, sort of, 'well, that's that, fine, let's get out'. It was quite civilised in a way."

> 'Tom told me he was bored of being married, so I left. **I haven't seen him since that day ...'**



A grim-looking Tom Baker on set for **State of Decay**.

In Tom's autobiography ("I didn't even know he had one," admits Lalla), *Who on Earth is Tom Baker?*, the actor says this – and nothing much more – about the break-up: *'After a while I realised that I preferred the smoky comfort of the Colony Room in Soho to the domestic certainties of Hereford Square with Lalla. Our relationship was not moving in any direction at all. I knew that and if I had spotted it then so had Lalla ... She had swiftly realised that domestic life did not nourish me at all and she very kindly made it easy for me to escape it.'* "Is that all he says? Oh well, that makes sense," she shrugs. "I mean, my father managed to write an autobiography, and he had four wives and there are about two sentences to cover the whole lot! I suppose I should be grateful for the paragraph or so that Tom does devote to me. That's about what our marriage deserves, really.

"It wasn't a catastrophe, our marriage. I mean, if we hadn't actually signed anything, nobody would have even noticed. It's like Elizabeth Taylor – if she'd just had affairs with everybody it would have been fine, but she marries them all – like my father did, you know? It's just a rather foolish thing to do. I personally think, say, my friendship with [writer] Douglas Adams means more to me, was more valuable and more enduring than my marriage to Tom. That doesn't mean to say I undervalue Tom. I value Tom enormously. I do value the part of my life that I worked with him and so on. We just didn't do a terribly clever thing in getting married."

'One of my axes to grind with JNT was that he loathed K9. **I thought K9 was just wonderful!'**

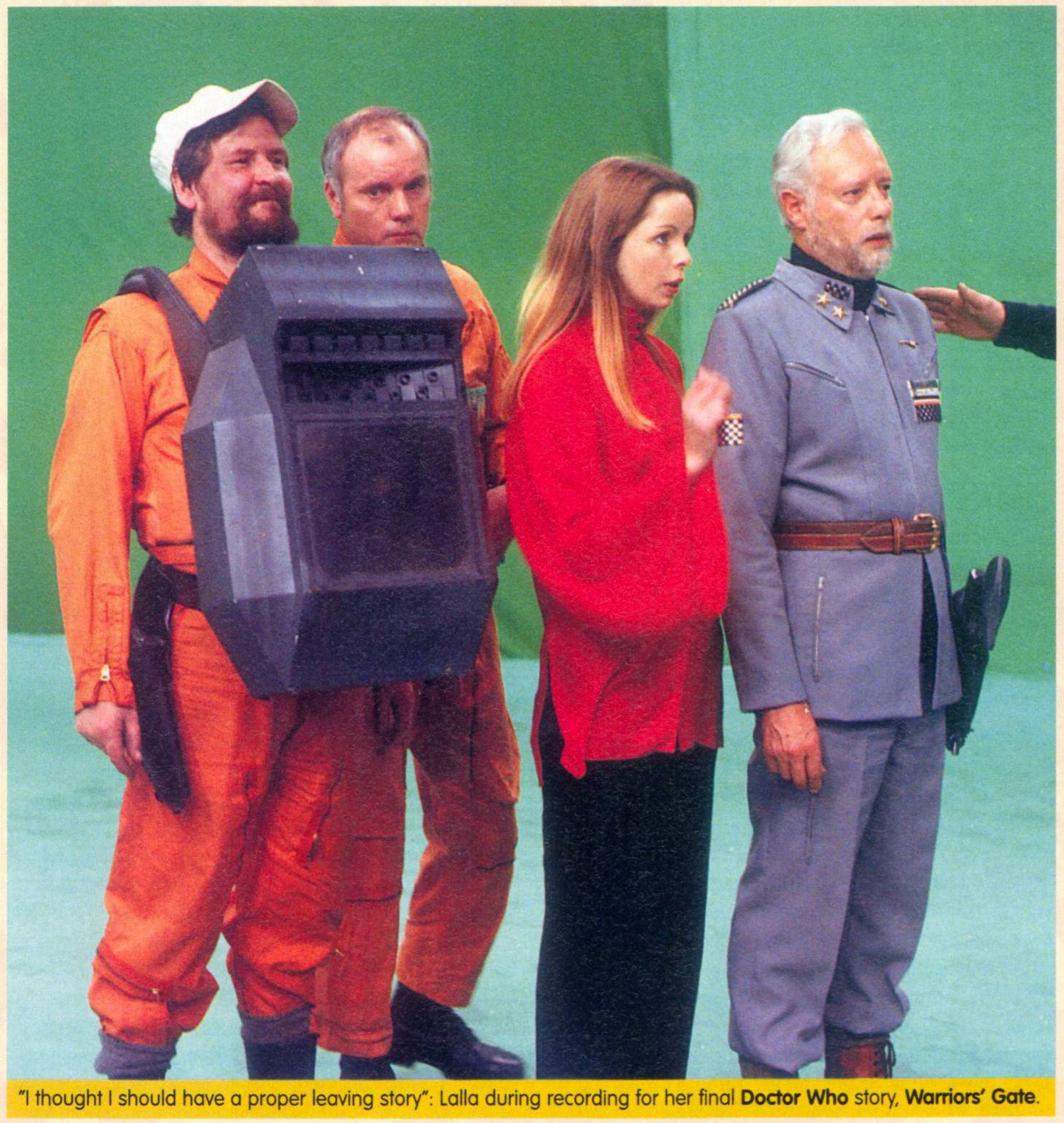
Douglas Adams script-edited and wrote for *Doctor Who* during Lalla's time on the show; she considered him a close friend. "Absolute heaven!" she says when I ask her about him. "Endlessly energetic, witty, incredibly bright, effortlessly funny and delightful and, above all, in every way you can imagine, generous – generous with his time, generous with his friends, generous with his intelligence, generous in every conceivable way. I got to know Douglas better, long after being in *Doctor Who*, even though that was how I met him. I met Richard [Dawkins, her husband and eminent biologist] through Douglas. I'd go to Douglas' wondrous parties, which he often had and I adored ... He was so good at parties, and such a dear man ... oh God, my ideal friend. It breaks my heart that Douglas isn't here anymore, it really does ..."

Douglas Adams died on 11 May 2001 at the tragically early age of 49. "Like people remember where they were when Kennedy was assassinated, I'll never forget Richard coming up and saying, 'I've got to tell you something really dreadful.' I said to him, 'What? Just tell me. Whatever it is, just tell me.' He looked absolutely ashen. It was very, very early on a Sunday morning. He came and sat on the bed ... I hadn't got up. He'd been fiddling with his e-mail and somebody had written to him and he hadn't believed it. And when he told me ... You know that thing where it just doesn't sink in, because it's so very, very mad? It's so ridiculous that you can't bear it. You can't take it seriously, but you know it's true, because it's not the sort of joke that anyone would make. It's too horrible.

"Richard wrote a very, very moving piece," says Lalla. "He did a eulogy at Douglas' memorial service, but he also did an immediate piece, I think for *The Guardian*, the day after he died – a straight-off, immediate reaction to a godawful piece of news – and he told the story of how he and I had met through Douglas. It's just such a loss, such a waste – so pointless and stupid. The only thing that cheers me up about it is that Douglas would have laughed if I'd turned round and said, 'Thank Christ someone has given me a good excuse to never set foot in a gym ever again!'" Douglas died of a heart attack in a gym in Santa Barbara. "It's such a pig of a thing to have happened – dreadful for poor Polly [his daughter] and Jane [his wife]. Utterly dreadful. And Polly is old enough to have known it was awful, but not really old enough to have memories of a father who would have been so wonderful.

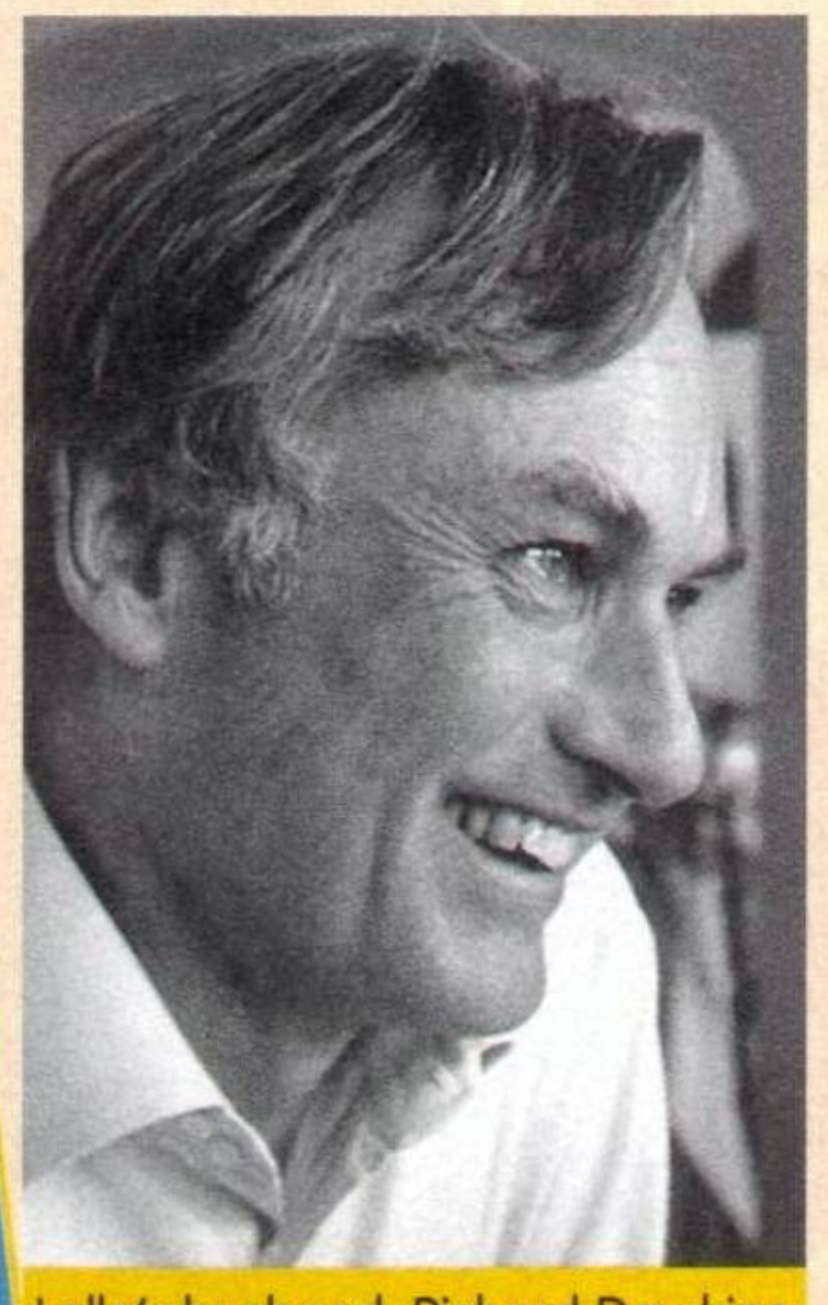
"I still miss him. Richard misses him dreadfully. They used to communicate by e-mail all the time. They had Apple Mac computers, which was the inspiration for their friendship. I sent him an e-mail once saying, 'I want to think of a really good wedding present to give Richard when we get married. Douglas, have you got any brilliant ideas?' He wrote back this wonderful e-mail saying, 'While I put my head back on my shoulders and work out what you just said, what about the new PowerBook' or something like that. He said, 'You did say you were *getting married*?! When did that happen?' It was six months after we'd met. I used to e-mail Douglas every time I needed to get anything for Richard, because it had to be something Apple-y and he'd know what." So what's the deal with Apple computers? "Do you not have one? We're evangelical about them, it's perfectly true! If you don't have one, you don't understand. They have something special about them. One couldn't bear to have anything else." Happily, **DWM** is produced using Apple computers. Lalla gives me an approving look.

Douglas Adams' six-part *Doctor Who* serial, *Shada*, was originally planned to conclude Season Seventeen, but industrial action at the BBC halted production. Luckily, the story was adapted for audio, recorded by Big Finish in 2002 and webcast on the internet last year. Lalla reprised her role as Romana. "I'm glad it got finished and done as its own thing, because it's a good story." Eighth Doctor actor Paul McGann took the lead role, because Tom Baker declined. Lalla exclaims: "What, because I was in it? That's mad. I've said to Gary [Russell, audio producer] that I'd be happy to do one with Tom. I'd be delighted to work with Tom. It'd be interesting to see him again. I have no problems with it. If he does then I'm sorry." Anyway, she adds: "I doubt that he does. I'm sure that it's more that he has other things to do."

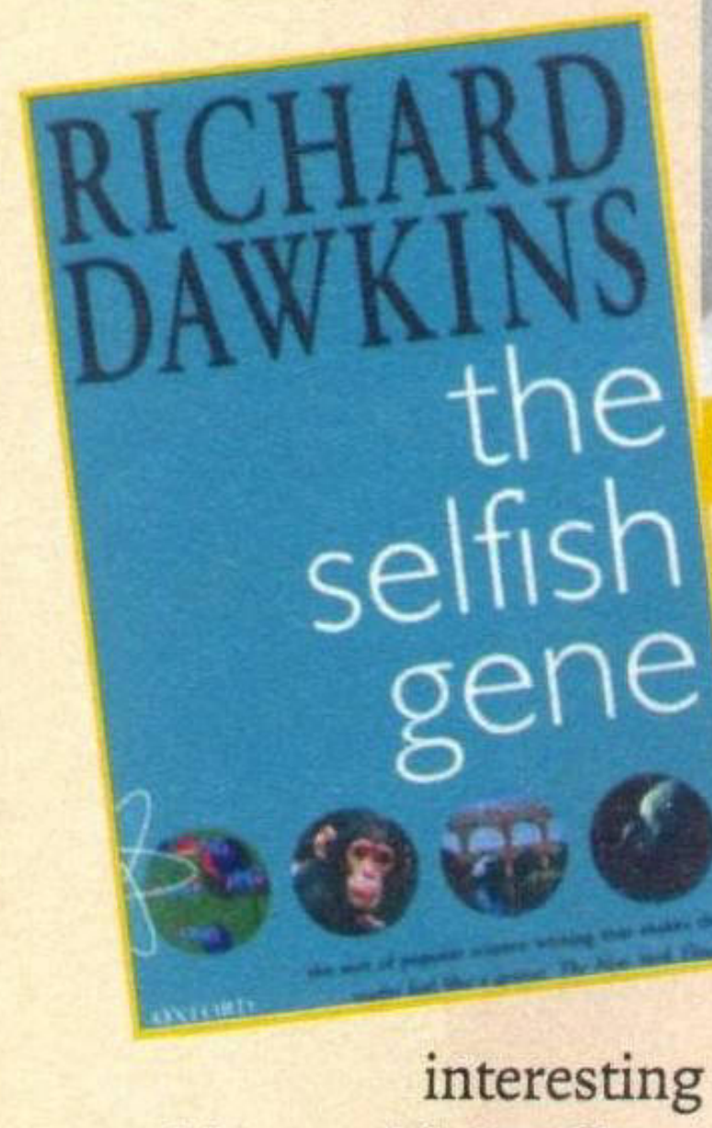


"I thought I should have a proper leaving story": Lalla during recording for her final **Doctor Who** story, **Warriors' Gate**.

Lalla Ward and Tom Baker tie the knot at Chelsea register office on December 13, 1980. The marriage lasted only 16 months.

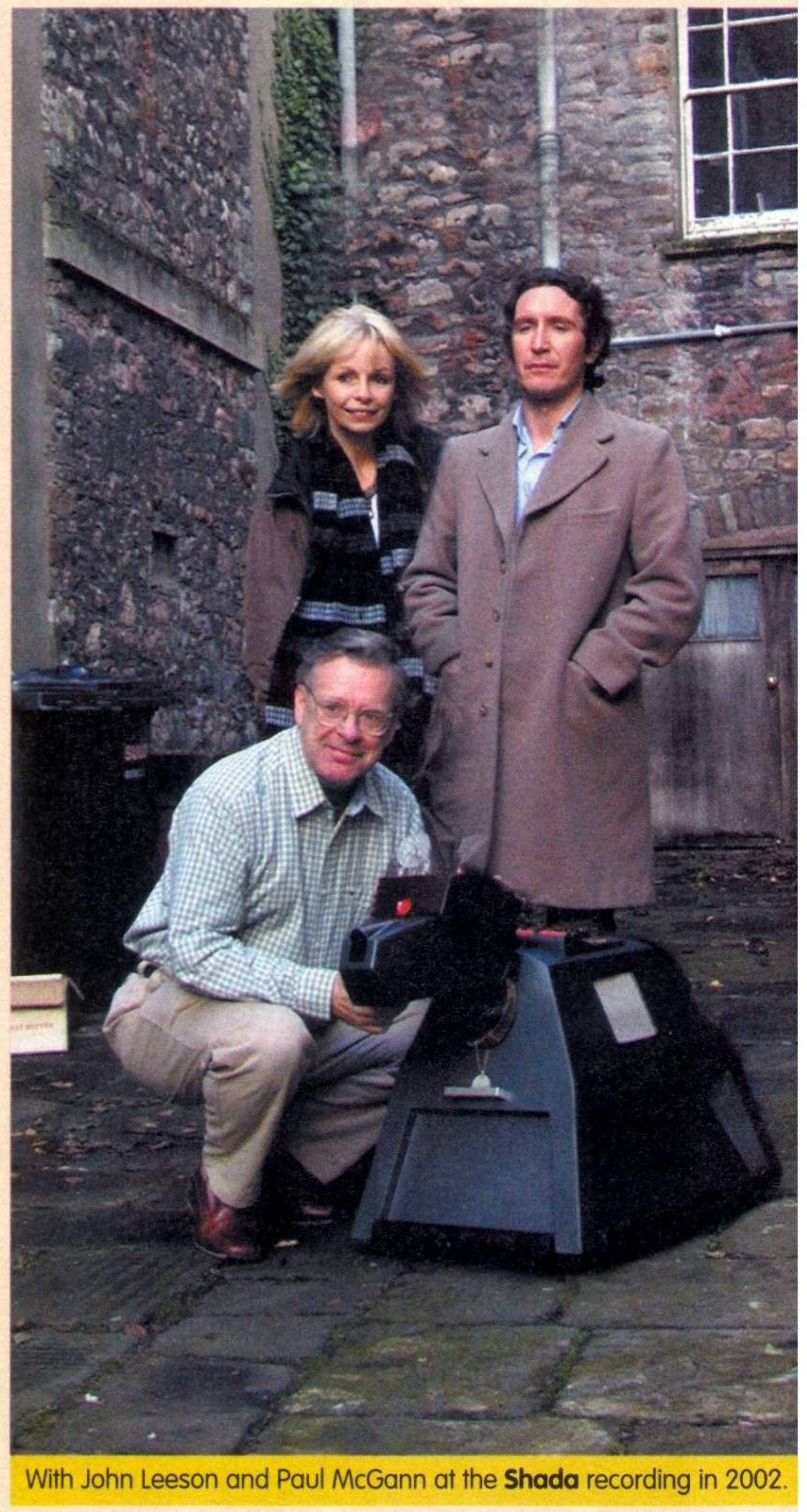


Lalla's husband, Richard Dawkins.



As well as on *Shada*, Lalla worked with McGann on last year's anniversary special, *Zagreus*, and on 2002's *Neverland*. "Paul recorded that one last, I think, in a series of six that he'd done over practically the same number of days," she remembers. "I mean, it was just some ludicrous schedule. By the time I arrived, he was so cross-eyed with over-work that I barely got to know him. I thought for a minute that he was being standoffish, and then somebody told me what the schedule had been. I thought, 'Poor man!' He was absolutely dead on his feet. He was done in. I thought, 'Oh well, never mind. I'll probably never meet him again. It doesn't matter,' but he did the job terrifically well. One wonders how on earth he could have. When I worked with him again on *Shada*, he couldn't have been nicer. I thought he was absolutely lovely. He's gorgeous. He was in a really good mood.

"He was very different to Tom," she continues. "He was much more laidback and ..." Human? "*Human*? Hah! You said it! He was quieter, I think. If he's tired next time, when I work with him again, then, well, he works hard. He's a lovely guy. He's wonderful." Paul and Lalla think *Zagreus* should have been a musical. Erm – why? "Ha ha! You heard us talking, did you? There were several lines – I can't remember which ones – that sounded like song titles. That's what started if off and it's a very easy running gag to get into, you know? Most of life would turn into a musical if one wanted to think about song titles." Other than that, what did Lalla make of *Zagreus*? "Oh don't ask me questions like that," she says, laughing. "My script started on page 196 or something. I hadn't read the first two-thirds of it! I mean, I hadn't the foggiest ... I don't know what I'm doing when I get the *whole* script, so don't ask me what I'm doing when I'm starting on page 196! I had no idea."



With John Leeson and Paul McGann at the **Shada** recording in 2002.

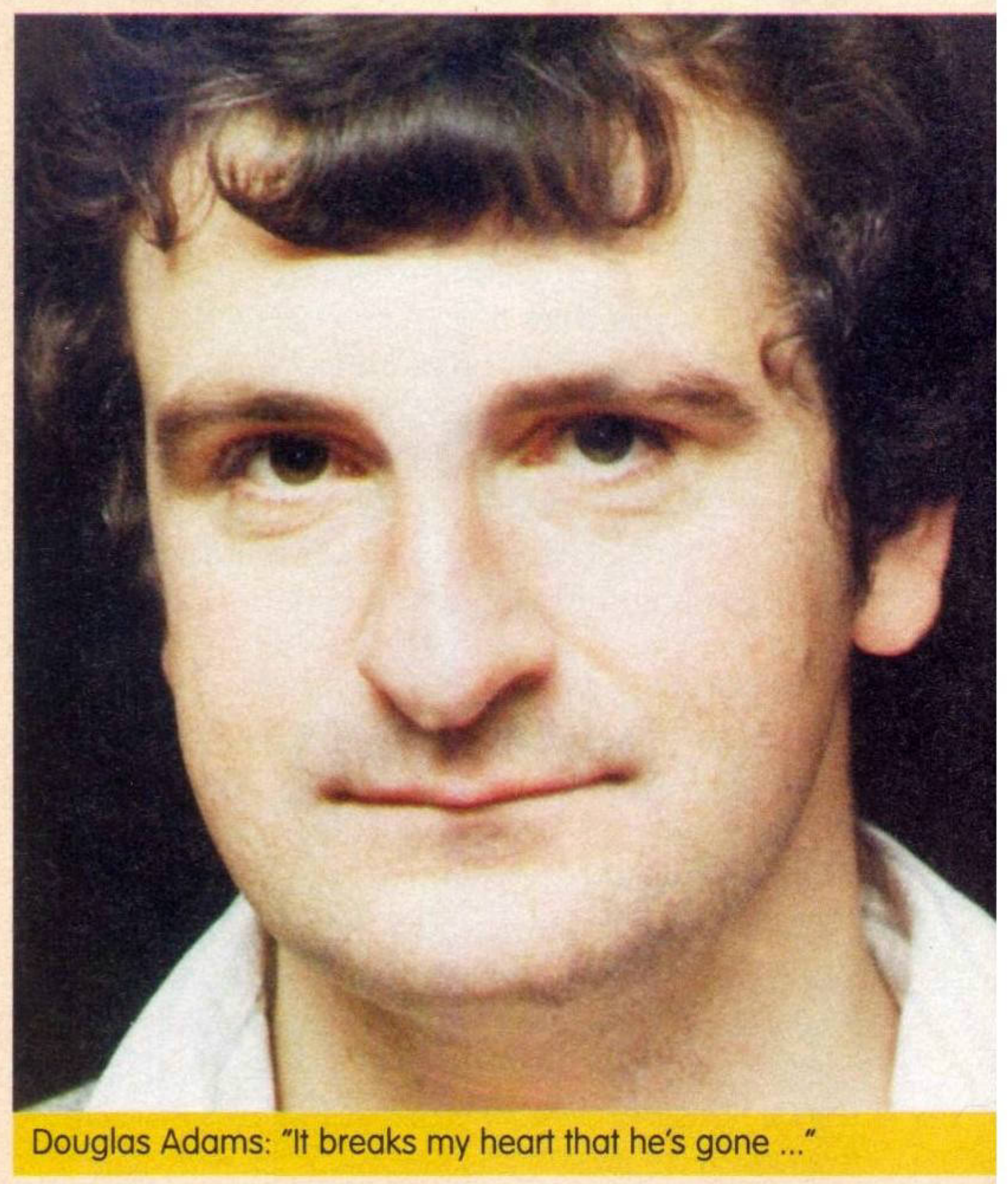
How did Lalla find working with K9 actor John Leeson again? "Aw, John's lovely! He and I have worked together so much now and, well ... it's what I was saying in a way about Tom – you do strike up a sort of relationship with people that is a bit like the parts you're playing. Actors snigger when the audience can't discern between an actor and a real person, but I sometimes think that actors are the pot calling the kettle black, because I don't think actors distinguish very well. Certainly Tom and I didn't distinguish! Not that I treat John Leeson like a dog – I absolutely promise you that I don't," she laughs, "but we are a kind of double-act in the way that K9 and Romana are."

Apparently, in the 1970s, John Leeson got down on all fours during rehearsals ... "Well," smiles Lalla, "he doesn't do that any more. He's lovely to work with. He puts everything into it. It'd have been awfully easy to sit on the sidelines, which is what [Leeson's successor] David Brierley used to do, which is fine – I mean, why shouldn't he? It's always hard following someone else's act – but God it was a thrill when John came back [for Season Eighteen]. I mean, that was one of my axes to grind with [producer] John Nathan-Turner – that he loathed K9. He couldn't wait to write K9 out of every single story. And I loved K9. I thought K9 was wonderful."

Did K9's departure contribute to Lalla's decision to leave *Doctor Who* midway through Season Eighteen? Or had working with Tom Baker just got too much to bear? "Well, no," she rebuffs, eyes glinting defiantly. "Not really. I went to a meeting with John Nathan-Turner before I started my second season, which was pretty much immediately after finishing the first season, and I went to him thinking, 'How do I explain to him that I don't want to just ... sort of, disappear? I'd much rather be written out in an interesting way.' I didn't particularly want to be blown up, but I thought I should have a proper leaving story, rather than do what Mary [Tamm] did. I thought we had the opportunity to do it properly. And John came to the meeting with exactly the same thought in mind, so we agreed right then that I would only do half a season, because he already had Matthew [Waterhouse] in mind as a replacement ..." she shrugs. "Well, whatever turns you on! *Chacun à son gôut*, as they say." Lalla Ward politely manages to keep a straight face.

Has she ever regretted leaving? "No. Actually, I tried to get out of the second season. I'd done *Hamlet* for the BBC in the meantime, and I was offered one or two really, really nice things, and I asked John if I could do them and he said no. There was one particular series that I was desperate to do, but he wouldn't let me out of my contract. And fair

'Douglas was such a dear, sweet man. **It breaks my heart that he isn't here any more ...'**



Douglas Adams: "It breaks my heart that he's gone ..."

enough – I'd signed it. I'd said I'd do it, so I did it." What was the series? "I wouldn't care to say," she smiles sweetly. "It wouldn't be fair on who did do it. It was just something I would love to have done." Lalla found it hard to find work after *Doctor Who*. "Is there life after *Doctor Who*? No, there isn't much. It was a major handicap. I did get offered other children's stuff and other science fiction stuff," she sighs, before adding, "but I didn't particularly want to do either, having done just that for two years. That would have been silly."

Lalla hadn't ever felt silly in *Doctor Who*, had she? "Oh constantly! I never felt anything but," she chuckles, "and I *wanted* it to be like that. That was part of the campaign. Not silly in a daft way – I don't think I was silly as the character in terms of what I was supposed to know, how I was supposed to deal with things ... That's the point of melodrama. You take it utterly seriously. I think melodrama – and that's what *Doctor Who* is, melodrama – is a very interesting kind of writing to get right. You have to do it properly. You have to do it for real. You can't send it up. You can enjoy it very much and you can send it up at the read-through to make your fellow actors laugh, but you can't play it that way for an audience or you're making a mistake. You're sunk. They won't care for it.

On Brighton beach for **The Leisure Hive**. "Tom refused to look at me during that one. He mooched around being rude!"

> 'Doctor Who was melodrama, really. **You have to do it properly, you can't play it for laughs'**

"The audience can laugh if they want, that's their prerogative, but if I find it funny – and any actor will say this – then you've lost your audience. It's not funny if the actors find it hilarious. It has to be real. That's what acting is. You're supposed to pretend it's real, that the monster can do very nasty things to you, not that you're actually in a studio with a meteorological balloon." Lalla is referring to *The Creature from the Pit*. "*The Meteorological Balloon from the Pit*," she laughs, "as Michael Fish the weatherman told me in the break once. He said, 'Do you know you're working with a meteorological balloon?' I said, 'I didn't actually. Who are you talking about? How dare you say that about a member of our company!' Ha ha!"

Does Lalla ever wish she hadn't done *Doctor Who* at all? "Oh yes. I mean, frequently. It was a real millstone round one's neck from the point of view of getting other work. That's not to say I'd rather not have done it from the point of view of the work that it was; it's the fault of other producers and directors – or me, for that matter, in which case that's fine ... I mean, I don't mind not getting work because I'm not right for the part, but if the only reason is that you were good in something else that you're now associated with ... That's a rotten reason. It's the kiss of death." After *Doctor Who*, Lalla worked extensively in the theatre, but gave up on the acting profession when she married Richard Dawkins and moved to Oxford in 1992. "I thought, 'I'm blowed if I'm going to take till I'm 40 to meet Mr Right, and then spend my life on the M40.' I mean, I made a conscious decision that I didn't want to go on being a gypsy, which is what actors have to be, travelling from job to job. I thought we'd never see each other. I mean, what's the point? He mattered more."

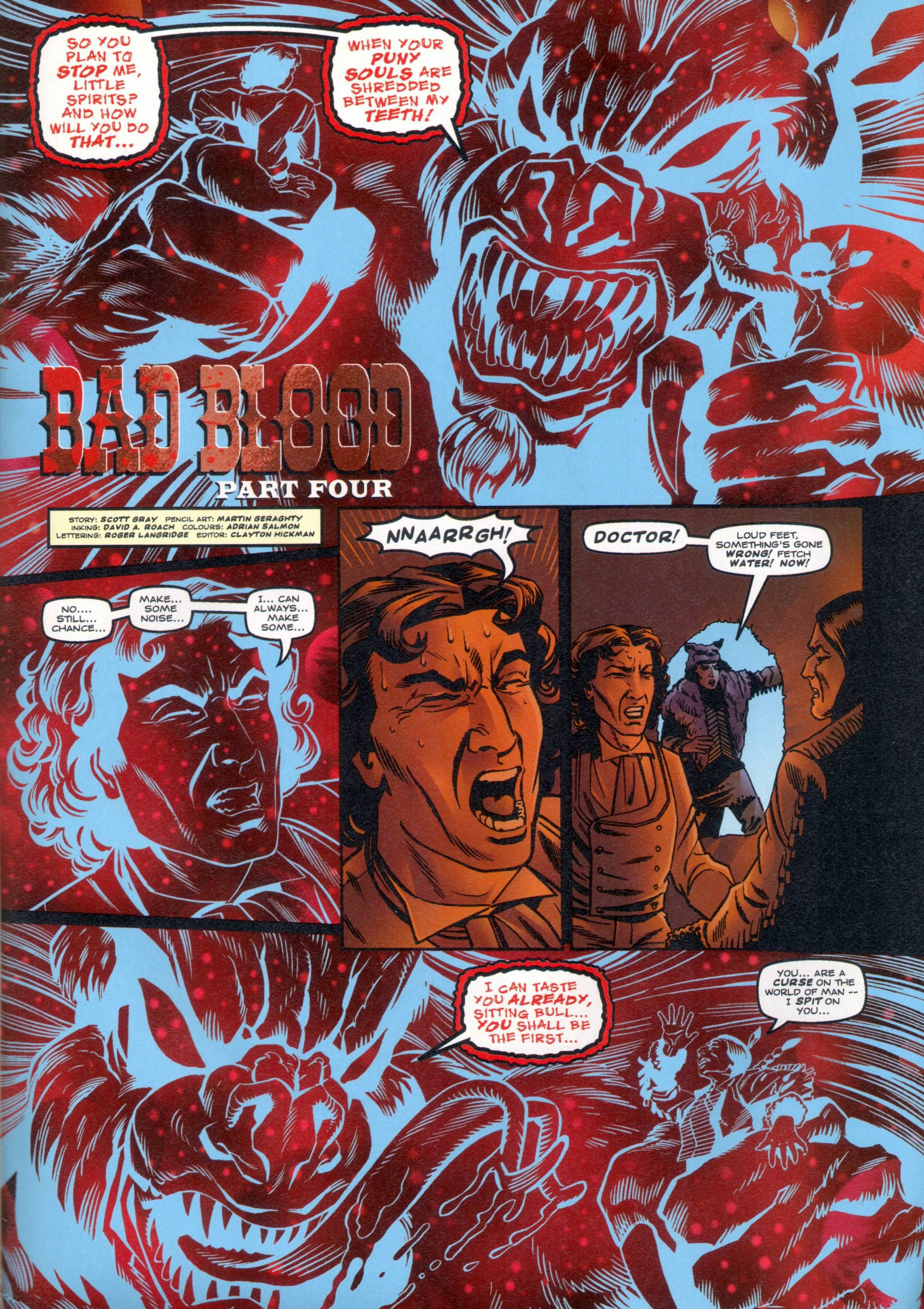
Lalla Ward at the recording of **Zagreus**. Photo by Benjamin Cook

How exactly did Lalla meet Richard? At one of Douglas Adams' parties, she said ... "Yeah, it was his 40th birthday party. When I joined *Doctor Who*, I remember Douglas said, 'How old are you?' I was 29, I think. He said, 'Oh good, I'm still the baby on the show!' *Douglas*, a baby?! You know, six-foot-seven or whatever he was! My birthday's in June and his was in March, so he was that much younger than me. Anyway, it was at Douglas' 40th birthday party ... I was talking to Stephen Fry and Terry Jones. His parties were always like that. You can't not namedrop! And Douglas came hauling over with this person ... I thought, 'I know your face, who are you?' I realised I recognised him because I'd watched his Royal Institution lectures for children on the telly, and I loved his books, which I'd read.

"Richard and I, being about half the height of Stephen Fry and Douglas, more or less by default had to have a conversation. That's how we met. I tried a good old tack at the party and said, 'This is the bit where – especially at Douglas' parties, because they get so crowded – I think one really needs to go off somewhere quiet and have dinner.' Richard said, 'Yes, let's! Why not? Good idea!' And I thought, 'Ooh!' – so we got in my car and zipped off, and had dinner and talked and talked and talked, and we got married six months later. It was perfect casting. We're so happy together. We're terribly different, but we complement each other. We get on fantastically well."

These days, Lalla is most content with life. Her passions include her stepdaughter Juliet ("I'm incredibly lucky," she says, "because stepparent relationships can be extremely difficult, but we get on so very well"), working for charity ("I can afford to spend time doing things for other people") and drawing and illustrating books. How does she look back on her two years on *Doctor Who*? "As a very happy time and a very positive time," she says, "and a very hard-working time, and one that has influenced ... well, it's been a big part of my life really ever since. It's one of these programmes that never lets go. You can either say, 'Look, I've had enough of this,' or you can just enjoy the bits as and when they come up, which is what I do. Nothing surprises me about *Doctor Who*. It's still totally surprising and totally not surprising. I'm thrilled when Gary Russell rings up and says, 'Do you want to do a Big Finish CD?' I'm very happy to. I'm very lucky that I don't have to do what an awful lot of actors have to do – slog away because it's the only way to live.

"I'm incredibly lucky. I'm living in a place, Oxford, surrounded by learning, which, considering I left school at 14 ... I mean, there are many ways to be educated, and I don't think the school way is necessarily the best. Well, it probably is if it can work for you. It didn't work for me. I have problems with being taught. I'm rather better at teaching myself. That's a confidence thing. At school, I was frightened of teachers, and you don't learn anything when you're scared. If I can sit myself in a corner with a book and learn that way, I'll do better. And I'm now having the best science education that anyone could have," she flashes a grin, "with the best teacher ... my own personal tutor. I'm constantly learning stuff. I'm finally getting it right – with the right man and the right set-up. I really love my life at the moment." DWM

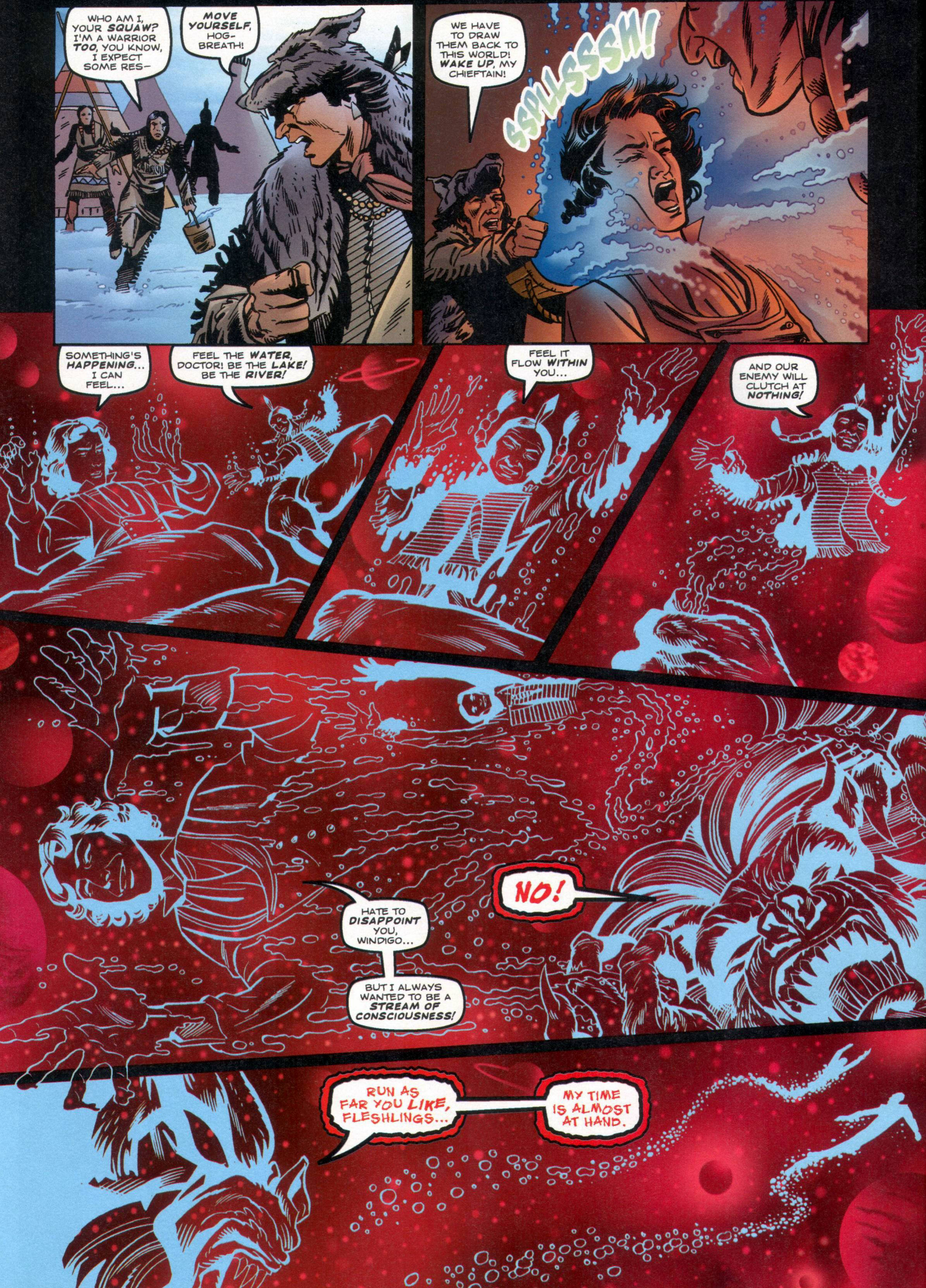


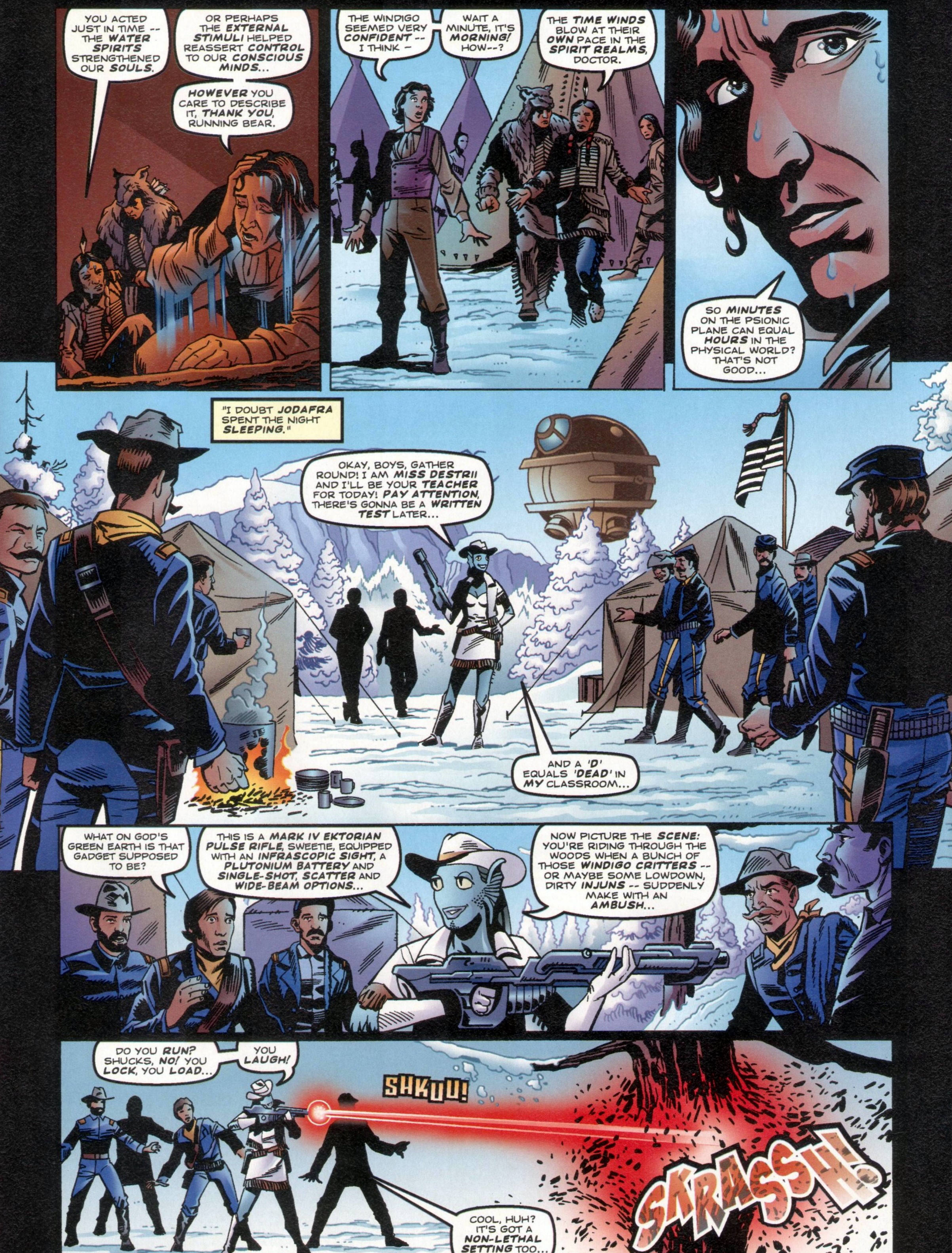
BAD BLOOD

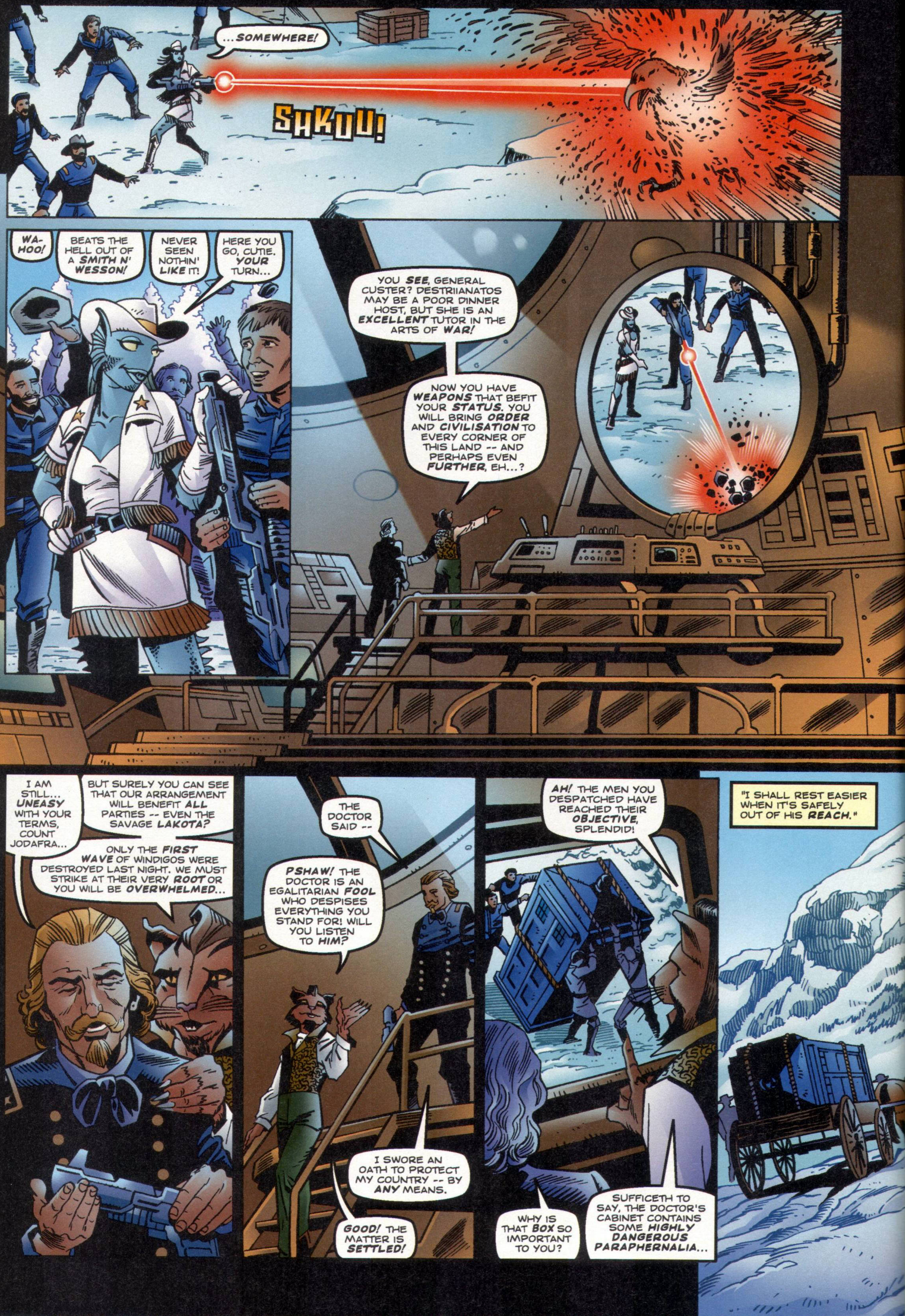
PART FOUR

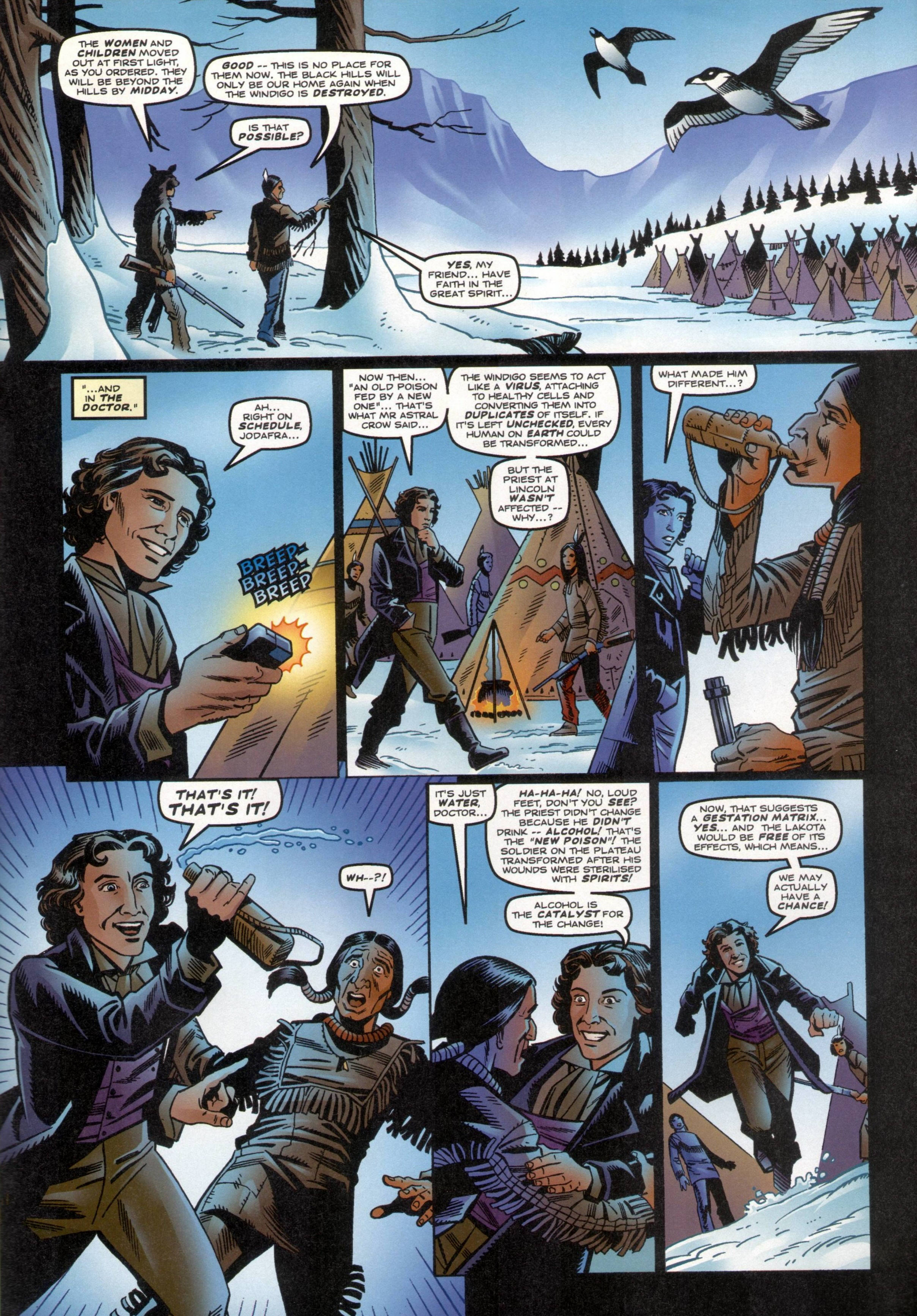
STORY: *SCOTT GRAY* PENCIL ART: *MARTIN GERAGHTY*
INKING: *DAVID A. ROACH* COLOURS: *ADRIAN SALMON*
LETTERING: *ROGER LANGRIDGE* EDITOR: *CLAYTON HICKMAN*

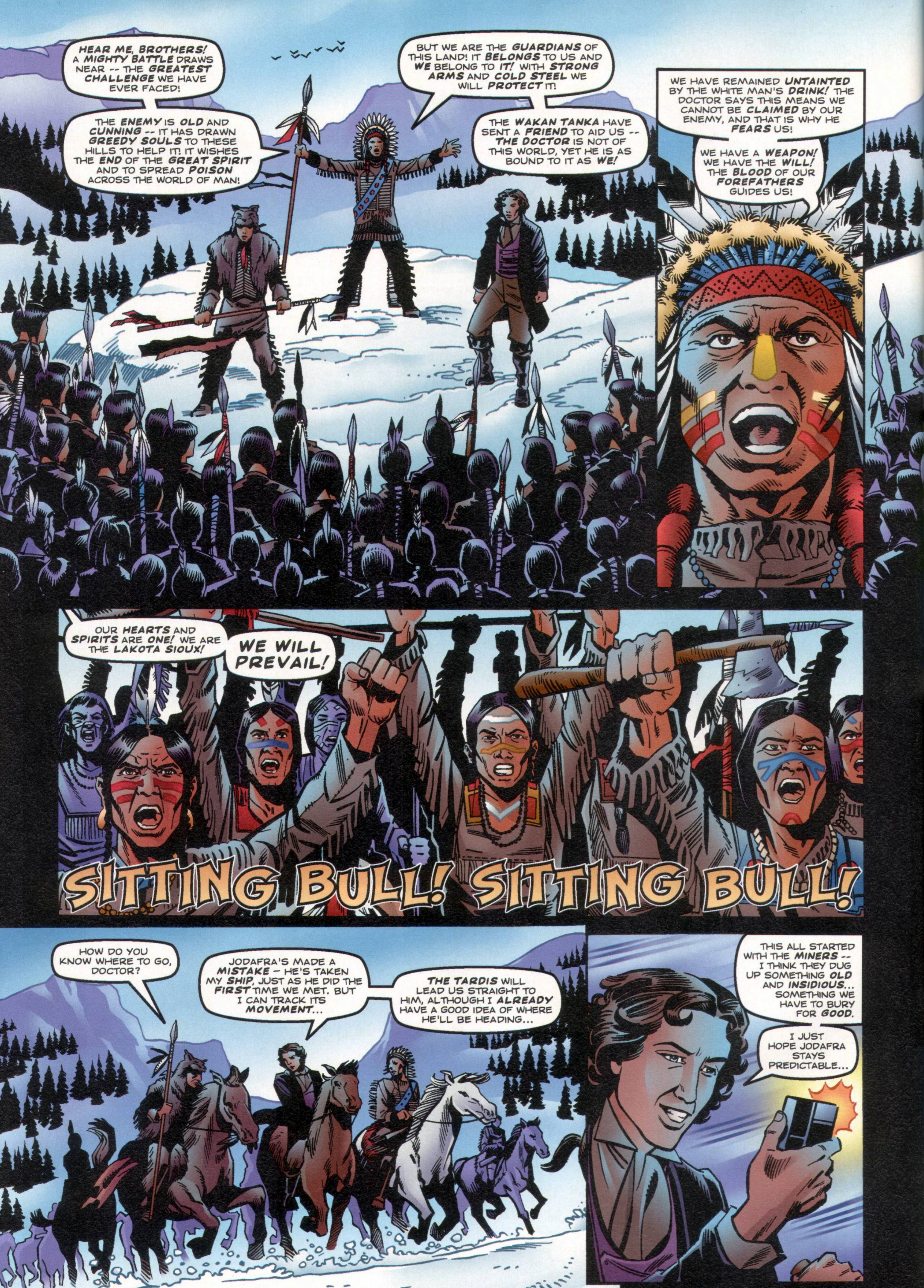
SO YOU PLAN TO **STOP** ME, LITTLE SPIRITS? AND HOW WILL YOU DO **THAT...**
WHEN YOUR ***PUNY SOULS*** ARE SHREDDED BETWEEN MY ***TEETH!***
NO.... STILL... CHANCE...
MAKE... SOME NOISE...
I... CAN ALWAYS... MAKE SOME...
NNAARRGH!
DOCTOR!
LOUD FEET, SOMETHING'S GONE ***WRONG!*** FETCH ***WATER!*** NOW!
I CAN TASTE YOU ***ALREADY,*** SITTING BULL... ***YOU*** SHALL BE THE FIRST...
YOU... ARE A ***CURSE*** ON THE WORLD OF MAN -- I ***SPIT*** ON YOU...

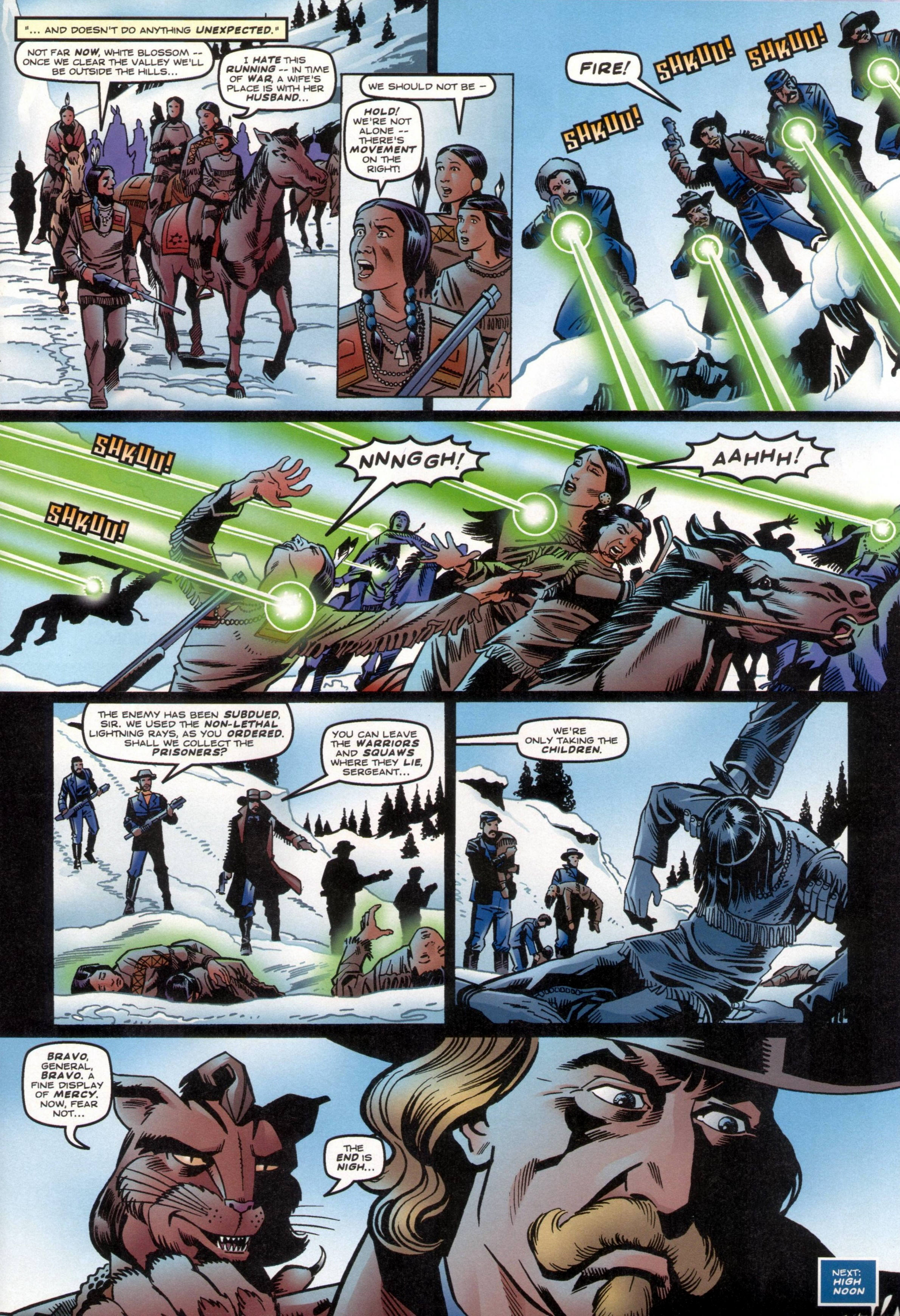

WHO AM I, YOUR *SQUAW*? I'M A WARRIOR *TOO*, YOU KNOW, I EXPECT SOME RES–
MOVE YOURSELF, HOG-BREATH!
WE HAVE TO DRAW THEM BACK TO THIS WORLD! *WAKE UP*, MY CHIEFTAIN!
SSPLLSSSH!
SOMETHING'S *HAPPENING*... I CAN FEEL...
FEEL THE *WATER*, DOCTOR! BE THE *LAKE*! BE THE *RIVER*!
FEEL IT FLOW *WITHIN* YOU...
AND OUR ENEMY WILL CLUTCH AT *NOTHING*!
NO!
HATE TO *DISAPPOINT* YOU, WINDIGO...
BUT I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A *STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS*!
RUN AS FAR YOU *LIKE*, FLESHLINGS...
MY TIME IS ALMOST AT HAND.


YOU ACTED JUST IN TIME -- THE WATER SPIRITS STRENGTHENED OUR SOULS.
OR PERHAPS THE EXTERNAL STIMULI HELPED REASSERT CONTROL TO OUR CONSCIOUS MINDS...
HOWEVER YOU CARE TO DESCRIBE IT, THANK YOU, RUNNING BEAR.
THE WINDIGO SEEMED VERY CONFIDENT -- I THINK -
WAIT A MINUTE, IT'S MORNING! HOW--?
THE TIME WINDS BLOW AT THEIR OWN PACE IN THE SPIRIT REALMS, DOCTOR.
SO MINUTES ON THE PSIONIC PLANE CAN EQUAL HOURS IN THE PHYSICAL WORLD? THAT'S NOT GOOD...
"I DOUBT JODAFRA SPENT THE NIGHT SLEEPING."
OKAY, BOYS, GATHER ROUND! I AM MISS DESTRII AND I'LL BE YOUR TEACHER FOR TODAY! PAY ATTENTION, THERE'S GONNA BE A WRITTEN TEST LATER...
AND A 'D' EQUALS 'DEAD' IN MY CLASSROOM...
WHAT ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH IS THAT GADGET SUPPOSED TO BE?
THIS IS A MARK IV EKTORIAN PULSE RIFLE, SWEETIE, EQUIPPED WITH AN INFRASCOPIC SIGHT, A PLUTONIUM BATTERY AND SINGLE-SHOT, SCATTER AND WIDE-BEAM OPTIONS...
NOW PICTURE THE SCENE: YOU'RE RIDING THROUGH THE WOODS WHEN A BUNCH OF THOSE WINDIGO CRITTERS -- OR MAYBE SOME LOWDOWN, DIRTY INJUNS -- SUDDENLY MAKE WITH AN AMBUSH...
DO YOU RUN? SHUCKS, NO! YOU LOCK, YOU LOAD...
YOU LAUGH!
SHKUU!
SKRASSH!
COOL, HUH? IT'S GOT A NON-LETHAL SETTING TOO...


...SOMEWHERE!
SHKUU!
WA-HOO!
BEATS THE HELL OUT OF A SMITH N' WESSON!
NEVER SEEN NOTHIN' LIKE IT!
HERE YOU GO, CUTIE. YOUR TURN...
YOU SEE, GENERAL CUSTER? DESTRIIANATOS MAY BE A POOR DINNER HOST, BUT SHE IS AN EXCELLENT TUTOR IN THE ARTS OF WAR!
NOW YOU HAVE WEAPONS THAT BEFIT YOUR STATUS. YOU WILL BRING ORDER AND CIVILISATION TO EVERY CORNER OF THIS LAND -- AND PERHAPS EVEN FURTHER, EH...?
I AM STILL... UNEASY WITH YOUR TERMS, COUNT JODAFRA...
BUT SURELY YOU CAN SEE THAT OUR ARRANGEMENT WILL BENEFIT ALL PARTIES -- EVEN THE SAVAGE LAKOTA?
ONLY THE FIRST WAVE OF WINDIGOS WERE DESTROYED LAST NIGHT. WE MUST STRIKE AT THEIR VERY ROOT OR YOU WILL BE OVERWHELMED...
THE DOCTOR SAID --
PSHAW! THE DOCTOR IS AN EGALITARIAN FOOL WHO DESPISES EVERYTHING YOU STAND FOR! WILL YOU LISTEN TO HIM?
I SWORE AN OATH TO PROTECT MY COUNTRY -- BY ANY MEANS.
GOOD! THE MATTER IS SETTLED!
AH! THE MEN YOU DESPATCHED HAVE REACHED THEIR OBJECTIVE, SPLENDID!
WHY IS THAT BOX SO IMPORTANT TO YOU?
SUFFICETH TO SAY, THE DOCTOR'S CABINET CONTAINS SOME HIGHLY DANGEROUS PARAPHERNALIA...
"I SHALL REST EASIER WHEN IT'S SAFELY OUT OF HIS REACH."


THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN MOVED OUT AT FIRST LIGHT, AS YOU ORDERED. THEY WILL BE BEYOND THE HILLS BY MIDDAY.
GOOD -- THIS IS NO PLACE FOR THEM NOW. THE BLACK HILLS WILL ONLY BE OUR HOME AGAIN WHEN THE WINDIGO IS DESTROYED.
IS THAT POSSIBLE?
YES, MY FRIEND... HAVE FAITH IN THE GREAT SPIRIT...
"...AND IN THE DOCTOR."
AH... RIGHT ON SCHEDULE, JODAFRA...
BREEP-BREEP-BREEP
NOW THEN... "AN OLD POISON FED BY A NEW ONE"... THAT'S WHAT MR ASTRAL CROW SAID...
THE WINDIGO SEEMS TO ACT LIKE A VIRUS, ATTACHING TO HEALTHY CELLS AND CONVERTING THEM INTO DUPLICATES OF ITSELF. IF IT'S LEFT UNCHECKED, EVERY HUMAN ON EARTH COULD BE TRANSFORMED...
BUT THE PRIEST AT LINCOLN WASN'T AFFECTED -- WHY...?
WHAT MADE HIM DIFFERENT...?
THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT!
WH--?!
IT'S JUST WATER, DOCTOR...
HA-HA-HA! NO, LOUD FEET, DON'T YOU SEE? THE PRIEST DIDN'T CHANGE BECAUSE HE DIDN'T DRINK -- ALCOHOL! THAT'S THE "NEW POISON"! THE SOLDIER ON THE PLATEAU TRANSFORMED AFTER HIS WOUNDS WERE STERILISED WITH SPIRITS!
ALCOHOL IS THE CATALYST FOR THE CHANGE!
NOW, THAT SUGGESTS A GESTATION MATRIX... YES... AND THE LAKOTA WOULD BE FREE OF ITS EFFECTS, WHICH MEANS...
WE MAY ACTUALLY HAVE A CHANCE!


HEAR ME, BROTHERS! A MIGHTY BATTLE DRAWS NEAR -- THE GREATEST CHALLENGE WE HAVE EVER FACED!
THE ENEMY IS OLD AND CUNNING -- IT HAS DRAWN GREEDY SOULS TO THESE HILLS TO HELP IT! IT WISHES THE END OF THE GREAT SPIRIT AND TO SPREAD POISON ACROSS THE WORLD OF MAN!
BUT WE ARE THE GUARDIANS OF THIS LAND! IT BELONGS TO US AND WE BELONG TO IT! WITH STRONG ARMS AND COLD STEEL WE WILL PROTECT IT!
THE WAKAN TANKA HAVE SENT A FRIEND TO AID US -- THE DOCTOR IS NOT OF THIS WORLD, YET HE IS AS BOUND TO IT AS WE!
WE HAVE REMAINED UNTAINTED BY THE WHITE MAN'S DRINK! THE DOCTOR SAYS THIS MEANS WE CANNOT BE CLAIMED BY OUR ENEMY, AND THAT IS WHY HE FEARS US!
WE HAVE A WEAPON! WE HAVE THE WILL! THE BLOOD OF OUR FOREFATHERS GUIDES US!
OUR HEARTS AND SPIRITS ARE ONE! WE ARE THE LAKOTA SIOUX!
WE WILL PREVAIL!
SITTING BULL! SITTING BULL!
HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE TO GO, DOCTOR?
JODAFRA'S MADE A MISTAKE – HE'S TAKEN MY SHIP, JUST AS HE DID THE FIRST TIME WE MET. BUT I CAN TRACK ITS MOVEMENT...
THE TARDIS WILL LEAD US STRAIGHT TO HIM, ALTHOUGH I ALREADY HAVE A GOOD IDEA OF WHERE HE'LL BE HEADING...
THIS ALL STARTED WITH THE MINERS -- I THINK THEY DUG UP SOMETHING OLD AND INSIDIOUS... SOMETHING WE HAVE TO BURY FOR GOOD.
I JUST HOPE JODAFRA STAYS PREDICTABLE...


"... AND DOESN'T DO ANYTHING UNEXPECTED."
NOT FAR NOW, WHITE BLOSSOM -- ONCE WE CLEAR THE VALLEY WE'LL BE OUTSIDE THE HILLS...
I HATE THIS RUNNING -- IN TIME OF WAR, A WIFE'S PLACE IS WITH HER HUSBAND...
WE SHOULD NOT BE –
HOLD! WE'RE NOT ALONE -- THERE'S MOVEMENT ON THE RIGHT!
FIRE!
SHKUU!
SHKUU!
SHKUU!
SHKUU!
SHKUU!
NNNGGH!
AAHHH!
THE ENEMY HAS BEEN SUBDUED, SIR. WE USED THE NON-LETHAL LIGHTNING RAYS, AS YOU ORDERED. SHALL WE COLLECT THE PRISONERS?
YOU CAN LEAVE THE WARRIORS AND SQUAWS WHERE THEY LIE, SERGEANT...
WE'RE ONLY TAKING THE CHILDREN.
BRAVO, GENERAL, BRAVO. A FINE DISPLAY OF MERCY. NOW, FEAR NOT...
THE END IS NIGH...
NEXT: HIGH NOON

REVENGE OF THE

ACCIDENTAL

TOURIST

IN AN EPILOGUE TO HIS POPULAR SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE RANDOM NATURE OF **DOCTOR WHO**'S CREATION AND DEVELOPMENT, AND IN THE LIGHT OF THE NEW SERIES CURRENTLY IN PRE-PRODUCTION, **DANIEL O'MAHONY** TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE FRAGMENTED NATURE OF OUR FAVOURITE SERIES DURING THE 1990S, AND THE THORNY PROBLEMS OF 'CANON'...

CODA: THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT

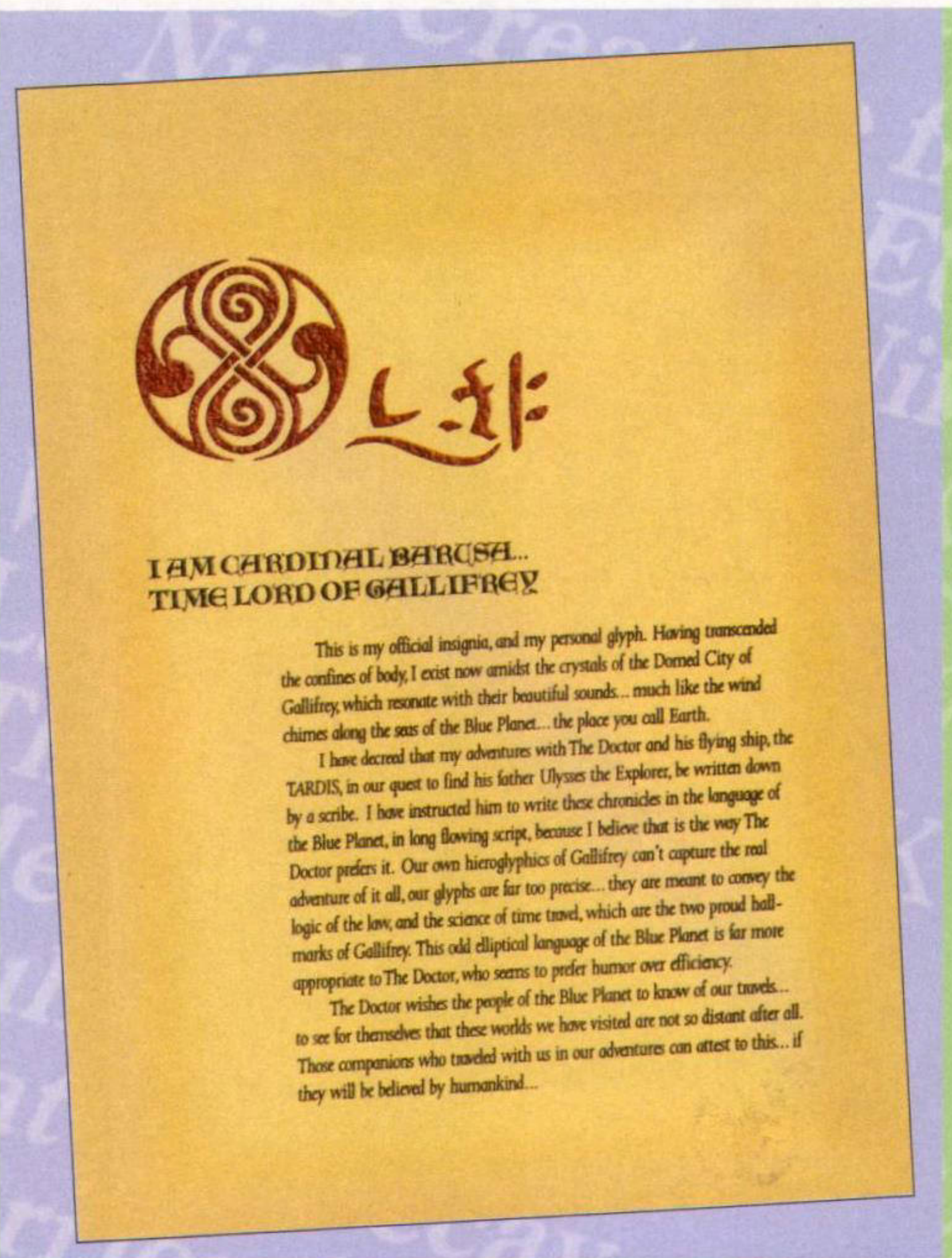
'I have decreed that my adventures with the Doctor and his flying ship, the TARDIS, in our quest to find his father, Ulysses the Explorer, be written down by a scribe. I have instructed him to write these chronicles in the language of the Blue Planet ... because I believe that this is the way the Doctor prefers it.'

– John Leekley, labouring under the delusion that he is Cardinal Barusa of Gallifrey

It's a cute idea, but it doesn't hold water – at the end of its life as a television series, *Doctor Who* returned to its roots and brought the Doctor's story full circle.

In 1988 the series marked its silver anniversary with stories that explicitly referenced and revisited the past. More subtly, once the anniversary was over, the last stories to be produced by the BBC returned to themes that had underpinned *Doctor Who* from the first. *Survival*, like *100,000 BC*, drops a group of contemporary characters into a savage environment to see how they cope. *Ghost Light*, the last story before the cameras, not only features a prehistoric character but also acknowledges HG Wells' *The Time Machine* as an ancestor with its Victorian setting and evolutionary theme. Watching these stories with hindsight gives the impression that the production team knew its time was up and was striving for a sense of closure.

Unexaggerated rumours of *Doctor Who*'s demise had been circulating for years, since the first cancellation crisis in 1985. It didn't take any special kind of intuition to realise that the Doctor's days were numbered and that the axe might fall once Sylvester McCoy's initial three-year contract had expired. Even so, the production team was planning for a future. The last broadcast story, *Survival*, ends with a life-affirming speech from the Doctor that strikes an open-ended but intentionally final note – but this was a post-production addition once it was clear that there would be no new season in 1990. The story's climax was reshaped to remove ambiguities. *Survival* might have an atmosphere of last orders, but this was concocted entirely after-the-fact. Any similarities to *100,000 BC* are entirely coincidental.



I AM CARDINAL BARUSA...
TIME LORD OF GALLIFREY

This is my official insignia, and my personal glyph. Having transcended the confines of body, I exist now amidst the crystals of the Domed City of Gallifrey, which resonate with their beautiful sounds... much like the wind chimes along the seas of the Blue Planet... the place you call Earth.

I have decreed that my adventures with The Doctor and his flying ship, the TARDIS, in our quest to find his father Ulysses the Explorer, be written down by a scribe. I have instructed him to write these chronicles in the language of the Blue Planet, in long flowing script, because I believe that is the way The Doctor prefers it. Our own hieroglyphics of Gallifrey can't capture the real adventure of it all, our glyphs are far too precise... they are meant to convey the logic of the law, and the science of time travel, which are the two proud hall-marks of Gallifrey. This odd elliptical language of the Blue Planet is far more appropriate to The Doctor, who seems to prefer humor over efficiency.

The Doctor wishes the people of the Blue Planet to know of our travels... to see for themselves that these worlds we have visited are not so distant after all. Those companions who traveled with us in our adventures can attest to this... if they will be believed by humankind...

Up to that point the production team was planning for the future. Nothing was commissioned for Season Twenty-Seven but several storylines were under consideration during 1989 and most fans are acquainted with at least the highlights: the departure of Ace, possibly to study at the Time Lord academy; the new safe-cracking companion and her gangland father, introduced across two linked stories set in the 1960s and 1980s; a Ben Aaronovitch space opera; Marc Platt letting Ice Warriors loose in London; Robin Mukherjee's *Alixion* and ideas from other newcomers whose names would crop up later in new contexts: David A McIntee, Neil Penswick, Mike Tucker and Robert Perry ... We know the lost Season Twenty-Seven almost as intimately as the original, cancelled Season Twenty-Three.

'Season Twenty-Seven', implying a regularity of production, quickly became an outdated buzz-phrase. It lost its sting in the early 1990s as it became clear that *Doctor Who* might not be returning at all. When the TV movie went into production in 1996, Season Twenty-Seven was hardly mentioned at all. It's still used occasionally as a baggily-fitting description of the *Timewyrm* novels or the first year's worth of Paul McGann CDs from Big Finish. Neither are honestly Season Twenty-Seven, any more than BBC Wales' new production will be, but the label helped impose a familiar order onto the rapidly mutating ecology of *Doctor Who* after 1989.

The twenty-fifth anniversary was significant; it was more than an opportunity to indulge in a few celebratory stories. By the Doctor's own definition in *Four to Doomsday*, a generation had grown up with *Doctor Who* and that generation was inevitably going to inherit the series. For 25 years the Doctor had been in the hands of people who began their television careers before *Doctor Who* was launched. From now on, it would become increasingly the property of people whose first experience of the series had been viewing it on television as children; by people who could describe themselves as fans (though maybe not members of organised fandom); by people like Ben Aaronovitch, Marc Platt, Philip Segal and – yes – Russell T Davies. The new generation represented a new form of relationship between the Doctor and his creators and this would be reflected in the nature of the stories they told. Like all fictional beings that outlast a generation, *Doctor Who* would begin *talking to itself*.

The process began on television with what's known vaguely as the *Cartmel Master Plan*. This misleading title suggests that script editor Andrew Cartmel was its sole architect. In fact it seems to have arisen from the fertile writers' discussions of this period and was largely the work of Aaronovitch and Platt. The interpretation varied from script to script, with *Silver Nemesis*' Kevin Clarke having his own ideas about the Doctor and his secret origins.

But what was the Master Plan? We're still not entirely clear, but on the most basic level it's an attempt to restore some mystery to the Doctor's origins after years of over-familiar references to the Time Lords; *what if*, it speculates, *that mythology is just a smoke screen and the truth is still unknown?* The plan itself was a method of dismantling these assumptions about the Doctor while trying to reconcile this with established mythology. It's nothing less than the General Theory of *Doctor Who*. It takes any number of ideas that had accreted – by chance and by design – within the series over the years and treats them as if they were pieces in a jigsaw, as if they were *designed* to fit. It didn't quite work – partly because there were simply too many pieces that had be ignored rather than reconciled – but mainly because the Cartmel Master Plan didn't happen.

If you watched *Doctor Who* in the late 1980s but ignored the interviews and the speculation in the fan press, you would hardly know that the Master Plan existed. Other elements of the production get in the way. Significant dialogue was edited from *Remembrance of the Daleks* and *Survival*. *Silver Nemesis* clomps around promising meaningful revelations that it never delivers. Most tellingly, the story that might have pushed the Master Plan into the open – *Lungbarrow* by Marc Platt – was vetoed by producer John Nathan-Turner (a member of the old generation who still ran the show). The plan barely registers on screen but on paper it was hard to avoid. It was the first virtual *Doctor Who* storyline, one that wasn't broadcast but existed mainly in the minds of a subset of viewers. *Lungbarrow* would have been radical in 1989. Instead it happened in 1997, as a book pitched mainly at fans, its impact dampened by the speed with which radical ideas become old fashioned. Its version of *Doctor Who* now had to jostle for attention in an entirely transformed landscape.

The Cartmel Master Plan presents the antithesis to the theory that *Doctor Who* happened mainly by accident. It's the idea that the series could be organised neatly, that it could be *designed* or at least redesigned until it worked. Throughout the late 1980s and 1990s, fandom itself seemed to be moving towards that conclusion. It's around the time of the Master Plan that the word 'canon' first slips into fan vocabularies, as though it were an idea whose time had finally come. Though the word sounds theological, it might have more prosaic roots. 1987 was the centenary of the first appearance of Sherlock Holmes, another multi-generational hero. Among the plethora of celebratory programmes and articles, *Who* fans couldn't help but notice that Holmesians referred to the run of original stories by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as 'The Canon' (distinguishing them from 'apocryphal' stories by other hands). Any number of tedious debates about what constitutes 'proper' *Doctor Who* began here, but the Doctor – unlike Holmes – had no pre-eminent author whose stories could go to the top of the list. The distinction between what was *canon* and what was *apocrypha* was about to become acute.

The concept of *canon* didn't appear in the fan armoury before the 1980s for a good reason – there simply wasn't a problem it could address. The television series counted – and everything else didn't, or was at least negotiable. Sheer force of numbers meant that extra-curricular *Doctor Who* didn't represent the same kind of shared experience as the BBC series. Such is the visibility of television that even *Battlefield* Part One, the least-viewed first-run episode in the series' history, would be seen by millions more people than would ever experience its spinoffs. So long as *Doctor Who* remained on the small screen, there could be no real challenge to its status at the top of a two-level hierarchy. It didn't hurt that for much of the time, the Doctor's off-screen adventures weren't very good.

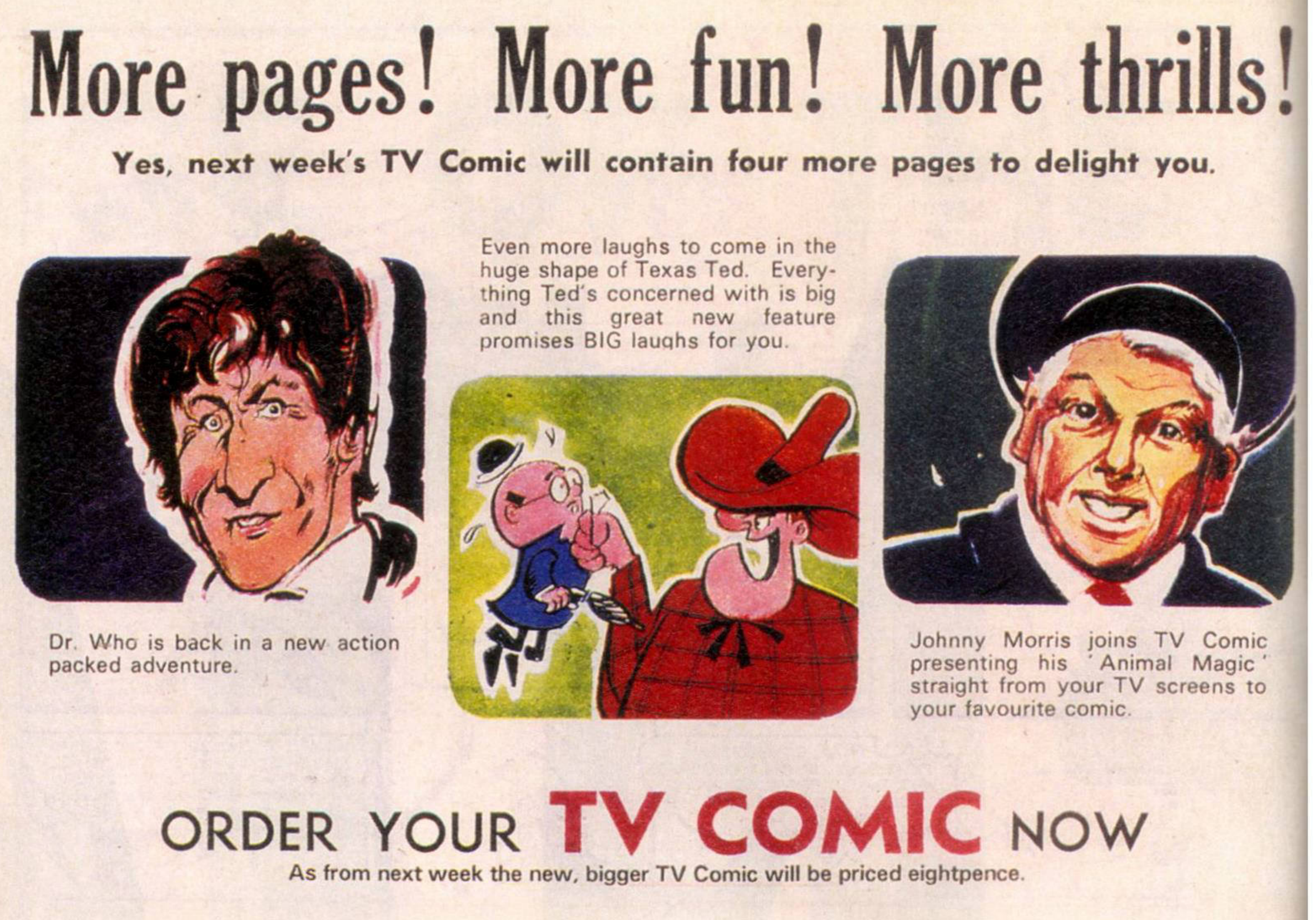
Broadly speaking, there were two kinds of extra-curricular *Doctor Who* fictions up until 1989. The first were spontaneous oddities, one-off events that supplemented the programme while being too quirky and isolated to try to displace it. These are stories like the spinoff pilot *K9 and Company*, the radio serial *Slipback*, the *Jim'll Fix It* mini-episode, the stage plays and the Aaru Dalek movies. The latter were loud and brash and colourful enough to present an existential challenge to the BBC series, but they were also adapted from television serials and didn't threaten to overwrite them (except in confused childhood memories). The second type of *apocrypha* was more regular – the stories appearing in World Distributors' *Doctor Who Annual* or the ongoing comic strip in *TV Comic* that kept going all year round and didn't break in the summer. Until home video took off during the late 1970s and early 1980s, every TV episode would remain an ephemeral experience, shown once – maybe twice – before vanishing. That the spinoffs were physical objects marked them out as substitutes and not the genuine article.

It's hard to imagine the idea of canonicity rising out of the World Distributors stories – with their absent-minded grasp on both *Doctor Who* and basic storytelling – but there were two significant developments in extra-curricular *Who* in the 1970s. Both would eventually have a huge effect on the way *Doctor Who* developed beyond 1989. Both would make unsuccessful stabs at challenging television's position at the top of the food chain. In 1973, there were the novelisations published by Target. In 1979, there was Marvel Comics' *Doctor Who Weekly* and its comic strip.

1973 was just the right time for Target to launch its novelisations range. The tenth anniversary didn't represent a new generation, as the twenty-fifth would, but it did mean that the series had been around long enough to pick up a maturing audience that was looking for a more substantial spinoff than another colouring book. *The Making of Doctor Who*, the first serious non-fiction book on its subject, appeared in 1972; the first magazines solely dedicated to the Doctor were published in 1973; the following year *The House that Jack Built*, a short story by Keith Miller, became the first professionally published spinoff fiction by an acknowledged fan. A culture of literacy was coalescing around *Doctor Who* and its fans were becoming as much readers as they were viewers. Without Target this might not have happened; and Target had an in-built respectability that other spinoffs lacked.

The novelisations were written by people from the television series – writers, producers, script editors and even actor Ian Marter. They filled a semi-official role in the developing fan culture of the 1970s by acting as permanent reminders of stories that, pre-video, were believed (and in some cases actually were) lost forever. Their tangibility was an asset, a sign of permanence that television lacked. Crucially, they were *adaptations* and, like the Dalek movies, they only threatened the originals by over-writing blurry memories. The authors could embellish, restore and smooth over the source material where necessary, but mainly they were deferential at a time when something more radical might have been rejected. By 1989 they had a solid 17 years of publishing behind them and had established a fan-base for whom the Doctor existed as naturally on the printed page as he did on television.

Target effectively created the novelisations out of three old reprints and thin air. When Marvel took over the *Doctor Who* comic strip in 1979, it revolutionised a tradition that had been established for almost as long as the series, without ever being much good. It's over-simplifying to state that the strips produced for Polystyle's *TV Comic* were completely without merit (and equally obtuse to try to pass them off as whimsical masterpieces of childlike innocence) while the comic's short-lived defection to *Countdown/TV Action* in the early 1970s had seen standards rise considerably, to the extent that the strip actually came to resemble the programme it was based on. The early strips in *Doctor Who Weekly* were, however, markedly superior and a quantum leap from *TV Comic*'s fag-end standards. Particularly significant was the fact that the first four major serials in *DWW* were written by John Wagner and Pat Mills, who had almost single-handedly revived the British comics industry in the 1970s with strips as diverse as *Judge Dredd* and *Charley's War*. Like for like, it was as if Season Seventeen had included stories by Dennis Potter and Alan Bennett. For the first time, *Doctor Who* was in the hands of writers who were at the very top of their medium.



More pages! More fun! More thrills!

Yes, next week's TV Comic will contain four more pages to delight you.

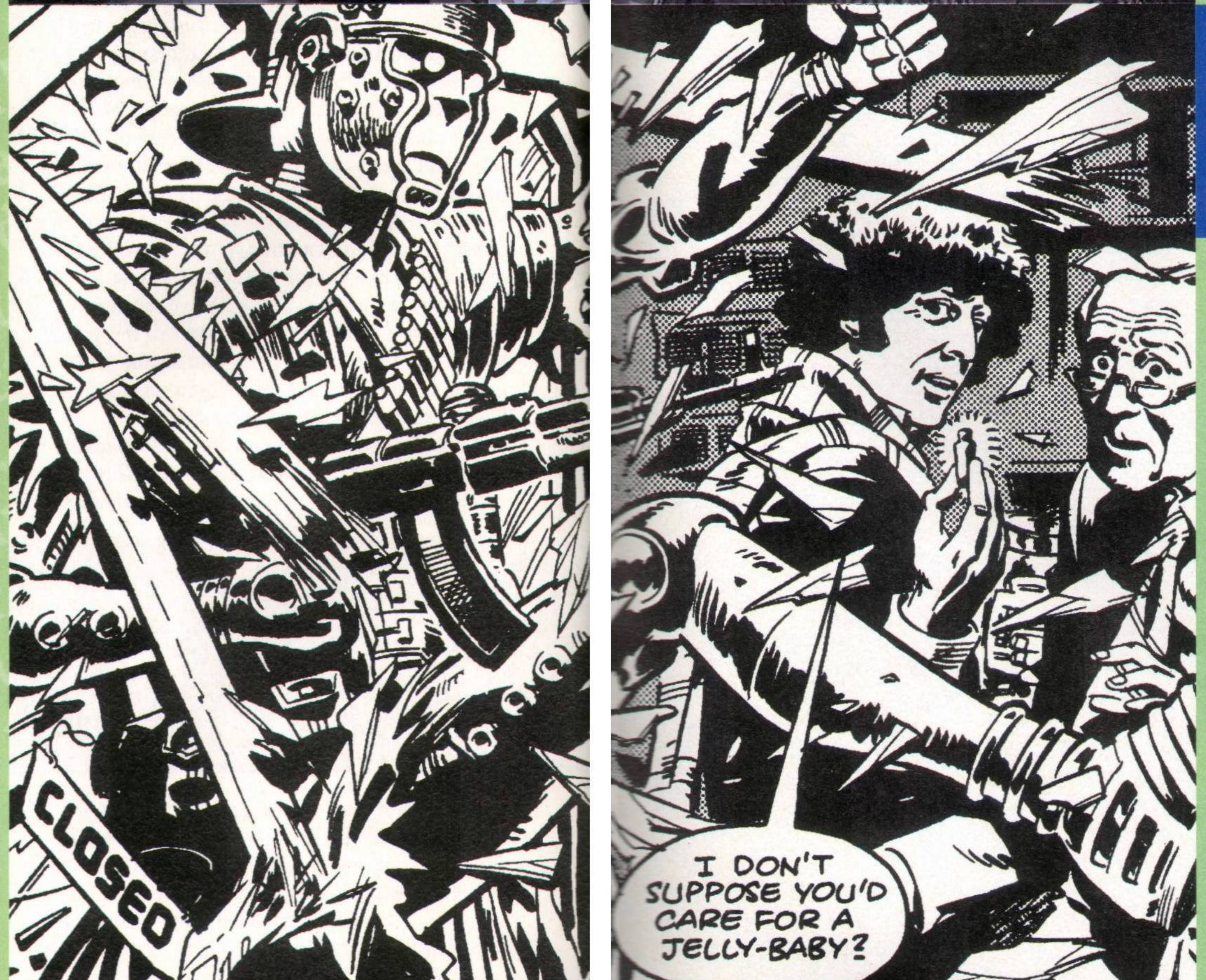
Dr. Who is back in a new action packed adventure.

Even more laughs to come in the huge shape of Texas Ted. Everything Ted's concerned with is big and this great new feature promises BIG laughs for you.

Johnny Morris joins TV Comic presenting his 'Animal Magic' straight from your TV screens to your favourite comic.

ORDER YOUR TV COMIC NOW

As from next week the new, bigger TV Comic will be priced eightpence.


CLOSED
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D CARE FOR A JELLY-BABY?

ABOVE: TV Comic had no great claims to 'canon'! **RIGHT:** Andrew Cartmel, Ben Aaronovitch and Marc Platt, architects of a Master Plan. **BELOW:** The Iron Legion, the first comic strip from Doctor Who Weekly. **FAR RIGHT:** The cover to Platt's Lungbarrow novel.

Mills, Wagner and the writers who followed them were also engaged with *Doctor Who* in a way that hadn't been apparent in comics before. The *TV Comic* and *Countdown* strips, even at their best, had a generic quality about them. They were published in anthology comics; they rubbed shoulders with other TV-based adventure strips like *The Avengers*, with which they were broadly interchangeable. They're fondly-remembered but usually as a whole rather than for specific stories. The Marvel stories squared the circle of being recognisably *Doctor Who* while at the same time inhabiting their own medium, playing to the strengths of the comic strip format without having to pretend that they were on television. This was an idea that only the most maverick Target authors grasped. Most obviously, there was Malcolm Hulke, whose stories make better novels than they do television. While Terrance Dicks, the unstoppable writing machine, added pieces of back-story and covered up his sources' budgetary embarrassments, Hulke's books seem to tear the entire story down then redesign and rebuild them in shapes suitable for the different medium. He, Mills and Wagner, realised *Doctor Who* could thrive outside television – so long as they didn't simply mimic TV conventions.

The slow-acting disadvantage of the Marvel strip lay with its parent title – *Doctor Who Weekly*. The anthology format of the Polystyle comics resembled television schedules (albeit television schedules printed on toilet paper) where any number of series fought for space and attention. It was easy to overlook *Doctor Who* in *TV Comic* but not so much when the Doctor had his own weekly magazine. Yet its fortunes were dictated by TV scheduling. So when Season Seventeen finished six weeks earlier than intended, *DWW* was hit by a sudden drop in sales. The problem was ultimately solved by adopting the strategy that has effectively served **Doctor Who Magazine** up to the present. Go monthly, add more text features, focus on television production, cut back on the expensive comic strip. From the autumn of 1980, the strip ceased to be the *raison d'etre* of the relaunched monthly. Like Target before them, Marvel ultimately deferred to the source.

Mills and Wagner were prestigious but expensive and had already been dropped from the strip. This wasn't the end of their association with *Doctor Who* as they now began pitching directly to the BBC. One storyline, *Song of the Space-Whale*, caught the attention of script editor Eric Saward and producer John Nathan-Turner; it was commissioned in the autumn of 1981 for inclusion in Season Twenty. Wagner dropped out at an early stage, apparently mistrustful of the BBC set-up, but Mills ploughed on through revisions on a script that would remain on the BBC's books for almost four years and come close to production on two separate occasions.

Song of the Space-Whale is one of the better documented 'lost stories'; the Season Twenty version, which was ultimately replaced by *Mawdryn Undead*, was detailed in a two-part **DWM** article in 1995. If it had been made the story wouldn't have turned *Doctor Who* upside-down. Turlough would have ended up with a rather different character background, but the fact that he could move effortlessly from being a colonist living inside a giant whale to an alien exiled in a contemporary public school is simply a testament to the fictional thinness of the bog standard *Doctor Who* companion. What would have been revolutionary about the story, if it had appeared on our screens in 1983 or 1985, was the fact that it was written by someone who had arrived – or been promoted – from the bottom level of the hierarchy. There was another near-miss when Andrew Cartmel, better steeped in comics history than his predecessors, invited the celebrated author of *Watchmen* to write the silver anniversary story, perhaps not realising that this was the same Alan Moore who had started his script-writing career with the Cyberman strip *Black Legacy* in *DWW*. If Moore had accepted, it would have collapsed the distinction between 'real' *Doctor Who* and its apocrypha – and it would have spared us *Silver Nemesis*.

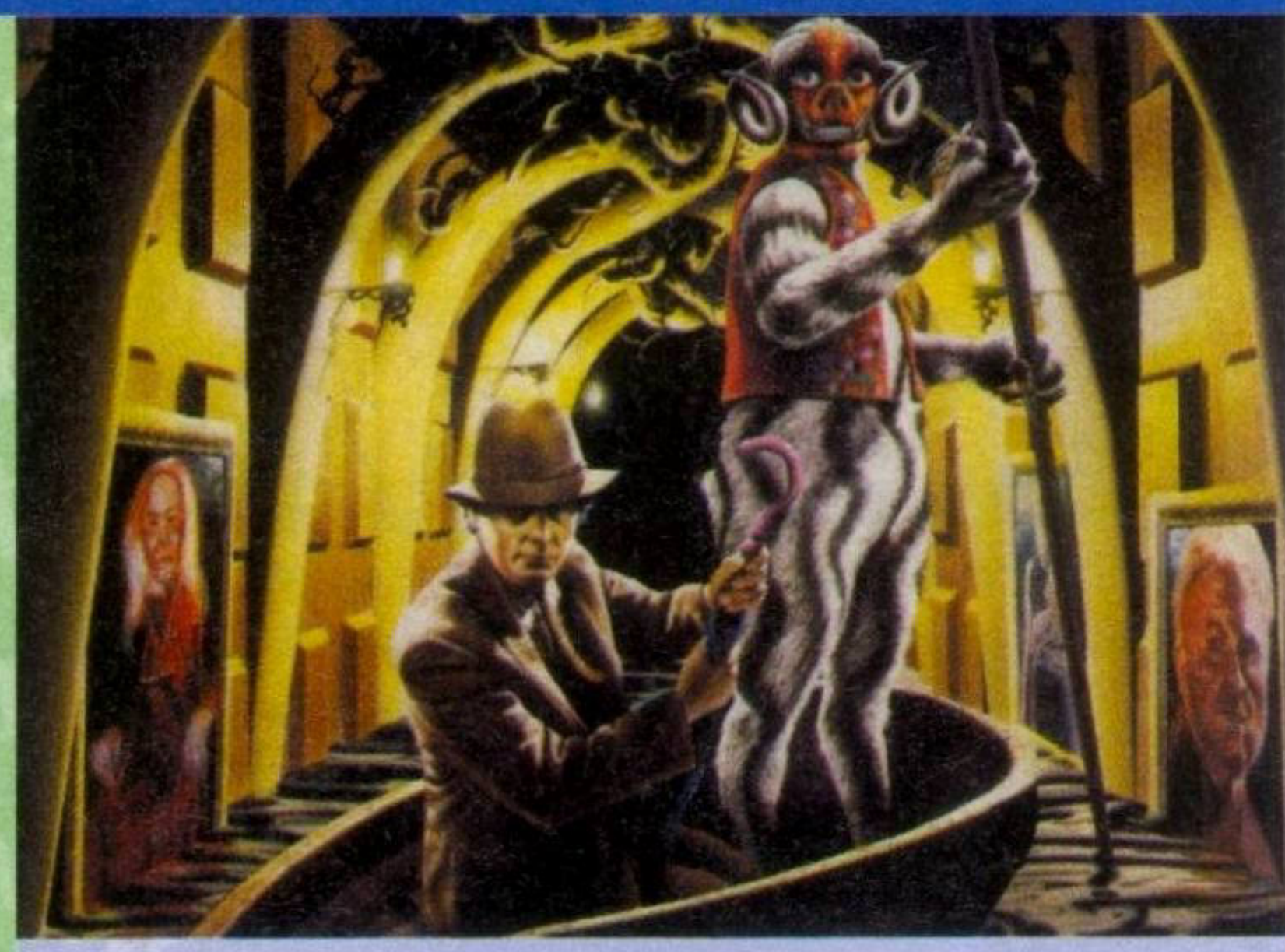
In the end it was Cartmel who bridged the gap between *Doctor Who* on-screen and off. He was a rare breed of script editor – one who never wrote for the TV series. He would, however, pen a number of comic strips for **DWM**, beginning with 1990's *Fellow Travellers*. Shortly after this appeared, **DWM** published an article that would crystallise fan ideas of how the television stories related to their off-screen counterparts. *Stripped for Action?* in **DWM** 168 included a list of all the Marvel *Who* strips to that time, fitted into 'gaps' between television serials. The idea of canon in *Doctor Who* coalesced around this idea: *everything can be fitted together into a seamless whole*. The arguments about canon rage around those problematic stories that, depending on any individual fans' tastes, either can't or shouldn't be slotted into place.

> **ANDREW CARTMEL BRIDGED THE GAP BETWEEN 'DOCTOR WHO' ON-SCREEN AND OFF. HE NEVER WROTE A TELEVISION STORY BUT DID PEN A NUMBER OF COMIC STRIPS FOR DWM...**

There's a lot to be said for *gaps*. They strengthened the television series by drawing it closer to its off-shoots. The heady cocktail of ignorance and anarchy that led to role-playing-game books where Harry and Peri travelled together or *Doctor Who Annual* stories where the Doctor has acquired spontaneous new companions – never to be explained or seen again – would become a thing of the past. The downside was that neither the television series nor the spinoffs were necessarily designed to work this way. The comic strip Doctor had always lived a kind of parallel life to his screen counterpart, full of similarities and divergences. The *Stripped for Action?* list had to contort itself to explain Romana's absence from the strips (when Marvel simply didn't own the rights to use the character) and again to cover-up Sharon's non-appearance on TV (when comic-originated companions simply weren't on the production team's radar). In 1990, the strip's status was itself ambiguous, reflecting the uncertain future of *Doctor Who* on television: did it fit into a long potentially open-ended gap; was it actually carrying the Doctor's adventures forward after *Survival*; or was it more parallel evolution?

The launch of the *New Adventures* novel range in 1991 now looks like an attempt to impose an authoritative order onto post-television *Doctor Who*. A sequence of coincidences and historical accidents meant that they were ideally placed to made the sort of bold gesture that *Doctor Who* needed to outlive the television series. The idea of publishing original novels about the Doctor had first been proposed by New English Library in 1979, in what turned out to be a half-hearted attempt to wrest the license away from Target's publishers, WH Allen. Under editor Nigel Robinson in the mid-1980s, Target itself began pressing the BBC for the rights to publish original material only to be fobbed off. Robinson at least succeeded in getting the short-lived *Companions of Doctor Who* range launched but the two original titles published under that banner were far removed from the prospect of an ongoing series of novels featuring the Doctor. An original novel range running alongside Colin Baker's or Sylvester McCoy's seasons would have been a considerably different prospect to the NAs, one more closely associated with the novelisations. Instead, the NAs arrived not just as the well of adaptable stories began to dry up but also in the wake of Virgin Publishing's takeover – and structural reorganisation – of WH Allen in 1990. It would be a liberating break with the past; the new novels had a history but weren't constrained by it. They could be *radical* and an editor prepared to seize that chance.

Peter Darvill-Evans was the architect of the *New Adventures* and in some ways the architect of the entire shape of *Doctor Who* since 1989. His approach was simple – treat the *New Adventures* as a direct and legitimate continuation of the BBC show and take the production of a novel as seriously as the production of a television serial. At the same time, he openly articulated the idea that the novels, as a different medium to TV, had inevitably differing storytelling priorities. He was foresighted enough to realise that the BBC, even if it was sincere about 'taking *Doctor Who* through the nineties,' had let the series stall and would tie itself in knots trying to get it back into production. The novels could easily have remained quick fixes for fans suffering *Who*-withdrawal, but Darvill-Evans recognised that they could be something more than that; rather than supplementing an absent programme they could replace it. This attitude has since become a standard not just for the novels but for the audios, the comic strips and other spinoffs. Post-series *Doctor Who* is arguably at its least effective when it forgets the lessons of the *New Adventures* and tries to be TV-lite.



Virgin also opened *Doctor Who* to a wider sampling of the new generation than would have ever made it onto television. The majority of writers for the novels and later spinoffs would arrive directly from organised fandom through an open submissions policy – another radical step but one that's now so familiar that the internet lights up with complaints whenever BBC Books or Big Finish shut down their slushpiles. The hindsight-drag that could stall any fiction run by (and for) fans was balanced by Virgin's progressive editorial dynamic. Not that this philosophy was entirely positive; the Virgin project rested on the idea that the series had reached a kind of natural high when it was cancelled. Darvill-Evans carried forward the Cartmel Master Plan more vigorously than Cartmel had, but this was rapidly outstripped by new ideas so that the unveiling of the cobwebbed *Lungbarrow* as the conclusion to the Seventh Doctor's run became a curious reverse-step. More damagingly, the 'newest is best' philosophy led to the neglect of stories featuring Doctors who had the misfortune to have left the show before it could be axed. The *Missing Adventures* didn't appear until the *New Adventures* were three years old and then there was a grudging sense that these would be sops to the grumblings of the more conservative wing of fandom. They came to readers pre-stigmatised as poorer cousins, as somehow less *new* than stories that had been produced or published years earlier. The idea of separate ranges for 'present' and 'past' Doctors has seeped into *Doctor Who*. The split seems natural but in different circumstances it might not have arisen at all.

In the 1990s, *Doctor Who* was turned upside-down. What had been ephemeral and extra-curricular was now the backbone of the series; less visible than television but also less vulnerable. Even now, this is unlikely to change. A range of novels or audio dramas selling to a niche market is more attractive, albeit on a small scale, than the possibility of sinking large amounts of money into full-blown television drama. For a narrow period in the 1990s, it seemed that anyone with a camera was interested in taking on *Doctor Who*. Enormous amounts of creative energy went into persuading the BBC and the fans that *this* pitch was *the* pitch. These years of activity resemble a feeding frenzy, a competition over scraps that no one was even sure existed. We know now that Philip Segal was involved, almost invisibly to fandom, since 1989; but the reason we know this is because he was the winner. It was an odd competition that saw Daltenrey's 'big blockbuster movie' project that had been gestating since 1987 – surely the alpha male of the pack, with a headstart – being swallowed by a smaller-scale American television proposal. The chimera of *The Dark Dimension* appeared a much more solid prospect in 1993 than it really was, so its cancellation was more traumatic than was warranted. There were even moves afoot to co-produce a *Doctor Who* cartoon series with the Canadian animation studios Nelvana, cancelled, according to Segal, because it would have shown the Doctor packing a gun – though this sounds uncharacteristic for a company whose output (including *Rupert*, *The Care Bears* and *Tintin*) isn't typified by violent action. The BBC's attitude to *Who* since 1989 seems to have roved between neglect and over-protectiveness, so if a company *had* proposed a trigger-happy Doctor for their series they might have swung it if only they'd pitched on a different day.

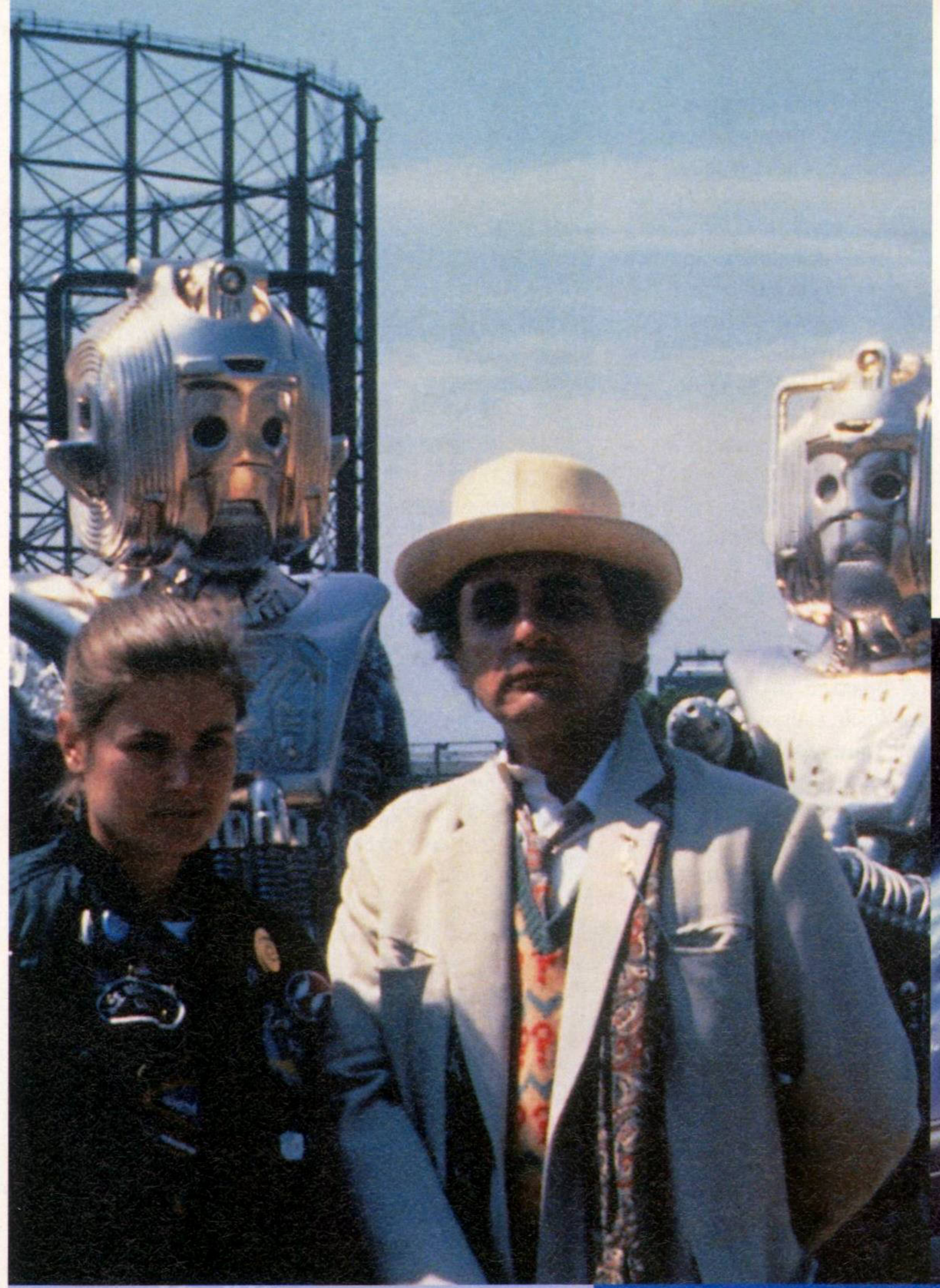
By now, the concept of 'Season Twenty-Seven' had been usurped by the off-screen activities of Virgin and Marvel. At heart 'Season Twenty-Seven' is the idea that *Doctor Who* can pick up where it left off, as it had done every year since 1963. It wouldn't necessarily need to have direct continuity with the past by casting Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred. The series' flexible format and its familiarity (even among a public that had largely stopped watching) meant that a new Doctor or new companion could be introduced with little explanation clogging up the more important business of getting on with the story. *Season Twenty-Seven* means business as usual, a prospect that would become increasingly less likely with the passing of time. However, most proposed new productions that came to fan attention wanted to wipe clean the slate and present *Doctor Who* as something familiar but, in continuity terms, completely new. This was a conscious admission that the conditions that had created and sustained *Doctor Who* since 1963 could no longer apply to a programme that would have be sold as a new product to new audiences. National institution it might be, but the primary reason why the BBC never quite gave up on the idea of restarting the show was the amount of money it could make for them. A programme presented as 'new' had a much better chance of finding a wider audience than one that had 26 years worth of daunting clutter as history.

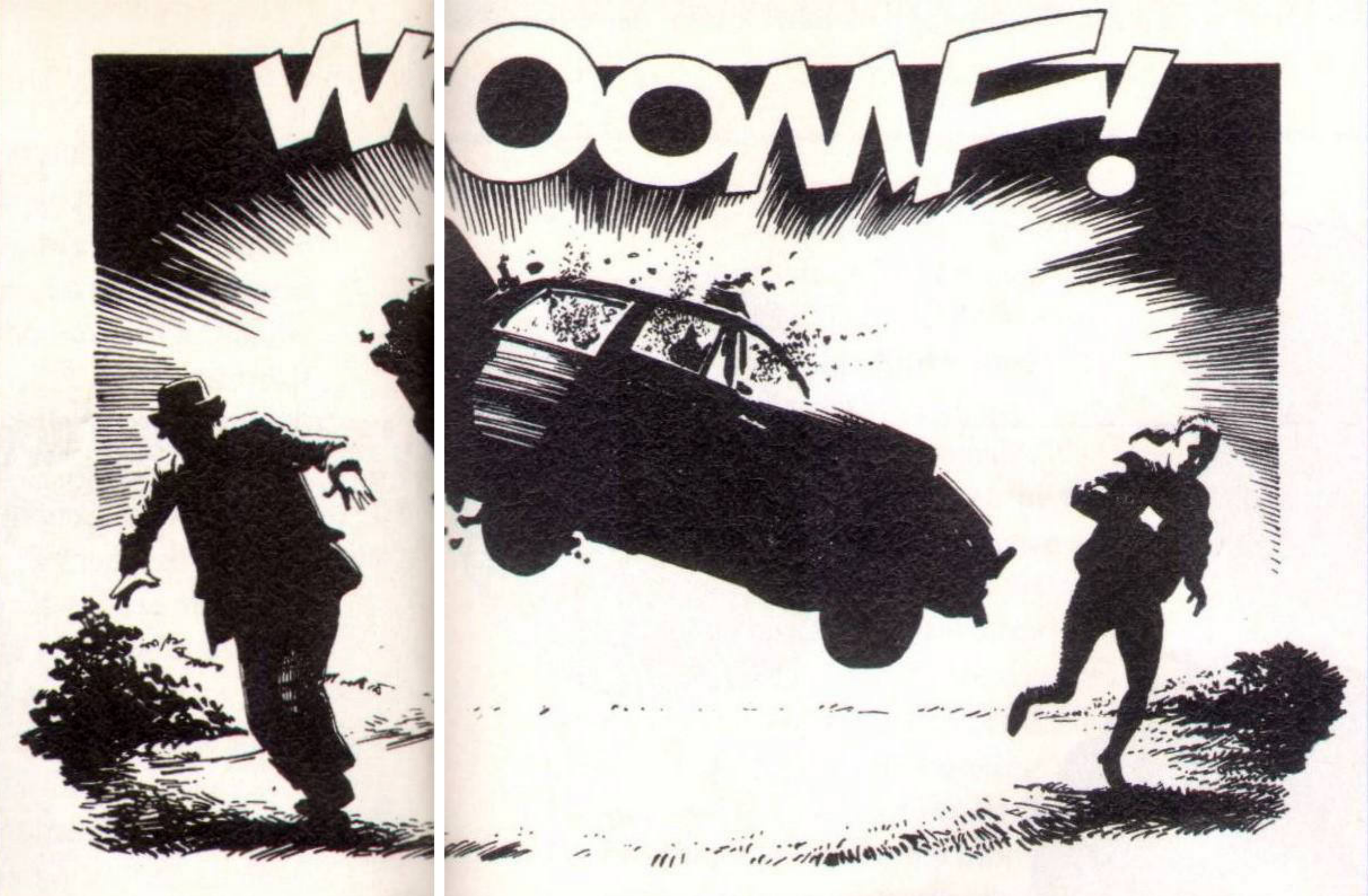
A rebooted series would have an advantage that the Cartmel Master Plan lacked. It could be a General Theory of *Doctor Who* but it could also dispense with the outgrown fiddly bits of the past that didn't fit the philosophy of the new producers. It was a natural progression that, having acquired a *canon*, *Doctor Who* would soon find itself the subject of a *bible*.

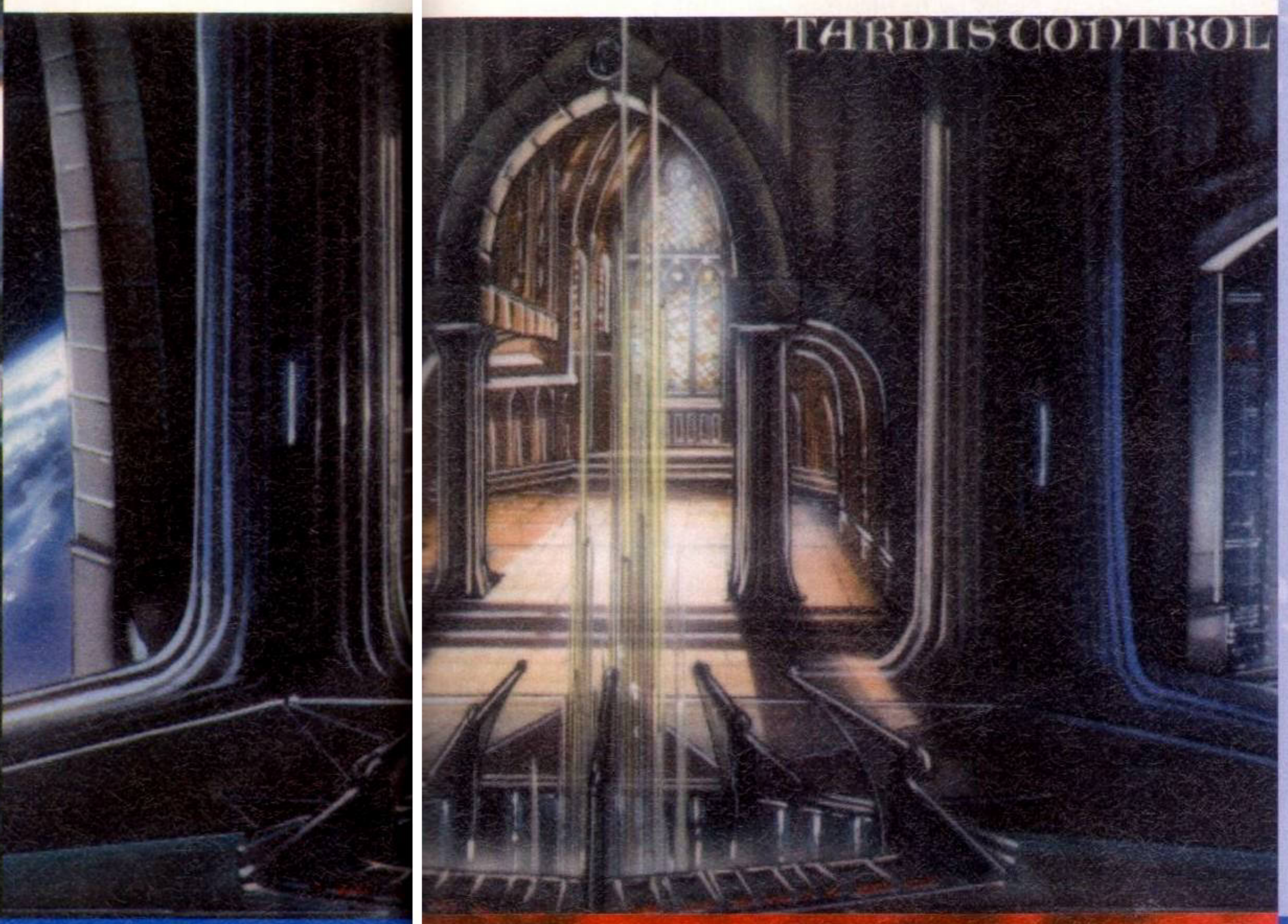
The document drawn up by John Leekley in 1994 for the proposed American television series is a version of *Doctor Who* that might have been if it had been designed from the start. It's almost sacrilegious to call it a 'document'; it was a splendiferously over-produced object, a limited edition bound in leather and embossed with faithfully reproduced Gallifreyan script. It was a massive over-compensation for all the dog-eared bits of BBC paper on which the Doctor's fate had previously been decided. Leekley had been commissioned by Philip Segal of Amblin to rebuild *Doctor Who* from the bottom up and his *bible* represents a radical departure from the past.

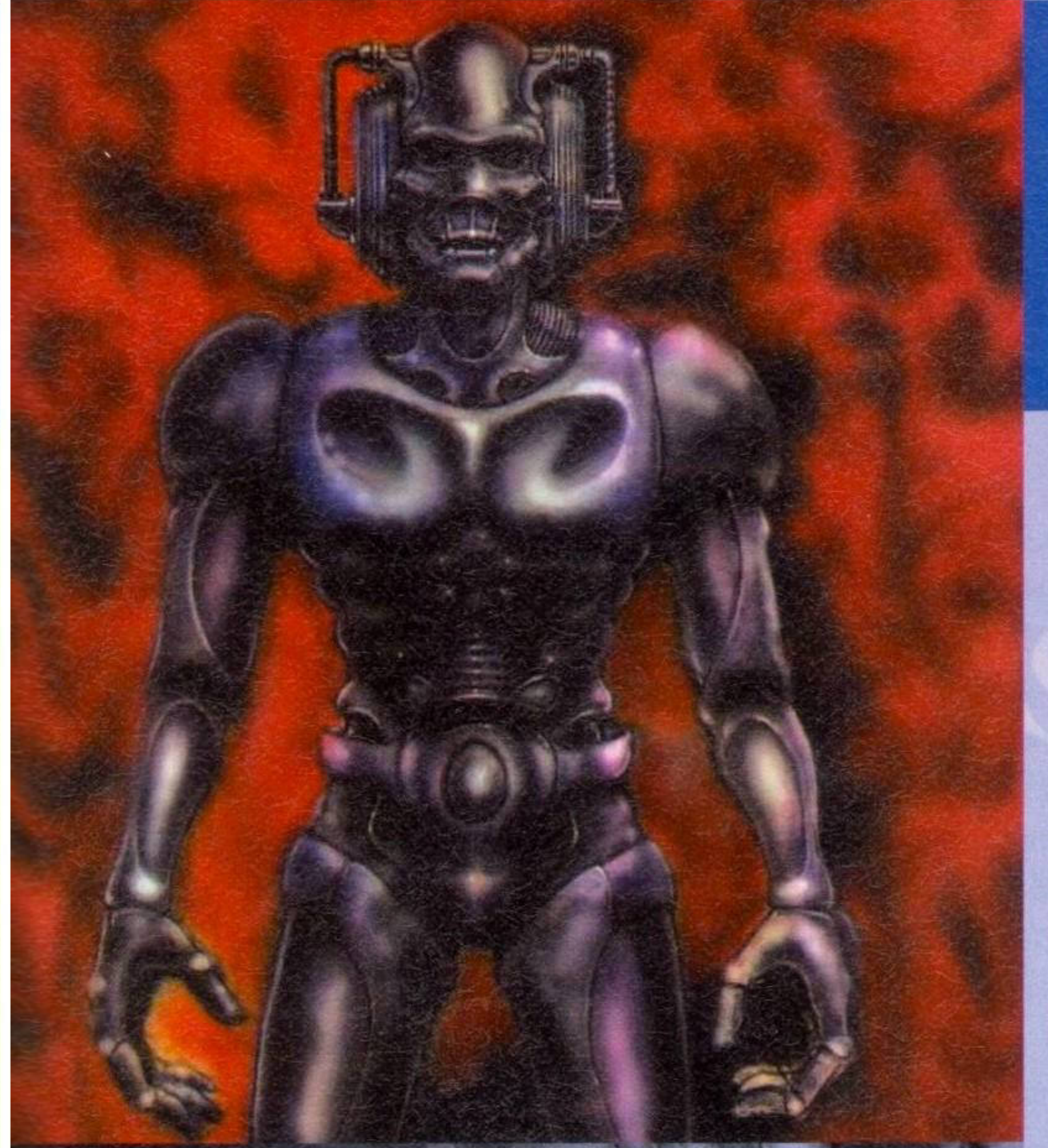
The old backstage prose style favoured by the BBC, a mix of bureaucratese, matter-of-fact kvetching and fanciful leaps of imagination, was gone. Leekley writes in the first person, in character as Cardinal Barusa, the Doctor's grandfather and companion. Barusa, who at times resembles the Borusa of the original's Gallifrey stories ('In an earlier regeneration [I] became a megalomaniac.') is a disembodied spirit that inhabits the TARDIS and explains the plot. Regular companions, a concept that Segal and Leekley seemed to feel the Doctor had outgrown, were not part of the bible but the Master would now be a regular antagonist – the Doctor's half-brother, dictator of Gallifrey, and also the secret power behind Davros' mobile throne. Stories from the original are presented as re-imagined versions retrofitted to the new format, with the likes of *The Smugglers* and *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* migrating to US settings. The concept of the Doctor's half-humanity emerges here, rather than in the final TV Movie script. And for the first time, the Doctor was given a motive for his travels: the search for his long lost father, Ulysses.

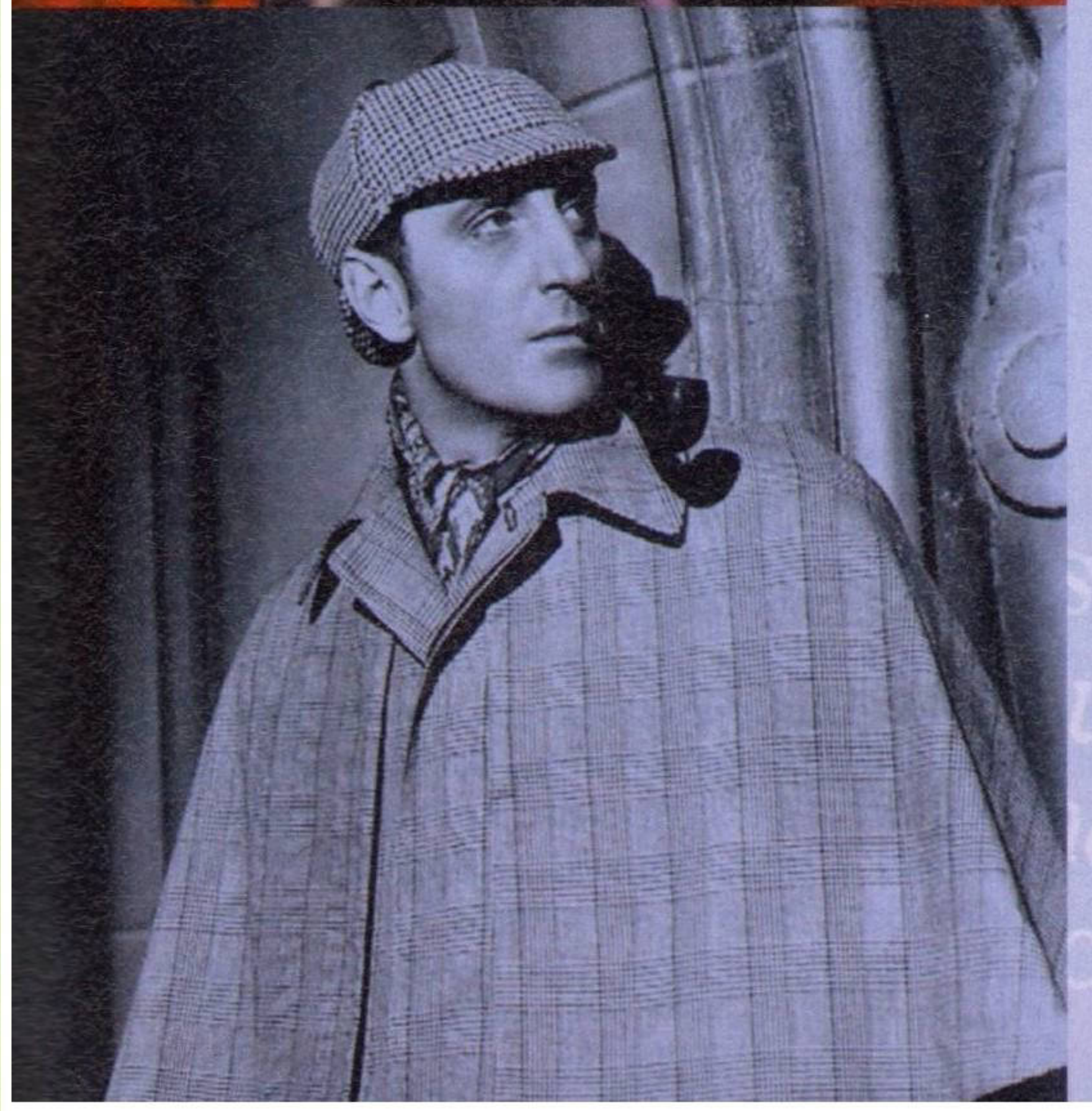
It's easy to mock the Leekley Bible. The laughter is partly cathartic, the relief of knowing that it didn't happen; that Leekley's follow-up script would be rejected. An altogether different story would go into production in its place. (The anecdote that Spielberg decided against proceeding with Leekley's 'serious' script while editing *Schindler's List* is untrue – the film was released six months before Leekley began his storyline.) Leekley's unloved bible is, however, an object lesson in the problem of reviving *Doctor Who* not as a continuation but as an adaptation, almost a translation into a different language.

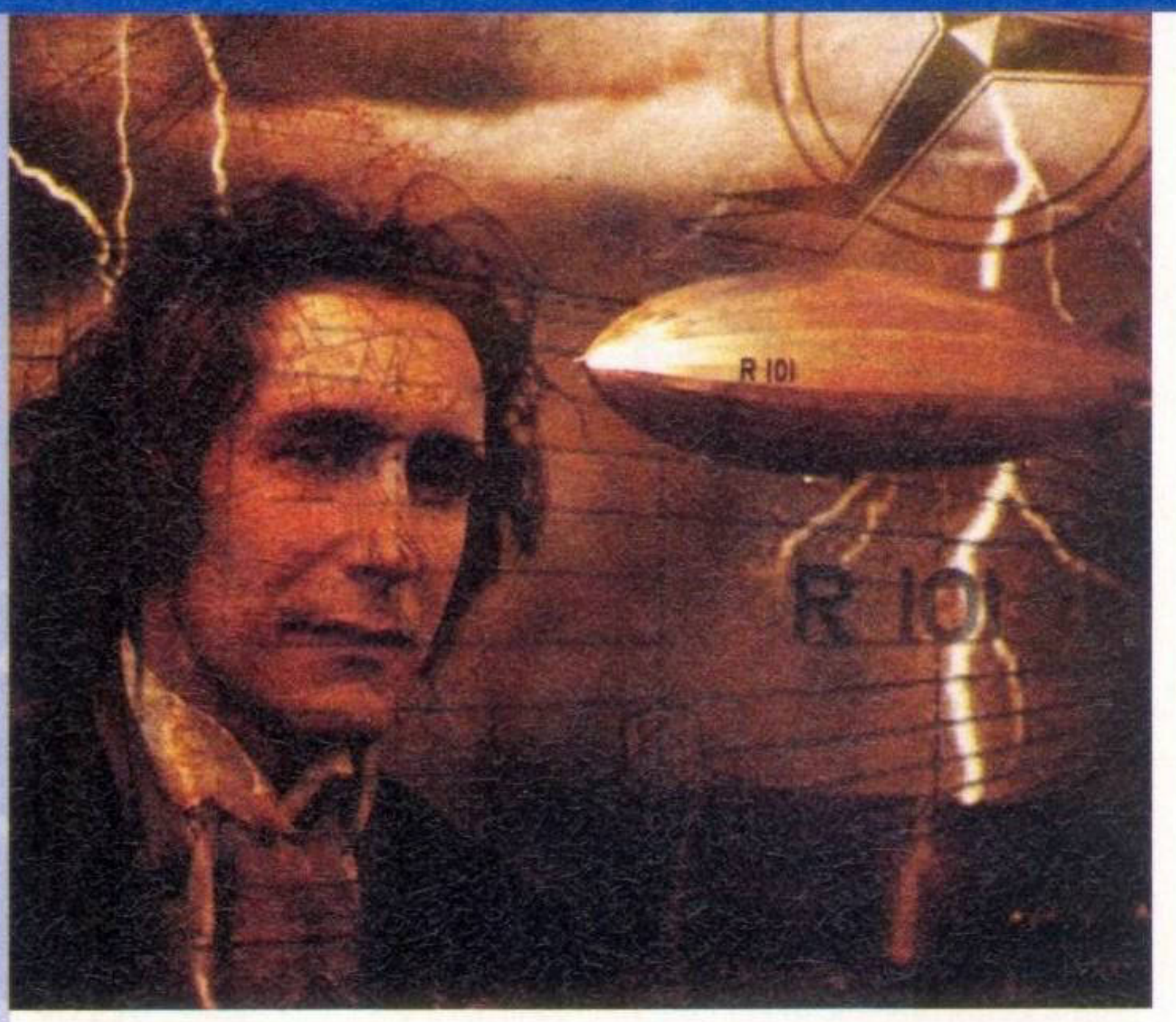












LEFT: Could we have been spared Silver Nemesis? **TOP:** A scene from Cartmel's first comic DWM strip, Fellow Travellers. **ABOVE:** Cardinal Barusa's home in the TARDIS crystals! **RIGHT:** A Cyberman from The Dark Dimesion. **BOTTOM:** Sherlock Holmes fans first posited the concept of Canon. **FAR RIGHT:** Was Paul McGann's first year of audios 'Season Twenty-Seven'?

The generation that had grown up with *Doctor Who* had grown up with many other programmes. By the 1990s, the revival of old series in new formats was a boom business. *Doctor Who* had made it to cinemas before in the 1960s and came close in the 1970s, but the age of the cheap and cheerful TV-to-film adaptation had ended in a puff of expiring sitcoms around 1980. By the time Leekley came to write his bible, big budget nostalgia had become a major part of the entertainment industry. The TV Movie, eventually produced by Universal, ended up at the poorer end of a spectrum that included major cinematic revivals of *Mission: Impossible*, *The Addams Family*, *The Fugitive* and many others. Inevitably the original formats had to be stretched to fit a new medium, to the extent that some were unrecognisable, a new set-up with only the names remaining the same (like 'Cardinal Barusa'). *Doctor Who* had an added difficulty of crossing a cultural divide, setting out stall in a foreign land where its profile was debatably lower than routinely revived sitcoms like *Gilligan's Island* or *I Dream of Jeannie*. Adaptation is inevitable, but *Doctor Who* was in Hollywood now, where other people's ideas are bought and dissected and rebuilt around tried-and-tested formulas that aren't always the best fit. It's telling to compare the *Doctor Who* TV movie with the treatment meted out to other uprooted British pop culture characters. That the near-contemporary *Doctor Who*, *Avengers* and *Judge Dredd* movies all feature scenes where previously sexually ambiguous characters throw caution to the wind and snog their leading ladies says very little about the originals. Its about making the formats and set-ups obvious and legible to the widest possible audience.

The Leekley Bible grafts onto the General Theory of *Doctor Who* more than just the Doctor's hitherto unsuspected fondness for episodic romance. Quite why Segal and Leekley thought that the Doctor would be best motivated by a quest for his absent father is a mystery. Though *Star Wars* seems to be an obvious model, in interviews Leekley has named *The Godfather* as an inspiration for his take on Gallifreyan history. It's an interesting idea but one that you'd be hard pressed to find anywhere in the original series. It seems more likely that it was an attempt to impress Steven Spielberg, whose work often revolves around the resolution of conflict between sons and fathers (or father figures). The quest format, which runs through the capsule synopses outlined in the bible, would have given the American series a vague shape at a time when the term 'story arc' first began to enter pop culture consciousness, but there was surely a better model for *Doctor Who* than this – the 'fugitive' template, in which a stranger rolls into town, changes it, then disappears on his way. This is an enduringly popular theme on American television – dating back to *The Lone Ranger* – and it seems to suit *Doctor Who*, much more than 'the quest for dad'. Perhaps, in the end, all Leekley wanted to do was play with the bric-a-brac of the series mythology, something that 'classic' *Doctor Who* had in spades without ever letting it become its focus.

Ironically, the Matthew Jacobs script that eventually made it to the screen, *sans* Spielberg, is the closest we may get to a genuine *Season Twenty-Seven*. It dispenses with the idea of a reboot and sets itself up with surprisingly good faith as a continuation of what had gone before. Sylvester McCoy is in the TARDIS and is seen to regenerate into the new Doctor. There's perhaps more exposition than we might have found in a home-grown revival but it works very well as an archetypal one-off adventure in space and time. The Millennial setting is a bit arbitary – it just happened to be the Hollywood 'gimmick of the week' at the time Jacobs was writing – but not detrimental to the story. The Leekley Bible survives in random snippets – mentions of the Doctor's father and half-humanity that make no difference to the matter at hand but are purely trace elements of a lost idea. The Doctor-Master conflict is foregrounded but not to the extent that new viewers would expect this to be reprised in further stories. Segal was still too wary of companions to have Grace join the Doctor at the end (while in interviews he glossed over Ace's absence by referring fans to the *New Adventures*) but Cardinal Barusa has been mercifully exorcised from the TARDIS crystals. The basics are in place for the Doctor to continue his adventures as a fugitive in space and time.

It wouldn't happen. The TV Movie was only ever designed to be a one-off. Before it was broadcast, Segal expressed his hope that it might act as a 'back-door pilot' for the series he wanted to make, but with hindsight this was clearly talking up a very slim prospect. The TV Movie was a false dawn, it could never deliver the Doctor's ongoing return to TV, it had never promised that. The hope for a new series had been and gone in 1994, even while Leekley was writing his pilot script, as CBS failed to buy the bible and the Amblin management ordered a rethink. The Leekley Bible was arguably the most intensely planned approach to *Doctor Who* ever undertaken but in the end it was as vulnerable to unforeseen circumstances and quirky decision-making as the original had been. It was a cute idea, but it didn't hold water.

'DOCTOR WHO' HAS PROVED ITSELF REMARKABLY RESILIENT TO LONG-TERM PLANNING. THE SERIES CAN LAUNCH ITSELF IN NEW DIRECTIONS ALMOST AT RANDOM...

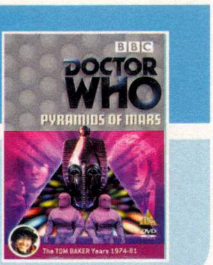
Doctor Who has proved itself remarkably resistant to long-term planning. It has always existed at the whim of its creators. It has shown the ability to absorb potentially earthshaking changes without flinching, and to launch itself in new directions almost at random. The BBC Wales revival will have to live with the same conditions. The philosophy that describes how the series evolved was perhaps best expressed by the creator of Sherlock Holmes. The actor William Gillette was to perform the role of Holmes on stage but asked Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for permission to end the play by marrying off the previously asexual Holmes. The exasperated author replied: 'You may marry him, or murder him, or do whatever you want with him.' A century later, this might be the best piece of advice Russell T Davies could hear as he sets to work on *Doctor Who*.

DWM REVIEWS

WARNING:
SPOILERS AHEAD!

ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER LANGRIDGE

DOCTOR WHO: **PYRAMIDS OF MARS**



DVD BBC WORLDWIDE
AUTHOR STEPHEN HARRIS
RRP £19.99
REVIEWER VANESSA BISHOP

I must admit that until the press release reminded me, I'd quite forgotten that *Pyramids of Mars* was on the release schedule because readers of this magazine had voted it top in a DVD wish-list. Everything seems to be decided by polls these days, and in common with TV's *Great Britons*, last year's *The Big Read* and the search for the nation's favourite sit-com, the top five are so obvious and expected, that it's the more bizarre entries lower down that catch your attention. I remember seeing *The Chase* in there and thinking "Well, it's *your* money."

Anyway, *Pyramids* it is, and I'm happy to say I'm with you on this one – well, mostly. The problem is, what to say? Is there anything left to add on why it's so good? I'm afraid that whatever angle I take, it would just end up sounding old. It's alright for Philip Hinchcliffe to get carried away with how great the Mummies look on the commentary, but I'm sure you don't want to be bored by any of that here. On the other hand, to hell with it! As crushingly predictable as it is to start banging on about Gothic horror, old habits die hard. Fair play, though, to my old boss, Alan Barnes, in the *Serial Thrillers* extra, for having a go at arguing that the 'Gothic' label isn't really appropriate. Alan's a big Hammer fan so he knows his stuff. *Pyramids* is like no Mummy film I've ever seen, either, and my God I've seen a few. My personal taste is more for the 1930s and 40s films from Universal, who cranked out six Mummy pictures if you include the dire send-up with Abbot and Costello. In the main, though, Mummies, like Zombies, don't make great movie monsters. Only the Karloff original is a classic and its slow pace can even make that quite trying. And they've all got basically the same plot. As Alan says, if *Pyramids* was just a horror film parody then Sutekh would have been the Mummy and Sarah the reincarnation of his long dead princess. Quite. But I'm not sure there are many who view the Hinchcliffe Gothics that literally, or rate them on how slavishly they copy something else. Hasn't it always been more to do with imagery and setting?

In fact, it's probably Marcus Scarman who's the Mummy in *Pyramids* – at least for some of the time. He takes a bullet in the chest unharmed, and crumbles to dust when Sutekh no longer needs him. Why he should momentarily adopt the form of Sutekh before his demise I've never been quite sure. Nor is it quite clear how his position as an animated human cadaver fits with that lovely scene with Lawrence, where it looks like the real Marcus is still retrievable under the surface. But *Pyramids* is a bit like that. When it came fourth in a **DWM** story poll a few years back, John Ainsworth pointed out that, for such a popular story, there was an awful lot of it that didn't make sense. Quite rightly, he disregarded most of the plot discrepancies in the face of all the other elements that work so well. Who cares why Sutekh should send Namin, rather than Scarman, to England, when his death serves as such a terrific first cliff-hanger? So what if it's more logical for Sutekh to build and launch his rocket from Egypt – who would swap another BBC sand-pit for the eerie sight of the Mummies lumbering through an English wood?

PYRAMIDS ISN'T REALLY 'GOTHIC' – IT'S LIKE NO MUMMY FILM I'VE SEEN

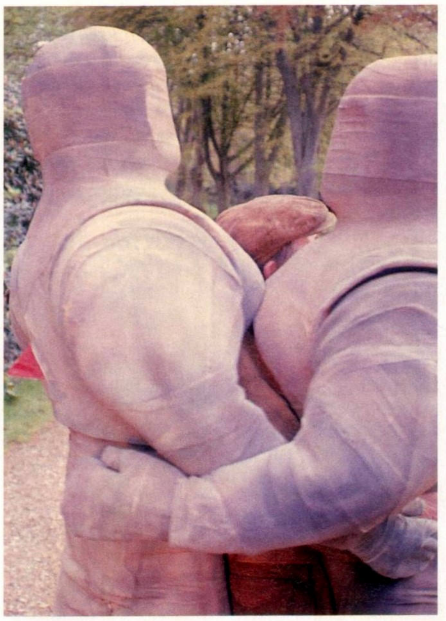
I am, however, less inclined to be forgiving of the last episode, something of a blind spot in most reviews of the story. Now, come on, be honest – Mars is a let-down. It's probably the least convincing place in any Hinchcliffe story, including Kastria. Part of the problem would seem to be the decision to make the Mars Pyramid completely alien, eschewing the Egyptian imagery that informs everything else about the Osirans. A shame. Some hieroglyphics and a few jackal-headed statues would have pepped the place up no end. Falling just as flat are all the riddles, puzzles and traps that pad out the episode – just what exactly is the one that reminds Sarah of the City of the Exxilons, all about? Worst of all, though, is the tacked-on resolution – the Time Control whipped from the TARDIS that suddenly saves the day. That said, *Pyramids of Mars* is the best story to arrive on DVD for near on a year.

DVD EXTRAS

I've saved discussion of director Paddy Russell until now as she's really what *Osirian Gothic* is all about. It's odd how other people can make your reputation. In Paddy's case – in the *Who* world, at least – it's Tom Baker.

She's the director that took none of the nonsense, stood her ground and got him to do things he didn't want to, which makes her formidable, near-unique and a weird kind of anti-hero. Billed as a 'Making of *Pyramids*', it's nevertheless pretty clear that the first question asked of this impressive reunion of cast and crew was "How did you find working with Paddy?" Only Elisabeth Sladen seems to take Tom's side on this however, criticising her performance in the opening TARDIS scene and blaming Paddy for over-rehearsing it. For my money, the scene's a shining example of why Sarah's such a favourite companion – as TARDIS scenes go, this one's pretty iconic, and if Paddy bored people silly getting it this good, then all power to her. Sladen's proving to be quite a critical contributor, and if I have a complaint about the commentary, it would be that she and Hinchcliffe make it a bit too serious. Good for Michael Sheard, trying to jolly it along, although I'm not always sure if his efforts are being appreciated.

Sheard also narrates *Now and Then*'s return to the Stargrove estate, the house, now fully restored, somehow appearing nowhere near as right for the story as it did in 1975. *Serial Thrillers* is a 40-minute look at what it was that made the Hinchcliffe era so special. Of course, the answer isn't any one thing, so Ed Stradling's documentary sprawls about a lot more than his previous *Putting the Shock into Earthshock* – neither does it quite have the same buzz and energy. Barnes aside, I found the fan input, that worked so well before, a bit bland this time. The problem is, so much of it sounds like cliché. Even those who made the show have trouble avoiding the stock phrases – which isn't to say it wasn't a pleasure to watch. Indeed, for fuelling the enthusiasm, it's superior in every way to that dreary *Story of Doctor Who* documentary that went out on TV over Christmas.



I'm asked not to reveal Easter Eggs, but was happily looking forward to breaking this rule with the Sutekh sketch *Oh Mummy*, thinking it just too fabulous, well-observed and huggably funny to pass up. Quite rightly, it's been promoted to a full feature. Written by and starring Rob Hammond, it finds Sutekh as a largely resting actor living in suburbia. At the moment it's quite my favourite thing *ever*, the line about Sutekh's pet rabbit Neil presently making me laugh hardest.

With both another *Now and Then* and Stradling's documentary, *Pyramids*' extras include two follow-ups to past successes. Is it too much to hope that Hammond might be back as well? *Pyramids of Mars*, and the sight of Sutekh struggling with his hobby of entomology – honestly, who would want to be a fan of anything else?

DOCTOR WHO: SOMETIME NEVER...

NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR JUSTIN RICHARDS
RRP £5.99
REVIEWER MATT MICHAEL

For three and a half years and 31 stories, we have followed the Eighth Doctor and his companions as they have gradually discovered that something, somewhere was hunting them, manipulating Time, and wiping out other universes. *Sometime Never...* marks the conclusion of a story arc that has gone on longer than the Troughton era.

Once again, the TARDIS crew members are scattered through history. While Trix discovers the fate of the Princes in the Tower, Fitz is invited to the unveiling of a skeleton made of glass at the Institute of Anthropology, and the Doctor investigates the origins of a mysterious eighth crystalline element. Watching all of this from within the vortex is the Council of Eight, which has pledged to remove all uncertainty from time by ensuring that history follows a single, strict and pre-arranged path. By the end of the book, we have discovered the truth behind Sabbath's enigmatic employers, the fate of the multiverse, and a new genesis for the Doctor.

Not only does Richards seek to tie up the dangling plot threads of the EDAs' ongoing story, but he cleverly brings in recent PDAs, suggesting that the deaths of Sarah, Mel, Ace and Harry in recent novels were engineered by the Council, and clarifying the multiple endings of *Wolfsbane*.

In fact, 'clever' is the word that best sums up *Sometime Never...* It is a very clever book, as skilfully constructed as *Pulp Fiction* and methodical in its ticking of all the right boxes: Sabbath's death; the answer to who was killing off other inhabitants of the vortex; contrasting with *Timeless* by setting events at the very end of the universe rather than at the beginning. All that it lacks is a sense of occasion, the kind of awe that befits the final episode of an epic, and which *The Daleks' Master Plan*, *The War Games* and even *The Ancestor Cell* had in spades.

It's no secret that Richards originally planned for the Daleks to provide the Wow Factor that any grand finale badly needs. For one reason or another, that didn't happen (although, as the book's conclusion might suggest, it did in another universe). Instead, the villains of *Sometime Never...* are men made of glass (a nod, perhaps to *The Blue Angel*, where the Valceans were said to have the capacity to become even more powerful than the Daleks) with names like Octan and Penter. It's a pretty safe bet to say that nobody saw that one coming. It's also fair to say that this is an underwhelming revelation. It's like getting to the end of *The Keeper of Traken* only to discover that the shadowy enemy who has been dropping knowing hints throughout the story is an anonymous man made entirely out of syrup. This reviewer admits suspecting that, with the emphasis on mysterious, powerful crystals and the struggle between order and chaos in time, the Guardians were going to turn out to be behind it all, with the Doctor unexpectedly siding with Black to defeat White's plan for one, incontrovertible history. Richards' book sticks to its guns, and picks originality over fan-pleasing continuity, but at the expense of the audience sighing, "so what?"

This is exacerbated by the absence of real feeling in the novel, Given that *Sometime Never...* features not only the return of the Doctor's daughter, Miranda, and the introduction of his grandchild, Zezanne, but also Miranda's death, it surprisingly lacks much emotional depth. Richards' own

RICHARDS STICKS TO HIS GUNS, AND PICKS ORIGINALITY OVER CONTINUITY

ALSO RELEASED

DOCTOR WHO: THE EYE OF THE TYGER

AUTHOR PAUL McAULEY
NOVELLA TELOS PUBLISHING
RRP £25 (DELUXE) £10 (STANDARD)

The Eye of the Tyger opens in the TARDIS with the Eighth Doctor nursing a man infected with a virus that's gradually changing him into a beast. It's a scene that gives the impression we've already missed the best part of Paul McAuley's tale. However, with the infected Lieutenant Fyne narrating, we're quickly brought up to speed on the story so far – the spread of Tyger-Fever in the Indian town of Andhra Pradesh, the Tyger-man hunt that follows and how Fyne himself fell victim to it. Sandwiched in-between this telling, the pair's TARDIS conversation fills us in on how the Doctor has curtailed the fever's effect on Fyne's body, and his intention to find a cure on a hospital world, if only he can get the TARDIS working. With Fyne hailing from the early 20th century of Kipling, McAuley keeps the scientific language simple. Take the Doctor's discussion of the hi-tech nano-virus that causes Tyger-Fever – "You are infected with millions of little machines that are transforming your body, cell by cell ..." – and how easily Fyne rationalises the Doctor's story of where the virus came from – "The tiger that wasn't a tiger at all but was in fact a member of a race of chameleon creatures from the stars."

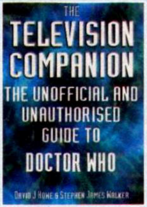
Although *Eye of the Tyger* feeds off a variety of literary references – William Blake's *Tyger Tyger* and, as Neil Gaiman's Foreword points out, werewolves and *Beauty and the Beast* – it works best as a character piece. Fyne, with his own vivid storytelling style, is at the centre of it, recounting his first-hand experiences of his life in India, where only occasionally does he fall into the caricature of the Empirical British. For my part, I think the story leaves India far too soon – less than halfway through the book, in fact. Taking its place is a colony ship in the 32nd century, where the story seems to become more concerned with a mutiny situation between its commanders and occupants than the urgency of Fyne's condition.

Actually, having accepted that things are about to change, I think I can see what McAuley is doing; presenting Fyne with a totally new world where he can begin life afresh. The TARDIS' arrival on the colony ship isn't planned, so it's a huge coincidence there exists another chimera creature there – Casimir, a mixture of "lion and something ... strange and utterly beautiful" – for Fyne to fall in love with. Fyne aside, she's the most interesting part of the book's second half, which is bad news for the Doctor. As the book's temporary companion, Fyne is almost too successful, and Casimir's background and search for her missing father are so detailed that the Time Lord is frequently outshone, or made to look like a supporting character. Fyne, and the story as a whole, for that matter, would have found a better match with more heroic Doctors, like the Third or Fourth. The Eighth, on the other hand, comes across as a bit blousy. McAuley delivers a decent enough characterisation, but compared to the gutsy Lieutenant, the Doctor lacks gumption, and is more prone to uttering tepid niceties than saying or doing anything more impressive.

To be fair, the Doctor is party to some memorable moments – there's a fun scene in the TARDIS dressing-room, included largely for the amusement of dressing up a half Tyger-man in other Doctors' clothes. Best, though, are the moments that show the Doctor helping Fyne to come to terms with his predicament, advising him on the nature of change and metamorphosis. That metamorphosis is something McAuley handles very well – and very graphically – opting for a lengthy transformation that involves losing hair, teeth and nails, and fevered dreams of blood-letting. There are some nice touches that bring his experience to life, like his disgust at finding the smell of humans mouth-watering. Overall, though, McAuley has much more success with the first third of the book than he does with the rest. Fyne's narration helps to keep an even tone, but compared to the *Boy's Own* simplicity of the India section, the later story gets caught up with far too many sub-plots – more than can really be excused in a novella. Ultimately, it's far easier to be interested in the nature of Fyne's transformation and the horror that goes with it than in the gripes of some futuristic colonists.

VANESSA BISHOP

THE TELEVISION COMPANION
TELOS PUBLISHING, £14.99
DIMENSIONS IN TIME AND SPACE
STEVEN SCOTT, £14.95
(Available to **DWM** *readers at cover price if ordered from The Stamp Centre, 79 The Strand, London, WC2R 0DE)*

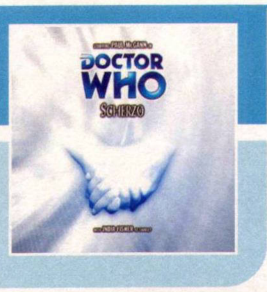

THE
TELEVISION COMPANION
THE UNOFFICIAL AND UNAUTHORISED GUIDE TO
DOCTOR WHO
David J Howe & Stephen James Walker

Long term followers of *Doctor Who* might not think their bookshelves can take another guide to his television adventures. Publishers clearly see it differently. *The Television Companion* and *Dimensions in Time & Space* crept out late last year to coincide with the 40th anniversary. *The Television Companion* is a revised and updated edition of the David J Howe and Stephen James Walker one first published by BBC Worldwide in 1998. Now a Telos publication, the second edition continues the work of the first, to be as comprehensive an on-screen guide as possible. New amongst the assimilated information this time is material from the authors' own *Handbook* series from Virgin, most obviously the detail on an episode's duration, its viewers in millions and chart position. There's also a new 'It was made where?' section, pinpointing which studios and locations were used (Richard Bignell's *Location* book receiving a special mention in the Acknowledgements).

The Burning and his recent short story *The Glass Princess* contain exactly the sort of emotional power from which *Sometime Never...* would have benefited immeasurably. As it is, the reader is intrigued by the plot, but not greatly engaged.

Sadly, *Sometime Never* lacks the Wow Factor that, rightly or wrongly, the Daleks would have brought with them. Its determinedly small-scale climax, where the fate of history depends on the choice of one man, was done much better in *The Tides of Time* – and in *The Return of the King*. Without the emotional core that is apparent in Richards' best work, *Sometime Never* is readable and reasonably entertaining, but it provides a flat finish to the longest-running serial in the longest-running science fiction series in the world.

DOCTOR WHO: SCHERZO



AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR ROBERT SHEARMAN
RRP £13.99
REVIEWER DAVE OWEN

Once upon a time, there was a young dramatist. His work was lauded, and people who mattered marked him down for great things. Believing it would do no harm, he allowed himself to stretch his talents to reanimating the ideas and characters that had inspired him when he was younger. But as soon as he did this, he started to feel trapped.

After the undivided excesses of *Zagreus*, it is a relief indeed to hear a production that makes constraint its essence. One of the reasons my blood boils when people denigrate *Doctor Who* in comparison with flashier productions is that they completely overlook a central purpose of drama – to depict people and their feelings. I have a frugal regard for minimalism that means I'd rather hear a good performance describing how an alien phenomenon has affected someone, than see it depicted well and reacted to badly. For a *Doctor Who* consumer, that's a definite advantage, especially on those occasions where the regular characters stay inside the spaceship or nearly have their minds robbed. But never before have the series producers deliberately chosen such a streamlined venture as *Scherzo*.

I would love to be able to draw a line under the uncharacteristic way the Doctor had previously abandoned his life in our universe. But after all that, he and Charley continue alive and together, like David Niven and Kim Hunter in *A Matter of Life and Death*, and this does mark a new beginning of sorts, especially as Charley finds herself homeless and friendless, the TARDIS having withered away, and the Doctor becoming cold and distant. The nothingness of her situation in a featureless white void, is a tall order to depict on audio, but does seem recognisable, perhaps because we've all had foggy days, when we don't do what we were planning, can see nothing, and the only sound is our footsteps.

THE WHITE VOID IS A TALL ORDER FOR AUDIO, BUT DOES SEEM RECOGNISABLE

The dramatist's new plays were all about repetition and cycles. Within them, people would live through (or die during) the same days or hours over and over again, unaware of the odd things that were happening to time. Each play was greeted with rapture by his loyal audience, who cried for more of the same, which he duly delivered. Without realising it, his life had become as cyclic as the ones about which he wrote.

One might think that four (albeit shorter than usual) episodes with no new characters to introduce might tend to the verbose, and that it would be safe to tune out occasionally, only paying attention at times of crisis. One would be dead wrong, though. Every single word of *Scherzo* is significant. This is easy to miss the first time round, but having experienced the dénouement – that Charley and the Doctor are in some kind of super-evolutionary laboratory, one listens again knowing that every word they speak is a ripple in the water that will come back as a tidal wave. Maybe we should coin the term multi-pass drama for stories like this which are not for ephemeral media and which the audience is actively expected to experience more than once.

Perhaps this super-evolutionary environment is a metaphor for Big Finish Productions itself – a laboratory that has taken the Doctor/Companion relationship beyond implicit fondness and into articulated love. That makes *Scherzo* an advanced research facility, with the Doctor venturing into experimental territory at a completely unprecedented rate. He forms a gestalt creature with Charley, sharing a body and a mind for much of the final episode, and even advocates evolving still further. He has truly left his roots behind.

Whether this is a thought-provoking, yet utterly inconsequential aside like *Inside the Spaceship*, or a more significant jigsaw piece depends entirely on what the travellers find outside the torus they've been trapped in. I suspect, however, that it may be a month or two before listeners learn who is running this experiment. Until then, I'm very glad to be a mouse in Big Finish's maze.

The dramatist's audience eventually deduced that his plays were metaphors for his own frustration at doing the same things again and again. Perhaps realising that he was trapped in his work, he had his hero punch his way out of his prison. He realised he was free – but would his captors come after him?

DOCTOR WHO: FURY FROM THE DEEP

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FURY FROM THE DEEP
THE ORIGINAL BBC TELEVISION SOUNDTRACK

CD BBC RADIO COLLECTION
AUTHOR VICTOR PEMBERTON
RRP £13.99
REVIEWER VANESSA BISHOP

The much-anticipated Frazer Hines-narrated *Fury from the Deep* starts out on a bit of a wobble. "*Doctor Who* ..." mopes Frazer, "*Fury from the Deep* ..." Now I hesitate to say this, but his rather flat and unexcited delivery almost made me nostalgic for Tom Baker's cassette version, in all its slightly derogatory first-person dreadfulness. Actually, let me just remind you of some of it: "This particular story took place when I was in my first regenerative form, when I seemed to roam the Universe tripping over things, generally getting in the way and often making some rather silly mistakes ..." Hmm. Yes. But at least there was a frisson of urgency and drama behind it, and Tom was clear, even if the off-air material wasn't. Hines has made much better jobs of much less promising material than this, so his muted performance is surprising, though to be fair, he does raise the pace later on with some of the Weed Creature's attacks. Sadly, though, it's the half-arsed introduction that stays in your head. I'm sure I know who, out of Tom Baker and Frazer Hines, cares most about this material – it's just that it doesn't sound that way when you listen to it ...

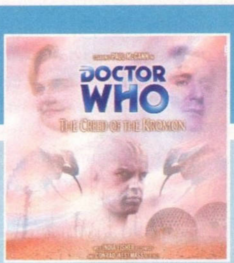
Of course, we all know a little too much about *Doctor Who* – where it gets its inspirations from and who's really written what. I know someone who knows someone who says "they (the 'they' being the Radio Collection, I presume) are looking into releasing Victor Pemberton's 1966 radio serial *The Slide*. If that's the case, then perhaps one day we'll get to hear just how much of a re-write of it *Fury* was. In truth, though, we don't really need it – not as a source for the story's influences, anyway. Fact is, you would've had to have come down in the last meteor shower not to spot *Fury* as a pretty obvious pick 'n' mix of Nigel Kneale's *Quatermass* serials. I'm not going to get on any high horse about it, though – if you're going to steal, you might as well steal from the best. After all, it's only what Robert Holmes did every other story – although he and other writers were more skilled at disguising it, as with *Fury*'s virtual inland re-write, *The Seeds of Doom*.

The truth is, *Fury* doesn't really go anywhere. On television, this was probably less important than the drama that could be drummed up by creeping about in the dark, but listening to it, the situation doesn't feel to have changed much over six episodes. The Weed's still stinging people, it's just popped over to the mainland to say 'hello'. At one point there's talk of calling in the armed forces to blow up the Weed – the idea is vetoed for fear of spreading the menace further, but it's probably just the kind of wrong move the story needs to pick the interest up a bit. *Inferno* is another good example of *Fury* plotting – swap impeller shafts and seaweed for green goo and drill-heads and you've got a similar tale of human possession and corporate bloody-mindedness. However, *Inferno* has the parallel world idea to push its story onwards.

Another problem is that Pemberton hasn't Kneale's or Holmes' or even Don Houghton's knack for character. By and large all the cast play their parts well, with lots of commitment and force – particularly Victor Maddern and John Abineri – but it's strictly 'one temperament each' stuff, except perhaps for Robson's superior Megan Jones, who's shown to have a more varied and believable set of responses. As for the Harrises – oh Lord! What a dreary, drippy couple they are. Can you imagine sitting down to breakfast with these two? "Coffee, darling?" "Yes, darling." "Toast, darling?" "Please, darling." I wonder how long it was before Victoria cracked and strangled them both with her petticoats?

Victoria's departure is flagged up a little earlier in the story than most, and to give Pemberton his due, although there isn't that much in the way of memorable dialogue, he does try to make something more credible of this. Watling, though, just takes all the doubt and uncertainty about Victoria's decision to leave and turns it into a long, drawn-out whine. By the third or fourth time she started her moan about always being so frightened, I'd lost sympathy with her. Actually, she bloody deserves being cooped up with those dreadful Harrises – ungrateful wretch.

DOCTOR WHO: **THE CREED OF THE KROMON**



AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR PHILIP MARTIN
RRP £13.99
REVIEWER DAVE OWEN

My favourite episode of *Frasier* is the one where Frasier and Niles discover an actor they were great fans of in their boyhood, and decide to resurrect his career by casting him in a play they're putting on. To their absolute horror, they realise that their critical faculties have matured considerably over the years, and that the old thespian is a shameless ham. With hilarious consequences, obviously. I can only imagine a similar circumstance at Big Finish headquarters when, having secured the services of Philip Martin, his manuscript for *The Creed of the Kromon* arrived. Not only is it a desperately dull instalment of predictable melodrama, but it fails in precisely the same ways as his previous contributions to *Doctor Who*.

The opening episode is by far the best, maintaining a sense of mystery. The arid landscape with giant domes in the distance that the Doctor and Charley find themselves is made all the more memorable by a score featuring distinctive guitar work that effortlessly conjures up lone reeds and cracked river beds. Even though the leads have just spent four episodes walking through a largely featureless void, more of the same, as constitutes much of part one, is far preferable to what follows. And it's not a very encouraging sign when the introduction of more characters and some exposition makes a story less, rather than more, enjoyable.

KROMON FAILS IN THE SAME WAY AS MARTIN'S PREVIOUS TV STORIES...

It's hard to be truly original when appending to a 40-year old series, and *Doctor Who* has often been little more than science fiction by numbers. The trick, it seems to me, is to mix those numbers up. Yet within the first few minutes of *The Creed of the Kromon*, Martin is recycling his own material, specifically hallucinations of insects in a brainwashing zone, from *Vengeance on Varos*. What might politely be termed nods to the past crop recur so frequently as to cause severe retrospective neck ache. Big Finish's

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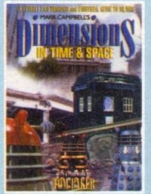
While the story analysis, with its opinions taken from a wide variety of fan publications, has stayed largely the same, the 'Things you might not have known' sections have grown considerably – *The Daleks*, for example, totting up nine 'behind-the-scenes' facts to the three of the original volume. As before, though, it's not the raw information that makes *The Television Companion* so valuable, it's more how it gathers everything together in the one place. The first edition immediately replaced Jean-Marc Lofficier's *Programme Guides* as my first port of call for reference. Telos' second edition has repeated the pattern – good news for the battered appearance of my original copy.



Of course, Howe and Walker probably thought this edition would serve as long as its predecessor, but the new TV series has scuppered that. The announcement probably gave Mark Campbell the cause to mutter "Typical" or something stronger, as it leaves his *Dimensions in Time & Space* with the same short shelf life. Unlike *The Television Companion*, *Dimensions* is a totally new work. Campbell, you may remember, was the author of the Pocket Essentials on the series, but a natural squashing down of material made that book quite disappointing. *Dimensions*, on the other hand, is a lot, lot better. The main difference between this and *The Television Companion* is a greater concern for how the series has been archived and translated into other media. Along with the usual cast and crew and transmission information, *The Power of the Daleks*, for example, points out where you can find a telesnaps photo novel and surviving clips of the story on video. It also gives details and catalogue numbers of its novelisation, script book and soundtrack releases. Best of all, though, is a **DWM** index, an impressive list of articles and issue numbers where the story has been discussed. Behind-the-scenes information is covered in a 'Factoid' section, which is generally well-chosen. But, as always, it's the opinions that really keep you turning the pages of this sort of book. Due to the lack of space in his Pocket Essentials, Campbell's verdicts on stories often appeared waspish and flippant. Given more room, I find that the majority ring with my own, which, for many, might make him a bit grumpy and hard to please. *Dimensions* also stretches to cover the Dalek films, stage plays, books, comic strips, web casts, radio and Big Finish. The Dalek films receive Campbell critiques, but unfortunately the rest don't. However, the information, again, is impeccable, particularly concerning the comic strips, listing issues, the number of episodes, format (black and white or colour), total pages and dates with the same exhaustive detail as their TV counterparts – a joy to the part of my fandom that is forever *TV Comic*.

I steadfastly refuse to play either *The Television Companion* or *Dimensions in Time*

& Space off each other. On the contrary, both do a rather good job of filling in each other's blanks. To be honest, I didn't think I needed either of them – now, you'd have to fight me for 'em.

VANESSA BISHOP

FACTION PARADOX: MOVERS

BBV, £8.50

Faction Paradox
Movers

When we last left Faction Paradox agent, Cousin Justine, she was heading for a Prison Planet, separated from her companion, Cousin Eliza. *Movers*, however, opens with Justine in light-hearted mood, enjoying life in what appears to be a romanticised 19th century setting. This new life, though, is but a dream. The real Justine is indeed in prison, confined to a casket, sentenced 'in perpetuity', with her nervous system wired into a self-repeating time frame. Lawrence Miles' play moves regularly between these two settings, the serenity of the dream countryside in contrast to the echoey rooms and machinery of the Prison Planet.

A lot of *Movers* is about a prison break-out, orchestrated by Demetra Kein, head of an aristocratic, Borgia-like family of crime lords. Kein – played posh and sexy by Kate Dyson – is particularly interested in freeing Justine, but she isn't the only one. Aiming to get to her first is Shuncucker, a fellow Faction member with a casual attitude to violence.

At times, *Movers* is played a little more arched than previous episodes, Shuncucker (Linda Bartram) particularly, who gets some real scenery-chewing material. There's also a lot more plot detail. Miles is heavy on forward-planning, establishing no end of future story threads. We're yet to discover what's behind the dispute between Kein's family and the Faction. As far as the incidents in Justine's dream-world go, however, it's difficult to tell whether the reappearance of characters Godfather Morlock and Godfather Sabbath have any significance, or if Miles is just exploiting the weird ways of the subconscious. Is the odd palm-reader Aunt Fiora supposed to be Cousin Eliza, or is it a genuine use of the same actress playing another character? There's some good use of audio here too, when the reality of the Prison Planet starts to break through into Justine's dream-world, a scene where Shuncucker shouts at Justine through the casket repeated from both perspectives.

That said, *Movers* has less *Doctor Who* connections than before, and the story didn't quite capture my interest as some of the others have done, but that might be a personal thing, as I've never been that sold on dream-worlds. The production, though, is as full, rich and beautifully crafted as ever, Nigel Fairs, directing and supplying the music, bathing the whole thing in the thick and grisly atmosphere that characterises the series. If you didn't know better, you'd think this was a film soundtrack.

VANESSA BISHOP

press release almost crows with pride that Martin's script contains no appearance by Sil, but since the parasitic, water-loving, corporate raiders of the title strongly resemble Sil's people, it might as well have done.

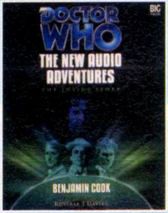
Perhaps by being pinned down by three excellent cliffhanger endings, the story's pacing is badly disproportionate. Structurally, it works to have the action enter the Kromon's biosphere at the end of episode one, but this means that the relatively nippy opener is followed by three episodes that seem to get slower and slower, and more and more repetitive. So frequently do the Doctor, Charley and their new pal C'rizz get captured and escape that their captivity (by a race who are really into the who bars, locks and chains business, and should therefore be better at it) ceases to be meaningful.

The dependable device of depicting a terrible fate for a walk-on character, only for that to be threatened to a lead returns, with C'rizz seeing his fiancée turned into a slug-like brood mare for the Kromon, and killing her out of mercy. Her replacement is Charley, proving that Martin just can't leave his *Doctor Who* girls untransmogrified. India Fisher's sobs (presumably captured as she opened the script, just before recording proper commenced) bring more weight to this on audio than Nicola Bryant's feathers or bald cap did on TV, but solid performances from her, Paul McGann, and new boy Conrad Westmaas [*Who? – Ed*] as C'rizz cannot sustain the story.

Nor can the other characters. The insectoid Kromon are individually unnamed, which makes distinguishing, or even counting them, hard work. More distinctive is a genteel giant talking bear, called the Oroog, who wanders in and out of the plot when required. Any explanation for his origin may have occurred during one of the frequent spells of unconsciousness that characterised my experience of listening to the last half, or been entirely absent.

There are two mysteries by the end. First, who has created this *War Games*-like network of zones and is controlling the experiments within? With the return of Stephen Perring as the interzone guardian in the last play in the sequence, I look forward to finding out. Second, why on earth was this script not returned with blue pen to the effect that it's all been heard before? A dispensable release.

DOCTOR WHO: THE NEW AUDIO ADVENTURES THE INSIDE STORY



HARDBACK BOOK BIG FINISH BOOKS
AUTHOR BENJAMIN COOK
RRP £24.99
REVIEWER DAVE OWEN

When I was seven or eight, I found a book called *The Making of Doctor Who* in WH Smith's and begged my mother to buy it for me. It turned my favourite television programme – which then was purely about about Dæmons, Daleks and Sea Devils – into a far more significant body of work overnight, and doomed me to a life of cataloguing and evaluation. I would argue that *The New Audio Adventures – The Inside Story* is at least as significant a work, providing a detached insight into *Doctor Who*'s most prominent aspect of recent years. It has certainly attained a similar status as a near-holy relic in my home, and I am tempted to purchase a second copy with the hindsight that my first will be thumbed to destruction.

The book is certainly not a concordance of the events in Big Finish's audio adventures – for that, turn instead to the *I Who* volumes or the various web pages that document storylines and significant events. This really is a 'Making Of' documentary, which never critically evaluates the material under discussion, but instead talks to those involved about how they felt. We learn that David Darlington's bath is where Peri seemingly bathed in *Nekromanteia*, that Gareth Jenkins' bike was the price he paid for getting the sound effects just right on *Shada*, and that if you're planning a party, it would probably be wise not to invite both Gary Russell and Alistair Lock.

This bumper hardback is divided into broad sections for each year Big Finish has been in production of *Doctor Who*, plus some extra ones for their spin-offs, with a sub-section for each *Doctor Who* release. These make eminently suitable standalone articles for a trip to the loo, or a quick scan at bedtime after a hard day's work. Each explores the *raison d'etre* for each release, and interviews the writer(s), director and key players. At no point does author Benjamin Cook editorialise, but instead asks those involved what worked and what didn't, even occasionally slinging in the odd **DWM** *Reviewer*'s comments and getting feedback from their victims. The result is the literary equivalent of a decent talking-heads documentary: there is surely a good deal of selective editing, but it's invisible, and there's a seductive interplay between diverse observers of the same events.

THE BOOK CAN BE ABSORBED IN ONE LINEAR PASS, OR DIPPED INTO AT WHIM

A few recurring star players emerge. Gary Russell unconsciously shoots from the hip and is impossible to dislike, so unpretentious, honest, and enthusiastic he seems (albeit with rather too much fondness for the phrase 'over-egging the pudding'). Nick Briggs and Rob Shearman are a little more precious and defensive, but in talking about their work reveal more about what they have given to it. Along the way, I learnt more than I wanted to about how fragile the production process is – actors with jumbled diaries failing to turn up until summoned by distraught directors, performances not being recorded, or being so distorted as to be unusable, and whole plays seemingly vanishing in the post.

Design and layout are exemplary: although the numerous photographs are confined to rows of actors and other personnel smiling to camera as they do in the CD booklets and our own preview section every month, they are well distributed between a main few thousand words for the making of each release. In the margins rest production statistics, and boxed-out areas host a lucky dip of interviews, unused storylines, or excerpts from rejected scripts. The result achieves the aim of any popular reference work – a book that can be absorbed in one linear pass without fatiguing the reader, or dipped into at whim without any significant loss of context.

I have a nagging suspicion that both the author and some of his interviewees may have withheld a few succulent revelations so as not to jeopardise ongoing productions and working relationships, and I look forward to a time when the equivalent of *Doctor Who*'s '30-year rule' means they can be disgorged. However, with the book being out of date within a month of release, and a reassuring numeral 'I', on the spine, I hope not to have to wait too long for a second volume. DWM

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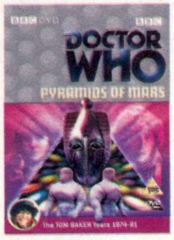

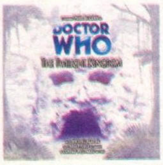

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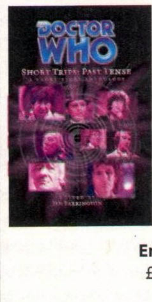

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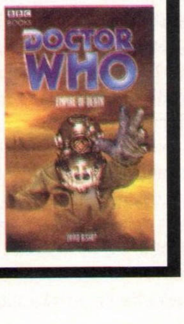

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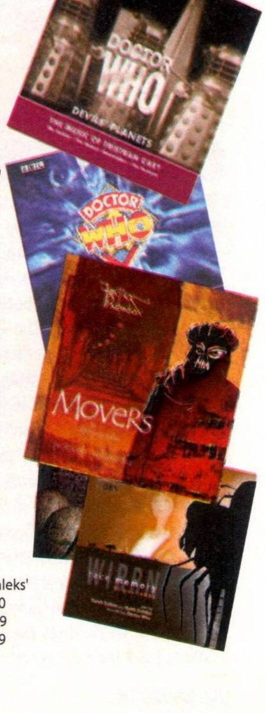


It's time to put on makeup! It's time to dress up right! It's time to go on a tour of provincial cities with a lavish new stage play featuring the Daleks, the Cybermen and an actual TV Doctor Who – tonight! **Andrew Pixley** concludes his look at theatrical **Doctor Who** and slips off to Bar Galactica for a well-deserved drink ...

DOCTOR WHO ON STAGE

ACT TWO: THE 1980s AND BEYOND

THE ULTIMATE ADVENTURE

ACT ONE

The Emperor Dalek ensures that all is prepared for a plan to conquer Earth; this involves a group of space mercenaries and the Cybermen who have traced the Doctor. Accompanied by his companion, Jason, the Doctor arrives at 10 Downing Street to meet the Prime Minister, Margaret. Margaret wants the Doctor to escort the American envoy to 'Number Ten', the Clarendon Square night club; the envoy is the key figure at a Peace Conference at Downing Street next day but MI5 has discovered evidence of a plot against him. At the nightclub, a performance of *Strange Attractor* by a young singer called Crystal is cut short when the Cybermen and space mercenaries materialise and capture the envoy ... moments before the Doctor and Jason arrive in the TARDIS. The Doctor uses the TARDIS' space-radar to track the kidnappers' ship. Their only other clue is a dying mercenary who says "Tell Delilah to give the boys a farewell drink for me!" Crystal forces her way into the TARDIS as it is departing.

The mercenaries deliver the envoy to the Daleks. Their leader left a trail to take the Doctor to Altair Three where the Cybermen are waiting to capture him. The TARDIS lands in the jungle of Altair Three where Crystal and Jason encounter some insect-men. The Doctor joins them outside, when they are surrounded by Cybermen. The travellers are saved, however, by the intervention of the insect-men which allows them to escape.

The Doctor decides they must infiltrate Bar Galactica, Madame Delilah's establishment on Centros, where the mercenaries had been hired. Posing as a mercenary, the Doctor uses his charm on Delilah and she responds to his advances ... until Karl, an agent of the Daleks, arrives and reveals the Doctor's identity. The Doctor, Crystal and Jason escape in the TARDIS, accompanied by Zog, a small furry alien who had been mistreated while working at the Bar.

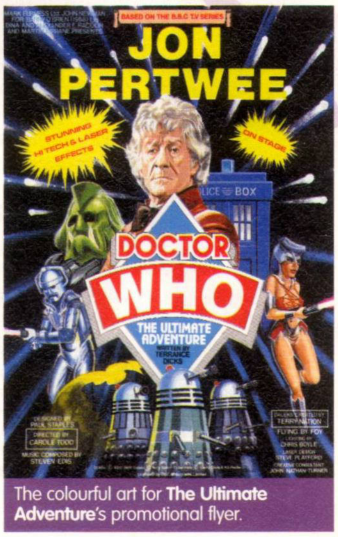
A powerful force makes the TARDIS materialise on board the Dalek space ship. The Dalek ship is caught in a meteor storm and the distraction enables the Doctor and his friends to pilot the vessel, but the Daleks take control again and surround them ...

ACT TWO

The Emperor Dalek orders that the Doctor and the TARDIS are brought back to Skaro. However, a trick with a power cable forces the Daleks out of the TARDIS, which next lands on an alien world where Jason and Crystal become closer ... until Jason's yodelling makes the planet angry. The TARDIS next arrives in France, 1789 which is where the Doctor had originally rescued Jason from the guillotine. Once more, the mob grab Jason and take him for execution, but the group is rescued by Zog and a disguised Doctor.

The Doctor sets course for Bar Galactica to reason with Delilah. Karl and the Daleks arrive to capture the Doctor, but when the mercenary turns against his employers a fight breaks out and Delilah is fatally wounded. The Doctor uses the cold of a fire extinguisher to immobilise the Dalek patrol and Karl joins forces with the Doctor.

The TARDIS materialises at the Dalek headquarters on Skaro, with the Doctor, Jason and Crystal apparently prisoners of Karl and a Dalek. The Dalek is, in fact, occupied by Zog! They locate the envoy, trapped in a laser-wall. Realising that Karl is a traitor, the Daleks hunt the fugitives, and Zog narrowly escapes from


BASED ON THE B.B.C T.V SERIES
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STUNNING HI TECH & LASER EFFECTS
ON STAGE
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DOCTOR WHO
THE ULTIMATE ADVENTURE

The colourful art for **The Ultimate Adventure**'s promotional flyer.

his Dalek casing. Using a pendant filled with temporal energy from the TARDIS, the Doctor creates a time tunnel to pass through the laser-wall to rescue the envoy. However, the Daleks have now increased Karl's fee and he has changed sides again, delivering the party to the Emperor.

Confronting the Emperor, the Doctor learns how the Daleks plan to kill the Cybermen and the mercenaries; he records this admission and then plays it back to Karl and the Cybermen. A battle breaks out in the control area, during which the Doctor, Crystal, Jason, Zog and the envoy escape to the TARDIS.

Later, at 10 Downing Street, the Doctor realises that the envoy has been placed under Dalek control and has a bomb to destroy the Peace Conference ... By imitating a Dalek, the Doctor is able to take the bomb and defuse it in a pot of tea. At the nightclub, Crystal finally performs her act, and then joins Jason and the Doctor on their travels. The Doctor admits that he has no idea when or where they will end up. "But after all, isn't that half the fun?"

"I REMEMBER SAYING AS MUCH TO OLD WINNIE"

In the TARDIS, Crystal starts to despair about the situation which she, Jason and the Doctor find themselves in as Jason tries to cheer her up.

CRYSTAL I'm not usually like this Doctor.

DOCTOR Even the bravest of use have our moments of despair. I remember saying as much to old Winnie.

CRYSTAL Winnie?

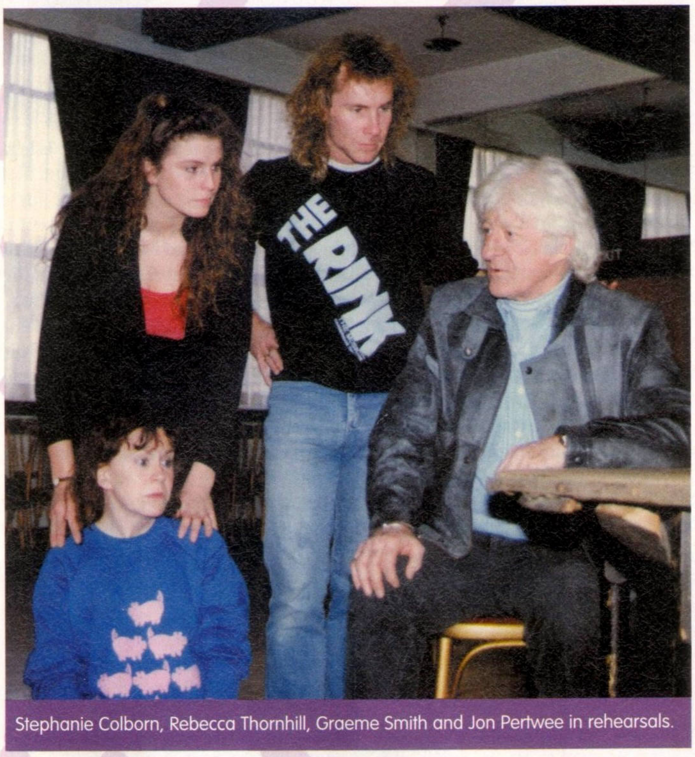
DOCTOR Winston Churchill. Just after Dunkirk, everything was going wrong. British army was defeated and Hitler was master of Europe. Poor old Winston was well in the dumps. "Just you put it to them straight, Winnie old fellow," I said. "Tell the British people you can offer them nothing but blood, toil, sweat and tears. Let old Adolf know that you'll fight them on the beaches, you'll fight them in the fields, and you'll fight them in the streets. You never know, this could be your finest hour!"

CRYSTAL That helped?

DOCTOR Well, he brightened up, gave one his famous V signs, lit a big fat cigar and went out and won the war!

From **The Ultimate Adventure: Act I** by Terrance Dicks

IN PRODUCTION



Stephanie Colborn, Rebecca Thornhill, Graeme Smith and Jon Pertwee in rehearsals.

In the Spring of 1988, London theatrical producer Mark Furness approached the BBC regarding stage rights to *Doctor Who*, and sounded out writer Terrance Dicks about providing a script. However, during the Summer, as discussions continued between Furness and the BBC, *Doctor Who* producer John Nathan-Turner became more involved, hoping to direct the play himself after production of Season Twenty-Five.

Nathan-Turner recommended that rather than use Dicks – who had not written for *Doctor Who* in some years – Furness should seek a script from the series' script editor Andrew Cartmel and writer Ben Aaronovitch, who had penned *Remembrance of the Daleks* and was about to be commissioned for *Storm Over Avallion* (latterly *Battlefield*). With a budget of £500,000, Furness wanted a script which included a few magic effects, some levitation (to be provided by Foys of Las Vegas who did simulated NASA spacewalks), a few songs and lots of laser lights. Furness also began negotiations with Dalek creator Terry Nation, as he wanted the Daleks as the main villains, although clearance had already been obtained on the Cybermen.

Aaronovitch and Cartmel submitted a 90-page script called *War World* [see box-out overleaf] in which the Doctor lays a trap for a new generation of Daleks. Aaronovitch was very keen on a new race of aliens, the Metatraxi, who were dedicated only to fighting. Cartmel came up with the idea of a data vampire which absorbed knowledge from blood. Although the script had no specific description of the Doctor (apart from the fact that he wears a hat), it was written for the Seventh incarnation, (played by Sylvester McCoy) and thus it was hoped to stage this over Christmas 1988, between work on Seasons Twenty-Five and Twenty-Six.

War World was ultimately deemed too expensive to produce. Aaronovitch considered wholesale cannibalisation of the script in other projects; the Metatraxi were considered for use in the unmade Season Twenty-Seven, and Cartmel and Aaronovitch have since attempted to rework the script as a novel. By the Autumn, it was clear that the play would not début until the Spring which meant that it would overlap with production of Season Twenty-Six. As such, neither Nathan-Turner nor Sylvester McCoy could be involved. Furness hoped to cast Colin Baker, who was keen to play the Doctor again after his sudden departure from the series in 1986, but wanted to see a script before committing himself.

For a replacement script, Furness turned back to Dicks, and discussed with him a new story which would involve the same production elements as *War World*. Dicks was asked for an outline which would incorporate various characters flying (such as moonwalking), a magic trick with a guillotine appearing to behead someone (which prompted the French Revolution sequence and the background for Dicks' new male companion), an exploding TARDIS, and heavy use of lasers and back projection. Furness was keen to have a cute alien "looking like an ugly ET" in the play, as well as songs for the Doctor's new companions. Dicks felt that juggling all these elements was akin to when he had written *The Five Doctors* in 1982.

By November, a début venue had been selected as the Wimbledon Theatre in London, with a first night of Monday 13 March 1989 after rehearsals in February. By the time Dicks' script was available, Baker had been signed up for the farce *Run for Your Wife* at London's Criterion Theatre. As in 1974, when he wrote *Seven Keys to Doomsday* [see **DW**M 339], Dicks recommended to Furness that if a new non-television Doctor was to be created, the Daleks must be retained in his new script. Dicks, however, was keen to involve Jon Pertwee, who had spent 1988 filming *Worzel Gummidge Down Under* in New Zealand. Pertwee was initially reticent about playing the Doctor again, seeing it as a "retrograde step", but was intrigued about playing the character on stage.

On Monday 19 December, Dicks drafted an outline entitled *Doctor Who – The Ultimate Adventure* which was very close to the finished script, but with a few minor differences. The plot centred around an attempt by the Daleks and Cybermen to plunge Earth into war by kidnapping and brainwashing the President of United States of America, but this was thwarted by the Doctor and his new companions; eighteenth century French nobleman Jason, night club singer Miranda and a cute little alien called Zog. In Act One, there was to be an encounter with some 'Wingmen' on a 'Mountain Planet', while early in Act Two, the TARDIS arrives in 'underground caves' where the travellers encounter a 'monster' and a 'laser monster fight' ensues; the Doctor defeats the monster by using a live power cable from the TARDIS to electrocute it. To carry the bulk of the Daleks' explanatory dialogue, Dicks used the Emperor Dalek from the 1967 serial *The Evil of the Daleks*.

'IT WAS A JOY TO GO ON STAGE AND GET A ROAR OF LAUGHTER!'

JON PERTWEE DWM 170

There was still a waiting period up to Christmas while Furness finalised details and booked Pertwee for 12 weeks; the actor turned down a major West End musical offered to him. Pertwee's involvement was announced in January 1989, with the hope that the play would tour for three months, then move into the West End, and transfer to Australia that Summer. The opening night was dropped back to Wednesday 22 March. The production was announced in *The Sunday Express* on Sunday 15 January, indicating that it was hoped to have *Neighbours* singing heart-throbs Kylie Minogue and Jason Donovan as the Doctor's companions in the Australian tour.

Casting for the roles of Crystal (the new name for Miranda) and Jason took place during January, and amongst the performers considered were Mike Holloway (a singer with the band Flintlock who had starred in *The Tomorrow People*), David Kinder (who had acted and sung in *Delta and the Bannermen*), Tracey Wilson (who had also sung in *Delta*) and CP Grogan (the lead singer of Altered Image and occasional *Red Dwarf* star).

The show was to have live music by Steve Edis, the musical director at Cambridge Footlights prior to West End shows such as *Guys and Dolls*. As such Dicks had to leave space in his scripts for this material. Edis wrote the songs *Strange Attractor* and *Sky High* for Crystal to sing. By now, Carole Todd had been appointed as the director, and wrote the number *Business is Business* for the villainous Delilah. Dicks fleshed out his first draft into a full script, making more changes than Todd actually wanted. He was particularly concerned that *Business is Business* made the initial Bar Galactica scene too long.

Australian singer and actor Graeme Smith was cast as Jason; aged 26, the former hairdresser had been working in the UK since 1985 and had appeared in the West End on *Peter Pan – The Musical*. 19-year-old singer Rebecca Thornhill landed the role of Crystal, having just left the Arts Education School in 1988. The part of Karl went to David Banks, who had played the Cyber Leader in *Doctor Who* since 1981. He auditioned for Karl in February with a piece from *Oliver!* and won the role. Furness also asked him to understudy the role of the Doctor, which Banks was not keen on doing.

A second draft of Dicks' script was prepared on Wednesday 22 February. Karl was described as the 'leader of the Space Mercenaries ... a tough, piratical-looking character, bedecked with weapons, ferociously independent, and not without a certain villainous charm'. Crystal was 'a pretty, high-spirited girl and fiercely independent'. Zog (also referred to as 'Tog') was described as 'a scruffy little alien creature' who communicated in 'a series of chitterings and squeaks'. The voice of the Emperor Dalek was noted as being 'slightly less strangulated than the normal Dalek tones' while the dying mercenary at Number 10 speaks 'in a strange un-human language ... not unlike a tape-recorder playing backwards'.

The Doctor picks out a cunning disguise.

Altair Three was described as a 'Jungle Planet ... a dense and gloomy jungle rather like an Amazonian rainforest. A canopy of trees overhead cuts off the sun, creating a perpetual twilight. We hear sinister jungle noises, and the cries of strange birds and beasts ... Down-stage left is a "pool of green fire" like the top of a still active volcano'. The inhabitants were Insect-Men which unfurl their wings and take flight. Originally, the two flying Insect-Men were to lift Chris up into the air.

He's above you! Jason and Crystal encounter the Insect-Men of Altair Three ...

Bar Galactica was outlined as 'A futuristic version of the traditional Western saloon with a long bar, chairs and tables – all, however, of exotic alien design. The room is filled with a tough-looking crowd, some human (or humanoid), some totally alien ... Madame Delilah is singing the Mercenaries' anthem, *Business is Business*.' Originally, when the bar room thugs attack Jason and Chris, the Doctor mixes the third mercenary a foaming potion he calls his Intergalactic Special. The drink's effect makes the rigid mercenary float in mid-air (using the flying effect) which breaks the ice with the other mercenaries. For the Doctor's disguise at Bar Galactica, the script suggested as 'his usual costume, with the addition of his spiked helmet and, perhaps a sash' (in the final production he wore a highwayman's tricorn mask and hat). Similarly, Chris originally got 'a guerrilla-type cap and gun-belt' but in the show sported a denim jacket and cap.

Pertwee's disparaging comments about Daleks being armed only with a "lavatory plunger and an egg-whisk" were worked into the script, which originally had more dialogue about the Doctor not knowing where the TARDIS is going because of the EDS (Emergency Displacement System). The script also had Jason

UNMADE STORIES WAR WORLD

ACT ONE

Escaping an unseen menace, the Doctor and his companion, Mallory, arrive in the TARDIS in a nightclub in Casablanca, 1946. The club is run by a torch singer called Jasmine who is engaged in smuggling with former RAF pilot John Patterson, but also tied up with US army deserter and criminal genius Joseph McBride. The Doctor knows that McBride has a "fatal flaw" as a winged, metallic shell appears in the nightclub – a Death Angel from a race which wants to wipe out all other life; it has followed the Doctor. As the Death Angel is fought, Jasmine (known as Jazz) slips into the TARDIS. The Doctor interrogates the disabled Death Angel, asking for details of the War World where an invasion force is being assembled. The Doctor is collecting items on a list: the location of the invasion planet, a *femme fatale*, a gangster with a fatal flaw, a spaceship and a pilot. The pilot is Patterson, whom the Doctor and Mallory goad into entering the TARDIS, leaving McBride behind for the other Death Angels.

The TARDIS arrives in a bureaucratic room on Scholar's World where the Doctor wants to purchase information. A clerk allows the Doctor, Mallory and Patterson to enter a gothic library where the Scholar is. The Scholar is a data vampire, the last of the Nostradatus, which extracts information from the protein coding in blood. Having got the co-ordinates of the War World, the Doctor gives a self-destruct sound to kill the Scholar. Jazz is left on Scholar's World.

Arriving at a Stonehenge pop festival in the 1970s, the Doctor's group encounters the meditating hippy called Howard. The Doctor built the monolith as a transmitter 26,000 years ago to lure in the Metatraxi; a race of squat, savage insects in Samurai battle armour who find it immoral not to fight armed opponents. This is a distraction for the Death Angels so that they can acquire a spaceship: a Crusher Class Planet Destroyer of the Primary Metatraxi Battle fleet. A Death Angel arrives and opens to show McBride now hooked into its machinery. Two more Death Angels arrive and open to reveal Daleks who fight the Metatraxi while the Doctor sets about stealing their spaceship.

ACT TWO

The TARDIS arrives on board the ship's bridge and the Doctor feeds in the co-ordinates. Howard has joined the party and Patterson is shown how to pilot the craft. Approaching Scholar's World, the ship is boarded by space pirates under the leadership of Jazz who, inspired by the SF stories, has turned the planet (renamed Quorlorg) into a nightclub. She is unaware that some of her crew are in contact with the Daleks and McBride. The clerks-turned-pirates attempt to kill the Doctor using a mutant bog rodent hidden in a drink, but this is eaten by an alien barmaid. The Doctor addresses Jazz's pirates and says that he needs them, "the scum of the Universe", to save creation.

The Metatraxi ship is prepared and the Doctor, Mallory and Howard set off in the TARDIS for the blasted plain of the War World where they encounter the Metatraxi again. However, the creatures now venerate the Doctor and will follow him. Mallory finds that the Doctor has given her the slip and is heading for death in the Dalek War Room where the vast War Leader computer is installed on the ceiling. The War Leader now contains what is left of McBride; it is running the war for the Daleks. The space pirates have been captured and brought in for elimination, but when the War Leader sees one of them is Jasmine, it cannot bring itself to kill her. When the Daleks order Jazz's death, the War Leader attacks the Daleks until both are destroyed. McBride's fatal flaw was his love for Jazz. The pacifist Howard is hailed as a new leader for the Metatraxi as he offers a war against fighting. Though the Doctor should return Patterson and Jazz to 1946, he allows them to slip out of the TARDIS back to Quorlorg.

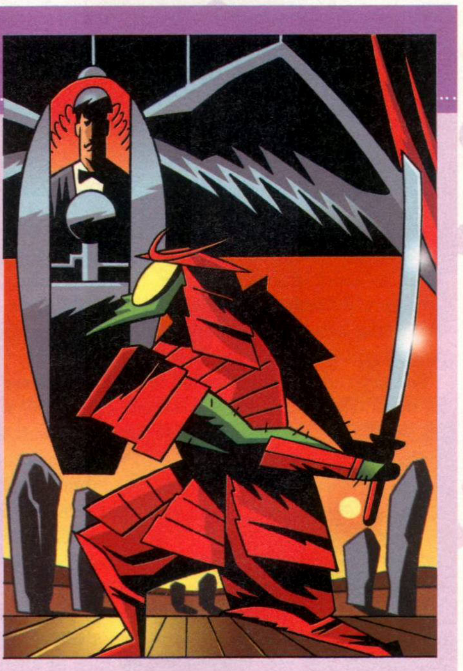
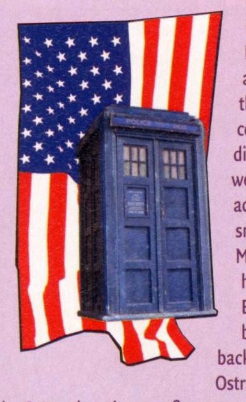


ILLUSTRATION BY ADRIAN SALMON

UNMADE STORIES THE INHERITORS OF TIME

Following 1974's *Seven Keys to Doomsday*, the next *Doctor Who* stage proposal came in 1982 from Chicago where the series had become a minor cult on PBS stations. A 33-year-old actor and freelance writer, John Ostrander, who was already prominent in the comic field, wrote to John Nathan-Turner on Thursday 3 June 1982 to enquire about either the rights to an American production of *Seven Keys to Doomsday* or the possibility of writing an entirely new play. Ostrander, an experienced stage writer and director who ran his own theatre group, had discussed the project with Barbara Elder who ran the North American *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society. Nathan-Turner replied to Ostrander on Friday 2 July, promising to discuss *Seven Keys to Doomsday* with Terrance Dicks, and pass on Ostrander's request on to BBC Enterprises. In principle, it was agreed that if a suitable script could be written, the BBC would grant a licence for the American show in which Ostrander hoped he could star. At a meeting with Nathan-Turner, Ostrander was introduced to Terrance Dicks and to Dicks' fan liaison, Kimberly Yale, who later helped Ostrander with developing his script and eventually became his wife.

Ostrander completed a script for *The Inheritors of Time*, the plot of which was carefully constructed so that it would not interfere with the television series continuity. As such it was set in the far future, opening with the Doctor dead for thousands of years. However, the Time Lords had preserved the Doctor's body for future use. A terrible plague has struck Gallifrey and almost wiped out the Time Lords. A Tribunal wants to create a new race of Time Lords and chooses humanity – only to discover that both Earth and its inhabitants have vanished. To investigate, the Tribunal revitalises the Doctor using the half-life left from the enforced regeneration in *The War Games*; thus a 14th Doctor is created for his final assignment – to go back to three points in Earth's history (including the American Civil War) and find out what has happened using his TARDIS, which he reclaims from a Museum of the Bizarre.



The Inheritors of Time was announced by Ostrander when he attended the TARDIS 21 convention in Chicago over the weekend of Friday 23 to Sunday 25 November 1984. Patrick Troughton did a reading from the script alongside Ostrander's cast of local actors, which led to rumours that Troughton would play the Doctor in the production.

At the TARDIS 22 convention in Chicago in November 1985, it was announced that *The Inheritors of Time* would be performed at the Pickwick Theater, Park Ridge, Illinois, with tickets available from January 1986. After the initial run, the production would tour the USA, then possibly come to London. Ostrander realised that as writer, director and producer he was too busy to act as well. As such, he cast Roger Mueller, a 37-year-old actor from Chicago as the Doctor. Mueller did a sneak preview of the play at the convention. By March 1986, a début date of Wednesday 14 May had been set and the budget was fixed at $500,000. Everything was in place with a designer and all bar one cast member. Then disaster struck as the backers pulled out from Ostrander's production. Ostrander Productions continued trying to find the finance to stage the show in 1987, although by Autumn 1988 Ostrander had effectively given up and was now deeply involved in his career as a comic strip writer.

pick up 'a lute and begins picking out a tune', with the Doctor telling him this was a present from Leonardo da Vinci. When landing on the planet after their escape from the Daleks, the Doctor gave Jason 'two metallic belts from a locker beneath the console'. These are gravity belts, for the low gravity planet which is an 'Alien Desert ... A strange alien landscape filled with glowing colours. In the foreground a small non-active volcanic mound ... [Crystal] takes a step, and begins flying through the air like an astronaut on a moonwalk' (again using the flying wires).

For the second act, Dicks reworked much material from *Seven Keys to Doomsday*, notably the Doctor's use of a microphone to produce a Dalek voice and Zog hiding inside a Dalek casing. Act Two originally included the illusion of the TARDIS being destroyed by the combined firepower of the Daleks, Cybermen and Karl's mercenaries – later revealed by the Doctor be a Dalek trick. Dicks also added several 'moments of charm' for the Doctor such as when he cheered up Crystal with a tale about Winston Churchill, and later his talk with her about how his past companions ("Susan, Ian and Barbara ... Jamie and Zoe ... Sarah-Jane Smith, and Jo Grant") had all left the TARDIS to look for their own happiness.

'WE WERE STUCK WITH THAT BALLAD, WHICH WAS AN EMBARRASSMENT'

TERRANCE DICKS DWM 163

The Doctor's story about Churchill originally came far later in the script, but was moved to the TARDIS scene after the escape from Bar Galactica, along with new dialogue in which Chris criticises the Doctor's abilities. Dicks' script had the TARDIS landing on the bridge of the Dalek ship but held in a protective forcefield to stop the Doctor's party escaping in it during the meteor storm; this was later reworked so the craft arrived off-stage. Act Two originally opened on the bridge of the Dalek vessel with a reprise of the end of Act One and material about a coded message from the Emperor distracting the Daleks, allowing one Dalek to slip inside the TARDIS; there was also extra dialogue with the Doctor asking the Chief Dalek why the Emperor wants the peace envoy. The Chief Dalek then threatened to exterminate Crystal and the Doctor comments "Human life means nothing to a Dalek" with Crystal asking if the Doctor "could spare one or two little secrets" before they were herded into the TARDIS.

Dicks put a number of topical references into his script. The Prime Minister was clearly meant to be then-current premiere, Margaret Thatcher; named Margaret, she was referred to as "Mrs T" and made references to her husband Dennis being on the golf course. Concern about Earth's ozone layer led to an exchange about a similar crisis between the Doctor and Crystal on Altair Three. Originally the script specified the present as being 1989 when the Doctor commented on the French Revolution being exactly 200 years ago.

There were several nods to the television series; Jason and the Doctor explain to Crystal about the TARDIS being dimensionally transcendental, and the Doctor outlines the Cybermen's history to Jason. The Doctor fought using his 'Venusian Aikido' and used Pertwee's favourite cliché to say that one of the Daleks had "reversed the polarity of the neutron flow." Pertwee also asked for the Venusian lullaby, *Klokleda Partha Menin Klatch* (heard in serials such as *The Curse of Peladon*) to be used for when the Doctor freed the US envoy from the Daleks' hypnotic control.

Bar Galactica's landlady Madame Delilah. All together now: "Business is business ..."

A press launch for the ten-week tour of *The Ultimate Adventure* was held on Thursday 23 February at the London Palladium, with Pertwee, Smith, Thornhill, the TARDIS and some Daleks and Cybermen. Rehearsals began at the West End Great Synagogue on Dean Street in Soho on Monday 27 February, with Furness, Dicks and Nathan-Turner (acting as the BBC's representative) present. Nathan-Turner was pleased that Banks was involved so that it meant the performance of the Cybermen was correctly developed; a copy of Banks' book *Cybermen* was available for the cast to read, and videos of *Day of the Daleks* and *Revenge of the Cybermen* were shown. Some of the songs created a great deal of laughter at rehearsals, and some of the more contrived exposition dialogue was also dropped.

Former child actress Stephanie Colburn was cast as Zog partially because of her small stature; her understudy, Claudia Kelly, was also a diminutive former child performer who specialised in animal impersonations. Pertwee had initially been concerned about some of the Doctor's stunt sequences at Bar Galactia and suggested that his old friend Terry Walsh, who had doubled him during his time on the television series, should be employed as the mercenary which the Doctor fights, and also as the fight arranger. Walsh had little stage experience but was given advice by Jason Connery, star of *Robin of Sherwood*, in exchange for some shooting lessons.

The Dalek and some Cybermen voices were all pre-recorded in a day at the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Pertwee found it very difficult working precisely to this taped dialogue. A new batch of four Daleks (one black 'Chief Dalek' and three blue and white) were built which were taller than their television counterparts in order to be more clearly seen by the audience. The cast often rehearsed using just the bases, with the names of four of the Marx brothers sellotaped to them.

Crystal and Zog wonder if another song would help as they are captured by the Daleks.

THE BATTERED SUITCASE THEATRE COMPANY

The Battered Suitcase Theatre Company staged three original *Doctor Who* plays with BBC permission. All three were written and directed by Ian Wheeler and performed at the New Theatre Royal in Portsmouth. The first, *Hellblossom*, ran in the evenings from Wednesday 26 to Saturday 29 January 2000 (with a matinee on the Saturday) and starred Mark Wright as the Ninth Doctor (as well as acting as script editor) along with Alexia Daniels as his companion Sha'atara, a Steel Valkyrie from the New Asgard colony. Set in London of the 1890s, the plot concerned a series of murders which seemed to be associated with the figure Spring Heeled Jack. When the Doctor visits Professor Gardener, one of his old tutors, he becomes involved in the investigations of Chief Inspector Potts. During the story, 'Jack' was revealed to be Prince Karnak of the Jocastan Imperium (Gavyn Sheffield), an abdicated ruler of an alien world who has been hired by Gardener as a bounty hunter to track down the extraterrestrial (a Blood Orchid/Krynoid hybrid) terrorising London. When Sha'atara elected to remain in Victorian London at the end of the adventure, Karnak joined the Doctor on his travels.

The second play, *Vox Dei*, ran from Wednesday 18 to Saturday 21 April 2001, again with a matinee on the final day. David Huntingdon took over as a new incarnation of the Doctor, with Sheffield again as Karnak and Kate Watson as the Doctor's robotic companion Penny11 who had served holidaymakers on HappyWorld. The adventure took place on a thirtieth century black-ops space station run by Dr Hilde Medzavorian where the finest fighting men of the Special Space Infantry had been deployed against an alien killing machine. Project Vox Dei aims to create a stable strange matter zero-point singularity to use in humanity's war with the Kalisha'ar. Penny11 was fatally damaged during this story.

The third story in the trilogy, *Warsmith*, ran from Wednesday 6 to Saturday 9 November 2002, with a Saturday matinee. The Doctor had regenerated again, played this time by Mike O'Doherty, with Sheffield again as Karnak who was pivotal to the new adventure. The Doctor is summoned to 1940 by the Countessa, the daughter of the High Judiciary who directed the Doctor in *Vox Dei*. He then becomes involved with the work of Dr Alan Turing at Bletchley Park, where scientists are being kidnapped and taken to Nazi Germany. Sophie Aldred recorded the voice of the computer for this production.

OTHER SHOWS
THE EMPRESS OF OTHERNOW

The Empress of Othernow was written for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Huntingdon Drama Club and received four performances at the Commemoration Hall, Huntingdon from Thursday 10 to Saturday 12 November 1994, as well as a final performance at the Ayl-Con 2 convention at the Forte Crest Hotel on Saturday 19 February 1995. Peter Vialls developed his script over two years, obtaining permission to use the Cybermen, and the BBC gave its approval for the show in March 1994.

The play was directed by Ruth Morgan and Bob Pugh played the Doctor; this was the Eighth incarnation, who had regenerated while defeating a Zygon invasion of Earth in 2088AD. This Doctor had a new companion, Gwen Bradley (Rachel Graves), a history student from London Multiversity. The story opened with the TARDIS arriving in London 1969 to find that the city was ruled by the God-Empress of Rome as it had been for almost 2000 years. The Doctor helps the British Celt rebels and learns that this alternative timeline where Rome never fell was caused by the TARDIS colliding with a Cyberman timeship in 9AD; Cyber technology was then used by the scheming Livia to take over the empire. The TARDIS travels back to 9AD to stop these events happening, but already two Cybermen have been hailed as silver gods from Olympus at the court of Emperor Augustus. The Cybermen's plan is to destroy Earth, altering time and saving Mondas from destruction in 1986.

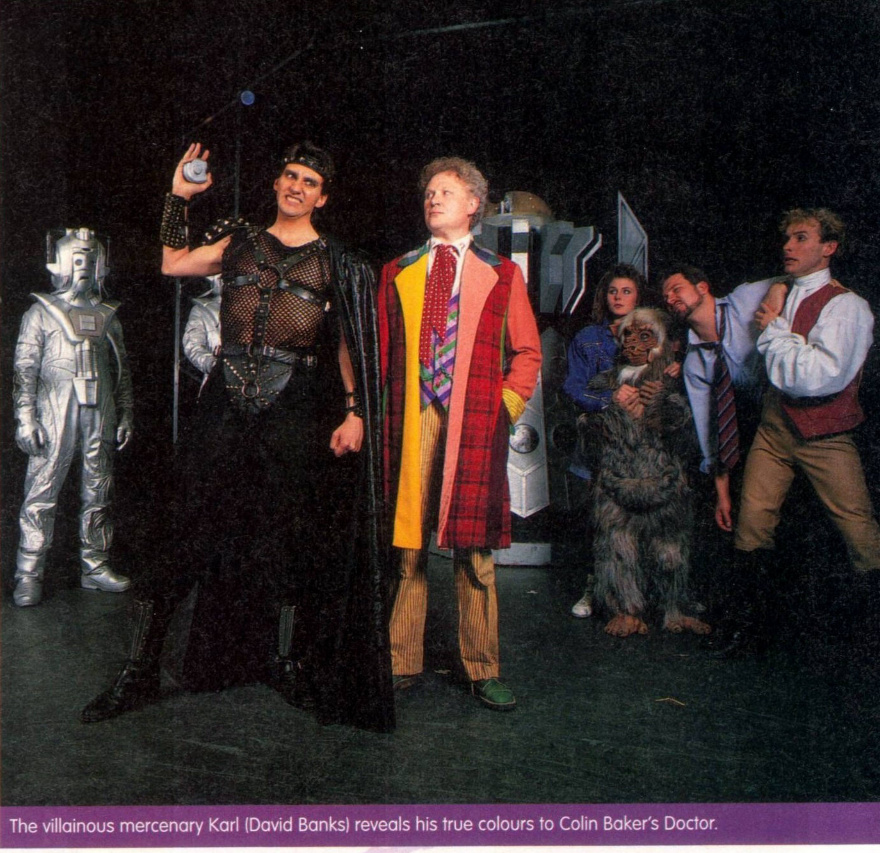
The production attracted television coverage from Anglia TV, and the Cybermen suits were loaned by Alex Richards. One of the original cast was Adrian Rigelsford, author of 1993's aborted *Doctor Who* special *The Dark Dimension*, who played General Varus (this role was combined with that of Apollodorus when Rigelsford declined the Ayl-Con 2 revival).

Set designer Paul Staples had worked on stage shows for Bob Dylan and Queen as well as numerous trade shows. The new costumes were all made by Yvonne Milnes although some, like the Vervoid from *The Trial of a Time Lord*, were loaned by the BBC, and fan Derek Handley was able to provide a number of Cyberman costumes. A Draconian costume was also assembled, with the mask given a spraying of silver paint, while Sue Moore (who had worked on specialist props for the TV series) made the Zog mask and collaborated on the 'Ant Creatures' with Stephen Mansfield. Another props builder, John Priest, provided the guns, while the asteroid sequence was created by Kevin Davies assisted by Tony Clark.

Pertwee promoted the production on BBC1's *Wogan* on Friday 10 March, and on *TV-am* on ITV the following Monday, and then at a Forbidden Planet signing on Saturday 18. It was intended that the play would be performed at 7.30pm in the evenings with matinees on Saturdays at 2.30pm (or occasionally 2pm) as well as on either Wednesday or Thursday. Both acts ran to around 50 minutes. With scenery building from Monday 20 March, the cast and crew only had two days of rehearsal at Wimbledon Theatre before their première. With such a complex show, the first matinee and press rehearsal were fairly rough.

The play opened each performance with a warning about not using opera glasses because of the lasers employed in the show. The Delia Derbyshire arrangement of theme was then played, after which an animation of the TARDIS appeared on a video screen. The sets were generally simple: 10 Downing Street comprised a painting of Winston Churchill and a desk. Other scenes were achieved by splitting the stage so that the TARDIS wall and console were on the left while the Emperor Dalek stood on the right. The 'jungle planet' employed blue laser lighting and dry ice, with two of the 'insect men' on flying wires. Another harness was attached to the Vervoid in the Bar Galactic scene so that it could levitate after drinking Chris and Jason's cocktail.

Madame Delilah sings to a Draconian and a clearly-not-extinct-after-all Vervoid.



The villainous mercenary Karl (David Banks) reveals his true colours to Colin Baker's Doctor.

The Dalek ship again used the video screen, showing the TARDIS approaching and the asteroid animation, along with a green laser effect for the Doctor fusing the door controls with his sonic screwdriver. Lasers were used to create a blue double vortex on the 'alien desert' scenes in Act Two, and also for the green vortex forcefield holding the US envoy captive in the High Security Area. Two magic tricks were used: the beheading of a noble in the French Revolution sequence, and the scene where Crystal hid in a crate which the Daleks then destroyed to show she had vanished.

On opening night Nathan-Turner was in the audience, along with his partner Gary Downie, Dicks, and composer Keff McCulloch. That night the Daleks appeared from the opening scene which the team realised was a mistake, and it was better to hold them back for the closing scene of Act One. Nathan-Turner also felt some of the Dalek dialogue was too articulate, and various changes were later made. Other problems included some very long blackouts between scene changes, the lightweight TARDIS prop which almost missed its mark when 'landing' on the podium, and the TARDIS console which rolled around the stage. The Dalek props also frequently got stuck in doorways. After the first night, Dicks restructured the problematic act break to have the Doctor in the TARDIS at the start of Act Two, which meant that the large bridge set could be removed at the end of Act One. However, this meant that the Daleks would have to take the Doctor and his companions inside the TARDIS to exterminate them. This was reworked in various ways for the first few nights.

There were several other mistakes on early performances. Pertwee accidentally walked on stage in the middle of one scene with the Emperor Dalek, while on another night, during the sequence where the Doctor wields a fire extinguisher, explaining "Daleks can't stand cold", the device went off in Banks' face, causing Banks to ad-lib "Good job mercenaries can!" On another occasion, one Dalek operator lost control and the prop toppled off the stage. When selecting the Doctor's disguise, Pertwee regularly ad-libbed "No, that's not right" as he held up the hat and scarf associated with Tom Baker's Doctor.

By Tuesday 28 March, some scenes had been cut or shortened (such as the dying agent's report about the threat to the envoy, and Jason chiding the Doctor about a two million-year detour), and extra lines of dialogue added to cover scene changes. An MC was added to cover the end of the nightclub scenes, making a call on his mobile phone, while extra dialogue with Jason and Karl bridged a scene change in Act Two. Some of these changes caused great upset with some performers on stage. In the audience for one of these performances was Colin Baker who was not impressed. By Thursday 30 March, Dicks and the team had finally worked out an act break which everyone was happy with.

'IN THE FIRST COUPLE OF WEEKS JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING WENT WRONG!'

DAVID BANKS DWM 244

Of the reviews, *The Daily Express*' Maureen Paton commented on the "impressive array of special effects" on Monday 27 March, and she praised the play further in *The Stage and Television Today* on Thursday 13 April, although commenting that the musical interludes were unnecessary. *The Daily Telegraph*'s Ian Williams discussed Pertwee on Friday 14 April, and Sarah Hemmings of *The Independent* interviewed the star on Tuesday 16 May.

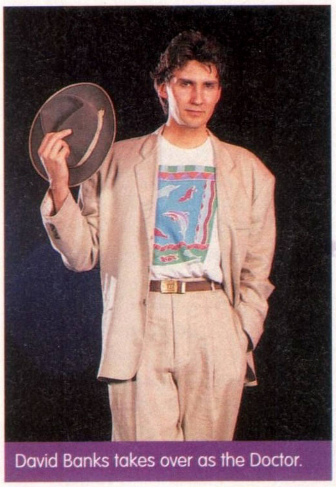
As the play progressed, Pertwee added the "Jumping Jehosophat" exclamation from *The Five Doctors* when he saw what the Dalek Scientist had done to the TARDIS and when Dalek One was dismissed by its superior, operator Chris Beaumont elicited a sympathetic "ahhhh" from the audience by letting his eye-stalk fall, sadly.

A range of merchandise for the production was on sale in the foyer including a souvenir brochure, T shirts, badges and baseball caps. It became a tradition for a signed photo or poster from the show to be sold in a charity auction each Saturday.

OTHER SHOWS
DOCTOR WHO ON ICE

A live version of *Doctor Who* appeared in 1986 when the BBC licensed an ice show to feature the Doctor and Peri. Blackpool Pleasure Beach had enjoyed close links with the *Doctor Who* production office since August 1984 when Colin Baker and John Nathan-Turner had opened a new Space Invader ride there. This in turn had led to the aborted serial *The Nightmare Fair* which would have been filmed in April 1985. Instead, Hot Ice '86 opened at the Ice Dome on Saturday 14 June, running through to Saturday 1 November. The show included an eight-minute *Doctor Who* adventure in which skaters David McGrouther and Julie Sharrock starred as the Sixth Doctor and Peri; the adventure saw Peri searching for her brother who had fallen into the clutches of the Master, and included encounters with Daleks, dinosaurs and 'Cybernoids'.

After Wimbledon, the show moved to Aberdeen and then Liverpool, with the rough edges of the play now smoothed out. In Liverpool, Pertwee appeared at Ford Skyways on Monday 10 April, with the company providing him with a car to use during the tour. He and Wolf Christian also pre-recorded some material for the Saturday morning BBC1 show *On the Waterfront* at the BBC's Liverpool studios around Thursday 13 April. This included Andrew O'Connor's comedy sketch *Dr Who at the Shrink* with Pertwee as the Doctor, broadcast on Saturday 6 May. It was at Liverpool that Kelly broke her finger in the flying insect scene but kept going without missing a performance. At the Saturday matinee in Liverpool, the sound system failed, leaving the Daleks without voices. Although the play was running smoothly by Mold, a series of illnesses upset the run further. On Friday 21 April, Smith was taken ill with food poisoning; he managed to complete Act One but handed over to understudy David Bingham for Act Two, and for both performances next day. Pertwee had also suffered from a run of colds which reached a head the following week in Birmingham. After five minutes of the matinee on Saturday 29 April, Pertwee fluffed his lines, despite assistance from Hibbert as Mrs T; he apologised to the audience and left the stage. The play restarted ten minutes later with David Banks as the Doctor and Chris Beaumont as Karl. Banks' Doctor sported a light tan two-piece summer suit, a fedora and a Greenpeace T-shirt; Banks forgot the line "Reverse the polarity ..." and had to be prompted by one of his companions. Banks received a standing ovation, and Pertwee had recovered to resume work at Bristol the following week.

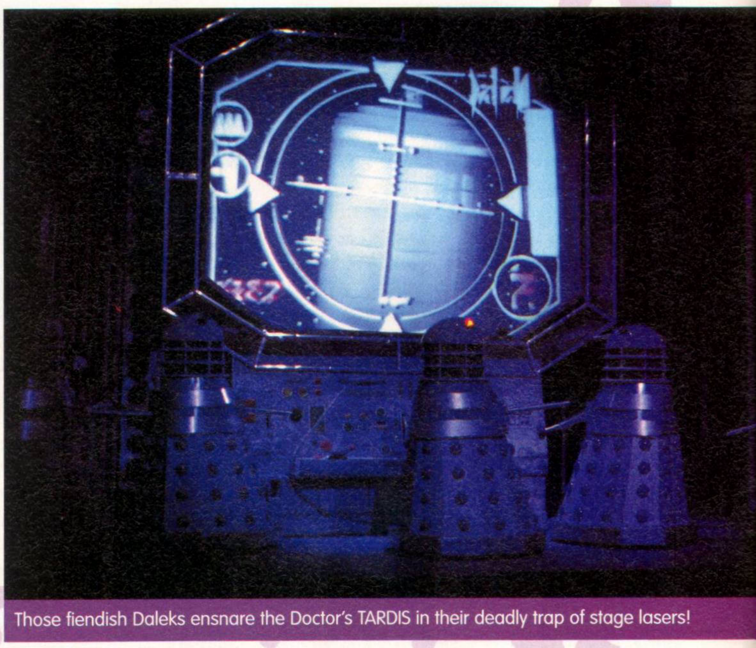


David Banks takes over as the Doctor.

By now, the tour had been extended by at least six weeks, but Pertwee did not wish to continue in such a demanding production. Furness again approached Colin Baker, who, after attending another performance to confirm that the Wimbledon problems had been sorted, agreed to take over. Baker donned his television costume for a photocall at the Bristol Hippodrome on Wednesday 3 May. The same week, Pertwee did another promotional appearance at Bristol Coal on Monday 1 May.

When the show opened in Basildon (a late booking not on the original schedule) on Monday 8 May, Todd had made further changes, shortening the songs and making the Cybermen more powerful. It had been hoped to have the Cyberleader attack the bodyguard played by Deborah Hecht, but this was dropped as it did not fit with the laser movements. After a week in Glasgow, Baker joined the company in Manchester for two weeks of rehearsals from Monday 22 May.

Baker agreed to a number of changes to suit his Doctor, calling the Prime Minister "Maggie" and substituting "Reverse the linearity of the proton flow" for Pertwee's catchphrase; Baker's attempts to comment on the European Election results were vetoed. Baker also objected to the scenes where the Doctor asked the 'insect men' to get killed on his behalf and the aggressive swordplay which the Doctor engaged in in the Paris sequence. Both were rewritten accordingly; in the former, the Doctor was distressed by the deaths and in the latter the Doctor now unknowingly fended off an attacker while demonstrating swordplay to Jason. Baker also decided to slap the hands of any character who tried to touch the TARDIS console, and added gags like "Left – Right – Crystal? – Clear" and funny stories about his hypnotic skills coming from a Swami who lived on a River, or from Nellie the Elf Aunt. The last scene in which the Doctor talked to Crystal was felt to be too sentimental for the Sixth Doctor, and was dropped in agreement with Dicks. References to Peri were also added, as was the Doctor's misquote of Rudyard Kipling's *The Cat That Walked By Himself* ("I am the cat that walks by himself and all places are alike to me"). Milnes came up with a new, lightweight costume for Baker which used red shoes rather than green, an element of blue in the coat and a waistcoat with pineapple buttons.



Those fiendish Daleks ensnare the Doctor's TARDIS in their deadly trap of stage lasers!

Pertwee's final week was in Oxford, after which Baker took over in Newcastle. As the tour progressed to Nottingham (where Baker appeared on *Central Post* on ITV) and then Leeds. Baker liked to insert extra jokes and changes to keep the cast on their toes. He also increased the comedy element between the Doctor and Zog. Baker also formalised the autograph sessions, sitting at a table in the foyer after the show.

Walsh left the production after Leeds to work on an ultimately unmade *Robin of Sherwood* movie. After a week at Wolverhampton, Smith left the show and Bingham took over permanently, with Oliver Grey joining the company for the week at Northampton. Banks proposed a tape project for Silver Fist; entitled *The Ultimate Interview* this was recorded at Northampton and had Baker and Banks interviewing each other. Following weeks at Canterbury and Southsea, *The Ultimate Adventure* concluded with a fortnight in Eastbourne. By the end of the very hot summer, there had been problems in getting audiences large enough to sustain the production, so the show's life was not extended to the West End. At Eastbourne, the cast and crew started to wear '16 to Go' T-shirts, and a '3 to Go' warp party was staged after the show on Thursday 17 August. Although an Australian tour was still hoped for in June 1989, the performance of *The Ultimate Adventure* on Saturday 19 August was the final professional *Doctor Who* stage play to date.

Mark Furness Ltd, John Newman for Barry O'Brien (1968) Ltd,
Dina and Alexander E Racolin and Martine Birrane present

THE ULTIMATE ADVENTURE

CAST **Jon Pertwee/Colin Baker** *The Doctor** with **Graeme Smith/David Bingham** *Jason***, **Rebecca Thornhill** *Crystal*, **Judith Hibbert** *Delilah/Mrs T*, **David Banks** *Karl**** and **Christopher Beaumont** *US Envoy*, **David Bingham/Oliver Gray** *MC*****, **Wolf Christian** *Cyberleader*, **Stephanie Colburn** *Zog*, **Oliver Gray/Gavin Warwick** *Dalek******, **Deborah Hecht** *Waitress*, **Claudia Kelly** *Ant-Person*, **Alison Reddihough** *Mercenary*, **Paula Tappenden** *Chief Dalek*, **Terry Walsh** *Duelling Guard******, **Troy Webb** *Emperor Dalek. Other parts played by Members of the Company.*

** Pertwee played the Doctor to 3 June after which Baker took over. On 29 April, David Banks understudied for Pertwee. ** Smith played Jason to 15 July after which Bingham took over. On the second show of 21 April and 22 April, Bingham understudied for Smith. *** On 29 April, Chris Beaumont understudied for Banks. **** Bingham was the MC to 15 July after which Gray took over ***** Gray to 15 July after which Warwick took over.*

UNDERSTUDIES **David Banks** *The Doctor*, **David Bingham** *Jason*, **Paula Tappenden** *Crystal*, **Alison Reddihough** *Delilah*, **Chris Beaumont** *Karl*, **Claudia Kelly** *Zog.*

UNCREDITED **Oliver Gray** *Cybermen Voices;* **Chris Beaumont, Troy Webb** *Dalek Voices;* **Claudia Kelly** *Envoy's Wife;* **Stephanie Colburn** *Bell Boy;* **Oliver Gray** *MC*; Troy Webb,* **Deborah Hecht** *US Bodyguards;* **Terry Walsh****/**Oliver Gray*****/**Gavin Warwick*** *Mercenaries;* **Paula Tappenden, Oliver Gray******/**Gavin Warwick*** *Cybermen;* **Claudia Kelly, Troy Webb, Alison Reddihough** *Insect Men on Altair 3;* **Troy Webb** *Martial Arts Mercenary;* **David Bingham******/**Gavin Warwick*** *Vervoid;* **Paula Tappenden** *Chicken Headed Alien;* **Chris Beaumont** *Hairy Alien;* **Wolf Christian** *Draconian;* **David Bingham******, **Troy Webb, Chris Beaumont, Claudia Kelly, Gavin Warwick***, **Deborah Hecht** *Dalek Operators;* **Chris Beaumont** *Dalek Scientist Operator;* **Paula Tappenden** *Executioner;* **Claudia Kelly** *Ragamuffin;* **Paula Tappenden, Deborah Hecht, Judith Hibbert** *French Women;* **David Bingham******/**Gavin Warwick*** *Execution Victim;* **Terry Walsh****, *Wolf Christian,* **Oliver Gray***** *Duelling guards;* **Chris Beaumont, David Bingham******, **Oliver Gray****, **Gavin Warwick***, **Troy Webb** *French Men;* **Paula Tappenden** *Double for Crystal (in crate);* **Oliver Gray** *PA Voice in Downing Street;* **Wolf Christian, Claudia Kelly, Troy Webb, Paula Tappenden, Oliver Gray******, **Alison Reddihough, Gavin Warwick*** *Nightclub Customers.*

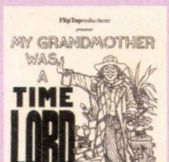
** From 17 July. ** To 24 June. *** 26 June - 15 July. **** To 15 July.*

CREDITS *Written by* **Terrance Dicks**. *Daleks Created by* **Terry Nation**. *Flying by* **Foy**. *Music composed by* **Steve Edis**. *Lighting by* **Chris Boyle**. *Fights staged by* **Terry Walsh**. *Laser Design* **Steve Playford**. *Costume design* **Yvonne Milnes**. *'Zog' mask by* **Susan Moore**. *Sound by* **Stage Electrics**. *Settings built by* **Suffolk Scenery**. *'Business is Business' and 'Sky High' lyrics by* **Carole Todd** *and* **Steven Edis**. *Company and Stage Manager:* **Chris Boyle**. *Deputy Stage Manager* **Patti Rosser**. *Technical ASM* **Simon Gant**. *Acting ASMs* **Oliver Gray, Deborah Hecht**. *Production Carpenter* **Geoff Summerton**. *Wardrobe Mistress* **Lindsey Boyle**. *Foy's Flying Rep* **Steve Parker**. *Sound Operator* **Jeremy Dunn**. *Orchestra Manager* **Bill Occleshaw**. *Laser system supplied by* **Laser Grafix Ltd**. *Lighting equipment supplied by* **Playlight**. *Sound equipment supplied by* **Stage Electrics**. *Weapons designed and manufactured by* **John Priest**. *Animated video sequences by* **Kevin Davies Animation**. *Wardrobe care by* **Lever Brothers**. *Ant Creature mask made by* **Susan Moore, Stephen Mansfield** *and* **Clare Pratt**. *Cybermen supplied by* **Derek Handley**. *Designed by* **Paul Staples**. *Creative consultant* **John Nathan-Turner**. *Directed by* **Carole Todd**. *Thanks to:* **John Freeman of Doctor Who Magazine (Marvel Comics), Dr Who Office** *and* **Carole Crowther (Costumes BBC TV), Stan Levy at West End Great Synagogue, Polka Children's Theatre, Regents Palace Hotel, Piccadilly.**

PERFORMANCES
Thursday 23 March-Saturday 1 April 1989, Wimbledon Theatre, London; Monday 3-Saturday 8 Apri, Her Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen; Monday 10-Saturday 15 April, Empire Theatre, Liverpool; Monday 17-Saturday 22 April, Theatre Clywd, Mold; Monday 24-Saturday 29 April, Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham; Monday 1-Saturday 6 May, The Bristol Hippodrome, Bristol; Monday 8-Saturday 13 May, Towngate Theatre, Basildon; Monday 15-Saturday 20 May, Theatre Royal, Glasgow; Monday 22-Saturday 27 May, Manchester Opera House, Manchester; Monday 29 May-Saturday 3 June, Apollo Theatre, Oxford; Monday 5-Saturday 10 June, Theatre Royal, Newcastle; Monday 12-Saturday 17 June, Theatre Royal, Nottingham; Monday 19-Saturday 24 June, Grand Theatre, Leeds; Monday 26 June-Saturday 1 July, Theatre Royal, Brighton; Monday 3-Saturday 8 July, The Edinburgh Playhouse, Edinburgh; Monday 10-Saturday 15 July, Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton; Monday 17-Saturday 22 July, Derngate, Northampton; Monday 24-Saturday 29 July, Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury; Monday 31 July-Saturday 5 August, King's Theatre, Southsea; Monday 7-Saturday 19 August 1989, Congress Theatre, Eastbourne.

OTHER SHOWS
MY GRANDMOTHER WAS A TIME LORD

My Grandmother Was a Time Lord ran on Tuesdays to Sundays from 23 May to 18 June 1995 at the Canal Cafe Theatre in Little Venice, London. This fringe play by Nev Fountain, staged by FlipTopProductions concerned the life of one Ian Foreman (played by Kim Arrowsmith), now a marketing executive, who encounters himself as an eight-year-old, scarf-wearing *Doctor Who* fan (Brian Woolton). Fountain, who later became a principle writer on *Dead Ringers*, drew upon his own memories of growing up watching *Doctor Who* in the late 1970s and created a heart-warming rediscovery for Foreman as the character came to terms with various events in his life. The script was rich in quotes from the television series and drew upon scenes from the meeting of different Doctors in serials such as *The Three Doctors*. Fountain found the production very demanding and left the *Doctor Who* arena for some years until he became script editor on a *Doctor Who* pilot for Radio 4 in late 2000.


FlipTopproductions
present
MY GRANDMOTHER WAS A TIME LORD
Canal Café Theatre
From May 23rd Until June 18th
Tues – Sun for 4 weeks At 7.30 pm

RECALL U.N.I.T! OR THE GREAT TEA BAG MYSTERY

ACT ONE At a London theatre, Swedish theatre director Miss Bergbo auditions acts for the show *Nuclear Dames* to entertain British troops overseas. The acts are mime artist Silent Stephen (who describes *Doctor Who*), Richard Franklin and his stuffed dog (singing *Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me A Bow Wow*), Middlesborough pop singer Stallion, John Levene (performing *Moon River*) and 'Nicholas Courtney' (singing *I Want to Sing in Opera*). Bergbo recalls the former UNIT stars for second auditions in drag. Franklin realises that 'Courtney' is Dick Kettles, in disguise for reasons of national security; Kettles is really Major Molesworth. The trio suspect that Bergbo is an evil *Doctor Who* fan, and a phone call from the real Courtney confirms that Nuclear Dames is just a cover for a scheme hatched by the Master to disrupt the Peace Talks being held in the Falklands.

Bergbo's stage manager, Alistair, has used the Tissue Compression Eliminator on Margaret Thatcher and hidden her tiny form. Bergbo's plan is to impersonate Thatcher, hand over the Falklands to General Galtieri allowing the Master to dominate the world. Back in uniform, the UNIT actors prepare to follow the show to the Falklands, joining forces with Stephen and Tim, a *Doctor Who* fan. Molesworth plans to disrupt the show with a scene from *Cinderella* to expose Bergbo; the team uses the TARDIS to get to the Falklands.

ACT TWO At the Falkland Islands garrison, the UNIT actors enlist the help of Stallion and when 'Thatcher' starts the show (having handed over the islands to Argentina) they announce Cinders Thatcherella. By acting out Bergbo's plan as a pantomime, the team exposes the scheme. Bergbo calls upon the Master to send the Dragoids to attack and keeps the UNIT men covered with her Tissue Compression Eliminator. The Brigadier is hypnotised, but Yates and Benton trick Bergbo and capture her. Deciding to have a cup of tea, they find that the miniaturised Thatcher is blocking the spout of their tea pot.

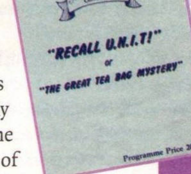
Richard Franklin, an in-drag John Levene and an all-star cast must UNIT(e) to save the world!

IN PRODUCTION

In 1983, actor Richard Franklin joined fellow UNIT actors Nicholas Courtney and John Levene at DoctorCon 1983, a fan event organised by Liam Rudden and David Roylance, two members of the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society Edinburgh and Lothian Local Group. The trio discussed a production which saw their UNIT characters – Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart, Captain Yates and Sergeant Benton – recalled to duty, and Franklin offered to write it.

Franklin received permission from John Nathan-Turner and the BBC to use characters and concepts from *Doctor Who*. Terry Nation also gave his blessing for the use of the Daleks. In early 1984, Franklin decided that he wanted his play to cover current politics, and hit upon the issue of the Falkland Islands – the subject of armed conflict between the Britain and Argentina in 1982. Although no longer in show business, Levene agreed to take part as a favour to Franklin, and Courtney was also happy to be involved. Originally, Franklin hoped that Jon Pertwee would pre-record a speech to conclude the play and possibly appear at one of the performances. While writing the play, entitled *Recall U.N.I.T! or The Great Tea Bag Mystery*, Franklin got a lot of help from George Cairns, a *Doctor Who* fan who advised on continuity aspects. Franklin's idea was that he, Courtney and Levene should start the play as themselves and slowly turn into the UNIT men, reflecting the "essential truth about the crossover that [exists] in real life between us and our characters." The production was to be staged by Franklin's own Middleham Theatre Company.

Franklin's script opened with a quote from Nancy Reagan in 1981 about her support for her husband: "A woman is like a Tea Bag: only when in hot water do you realise how strong she is." In the first version, the cast used their own names, but in later rewrites stage manager Graham Smith became Alistair, Paul Holness turned into Silent Stephen and Glynn Dack was called Rambo. In the opening scene, Stephen mimed out the premise of *Doctor Who*, vocalised for the audience by Alistair (*eg* "Once [the Doctor] took on the form of a famous actor and comedian, Jon Pertwee: this was his third regeneration. In this form the Doctor was six foot three inches tall, with a mess of curly white hair, he wore velvet jackets and ruffled shirts, and while he fought the Master with deadly seriousness, he had a wicked sense of humour and an infectious laugh. Twelve million fans used to watch the adventures of this Doctor and his military assistants from UNIT every week").



"Middleham Theatre Company"

"RECALL U.N.I.T!"

or

"THE GREAT TEA BAG MYSTERY"

Programme Price 20p

When Franklin, Levene and Courtney came on the stage, the script indicated that real fans could come up on stage and get their autographs. Discussing their previous employment, Levene commented on how he was selling second-hand cars and doing Video Advertising while Franklin had been running errands for an Arab in Mayfair. Reminiscing about their time on *Doctor Who*, Franklin incorrectly recalled "when Jon Pertwee posed as a charwoman in *Terror of the Autons*" after which there was to be a 15-minute improvisation of reminiscences, culminating with them saying that it was a pity "Katy [Manning] and Jon [Pertwee]" were not here and remembering "Roger [Delgado]" who had played the Master. Levene also had running gags during the show like "I wish I'd never dallied with a Dalek!" and "I wish I'd never argued with an Auton!" Levene also pointed out that Benton had been promoted from sergeant to WOII (in *Robot*); Courtney was then to refer to Yates having a nasty turn after "the Metabelis Sapphire." Franklin also revealed that he had kept up his Venusian Karate and Levene recalled how Yates had heated up drinks on a Bunsen. Many references were suggested by Cairns, including the Doctor's advice to "Reverse the polarity of the neutron flow" to restore Mrs Thatcher who had been miniaturised by the Master.

The venue for the performance was originally the Nightclub Edinburgh Playhouse on Greenside Place, with the first promotional flier announcing 'the principle characters of *Doctor Who*'s United Nations Intelligence Taskforce and the voice of Jon Pertwee fighting the usual foe in a most unusual manner'. The performance dates were set as Monday 20 to Saturday 25 August. Pertwee was too busy to record the Doctor's congratulatory message for the closing speech; in rewrites, the dialogue from Alistair omitted specific references to Pertwee, and instead introduced the concept of a race of mutant Daleks called Dragoids, which wear masks with the likeness of their enemies and clothes of the opposite sex.

In early August, Courtney's run of the stage farce *No Sex Please – We're British* (directed by Franklin) was extended in Norway, and he had to drop out of *Recall UNIT*. Franklin hastily wrote in his colleague Richard Kettles as Major Molesworth and Courtney pre-recorded a message which was played in as a phone call.

A revised flier for the production promised 'Dr Who grapples with Mrs Thatcher on the Falklands' with 'the original TV Cast' and 'with guest appearance on August 24th Jon Pertwee'. The daily performances were at 10.30am and 7.30pm, with reduced price previews at 2.30pm on Friday 17 and Saturday 18 August. Unfortunately, confusion with the bookings meant that Franklin lost his venue a week before the first performance, and *Recall U.N.I.T!* was rescheduled into a small theatre, the Moray House. Many of the cast also ended up doubling as Dragoids.

Pertwee also had to drop out of his scheduled guest appearance, and was replaced by Dalek operator John Scott Martin who appeared briefly as the Dalek Emperor in the form of an old man on Friday 24 August.

As one of 840 plays staged at the Fringe Festival that year, attendances were poor, but Franklin hoped to re-stage the play in London, involving Courtney, Pertwee, and Katy Manning. Franklin also looked into developing the idea as a book, and planned to make a video of the production. It was later restaged at the TimeCon convention in San José in July 1985.

RECALL U.N.I.T! OR THE GREAT TEA BAG MYSTERY

CAST **Graham Smith** *Alistair*, **Lena Lindewall** *Miss Bergbo*, **Paul Holness** *Silent Stephen*, **Richard Franklin** *Captain Mike Yates*, **David Roylance** *Hamish*, **Liam Rudden** *Jimmy*, **Kevin Philpotts** *Tim*, **Glynn Dack** *Stallion*, **John Levene** *Sergeant Benton*, **Richard Kettles** *Major Molesworth MC*, **Nicholas Courtney** *Voice of Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart*, **John Scott Martin** *Voice of the Supreme Dalek*

CREDITS *Written and directed by* **Richard Franklin**. *Designer* **James Helps**. *Lighting Designer* **Christopher Corner**. *Script Advisor & Additional Dialogue* **George A Cairns**. *Costumes by* **Jennifer**. *Mr Franklin's blouson-jacket by* **Skule Molbach-Nielsen of Oslo**.

PERFORMANCES Monday 20-Saturday 25 August 1984, Moray House Theatre, Edinburgh

THE TIME TEAM

THEIR ONGOING MISSION: TO WATCH AL[illegible]6 EPISODES OF **DOCTOR WHO**. IN ORDER. FROM THE START.

EPISODE 374 TO EPISODE 381

CLICHÉ COUNTER

Deaths on screen so far
00586

One or more regulars rendered unconscious
00101

One or more regulars incarcerated
00169

Compiled by
GARY GILLATT
Illustrations by
ADRIAN SALMON

The Doctor is dead.

When we left the action last time, at the end of Part Four of *The Monster of Peladon*, it seemed that our hero had been smeared across the side of Mount Megeshra, after an abortive attempt to stop a fruitloop called Ettis blowing up the Citadel of Peladon. Control of the planet is now firmly in the pincers of Commander Azaxyr and his Ice Warriors, and the Time Team are not impressed ...

"The Ice Warriors have really been reduced in status," says Peter with a sigh. "From noble, cultured aliens to bland, lumbering monsters. Such a shame."

Clayton nods his agreement. "Certainly, now that Azaxyr has been marked out as the villain, the wit of his pretend diplomatic dialogue has gone, and he's just a thug in a green costume."

Sarah, the Doctor's companion, is shocked to discover that human mining engineer Eckersley – whose name sounds like some obscure North Yorkshire swear word – has been working against Peladon and its Federation friends all along.

"You call that a twist?" groans Richard. "It's been pretty obvious from the start that Eckersley would be a traitor."

"Is he?" asks Clay, who is idly plucking balls of fluff from a sofa cushion. "Sorry – but the story is so boring it's difficult to care."

"It's like *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* all over again," laughs Jac. "Alpha Centauri will turn out to be a baddie next, just you wait."

Good news, everyone! The Doctor isn't dead at all, and only Ettis died in the explosion. Our hero is soon back in the thick of the action, presumably stopping first to wipe bits of the mooncalf miner from his shirt. As the final episode rumbles into view, the Doctor has control of the Aggedor Apparition Apparatus – which Eckersley used to scarify the miners – and he's busy blasting Martians halfway to Olympus Mons.

"It's tremendously satisfying to see the Doctor leading a rebellion and zapping baddies with a super-weapon," chuckles Peter. "This is what we want!"

Clayton is now inspecting something he's fished out of his left ear. "There is something surreal about watching these terrible bit-part actors running up and down the same corridors yelling a lot," he says. "They obviously don't have a clue what it is they're supposed to be doing. And pity poor Max Faulkner, who gets killed twice in the same corridor within a matter of minutes."

Oh dear, once again it looks as though the Doctor has dropped dead. He can hardly stay upright for more than 23 minutes at a time these days. Sarah is devastated, and through Elisabeth Sladen's distinctive delivery, her grief ke-heeps bu-hubbling up.

"Sarah's making a habit of thinking the Doctor's dead," comments Peter. "Only for him to wake up a few minutes later."

"But bless Pertwee and Sladen," sighs Clay. "They somehow contrive to give very good performances. Sarah's grief when she believes the Doctor is dead – a fairly traditional pose for her to adopt – is surprisingly realistic."

"Eckersley's punched Alpha Centuri!" shrieks Richard – who's worryingly fond of the phallic freak. "What a total rotter! He'd better get his comeuppance!"

The engineer's uppance comes soon enough – squeezed to death by dear old Aggedor. He doesn't go without a fight, though, taking the hairy flea-bag with him.

Jac is downcast. "I was sorry to see poor little Aggedor die," she says. "But it really sums up this story's gap between idea and execution. It should have been noble and tragic, but it ended up as a bit of a bear hug in which the Doctor had plenty of time to call off Aggedor before Eckersley shot him. Very sad."

"On paper, this story seemed to have so much going for it," ruminates Richard. "A return to Peladon, Ice Warriors, Alpha Centuari ... and yet the whole thing fails on almost every level. It's like a bad piece of fan fiction."

"Not the best story ever, true ..." begins Peter, with the lingering thrill of an impending 'but', "... but that last episode did show the Doctor at his very best. He was inspirational, clever, brave, and willing to face extreme peril in support of a cause he believes in. He's my kind of hero."

"I think more creatures died at the Doctor's own hand in that story than ever before," adds Clay. "It was dull, dull nonsense. Let's never have another 'Return To A World We've Visited Before' story, please. Thank heavens they didn't land back on Solos by mistake."

Or Metebelis 3? Perish the thought.

"A cow!" shouts Jac. "Mike Yates! The Doc and the Brig watching belly dancers in a church hall! What an excellent way to start an adventure!"

Our new tale is called *Planet of the Spiders*, and Sarah is visiting former UNIT Captain Michael Yates at his new home, a Buddhist meditation centre somewhere to the left of the M5. Mike is supposed to enjoying a spot of well-earned R&R after carelessly assisting in a plot to wipe out the whole of humanity, but he suspects his fellow drop-outs have taken to summoning up dark forces in the fruit cellar. Meanwhile, the Doctor and the Brigadier are witnessing the last gasp of music hall. How the cow is involved in these matters remains, at this point, unclear.

"It's a wonder that Mike counts Sarah as a confidant," says Clay. "He only met her briefly, and in dubious circumstances. Richard Franklin gives his best performance as Mike, though – far more relaxed than he has been for quite a while, neither straining to be a villain or a comedian."

The Doctor receives a visitor in his laboratory – theatrical mind-reader Professor Clegg. The Doctor is convinced that Clegg has genuine extra-sensory powers; something the man has a chance to demonstrate when a letter arrives for the Doctor – return address: Mrs Jo Jones, No.22 The Rain Forest, Brazil.

"Jo Grant!" squeaks Jac. "She's sending back the Doctor's Metebelis crystal in an Amazonian jiffy bag. This is the first time we've heard from a companion after they've left. How lovely!"

Clay clicks his tongue against the roof of his mouth. "The Doctor's ESP 'investigation' suggests more than ever that he's just a bumbling Earthbound scientist, not an alien time traveller. He calls in a clairvoyant with hidden powers ... and kills him! Well done, Doctor Who!"

Yes, the Doctor claims another victim. When Clegg stares into the Doctor's blue gemstone he has a vision of some spiralling spiders, and blows his aortic valve in shock. In a not-unrelated event at the meditation centre, the evil Buddhists chant mantras around a Trivial Pursuit board, and see a spider the size of a cocker spaniel appear from nowhere.

CLAY

JAC

PETER

RICHARD

"I'm not afraid of spiders," says Richard as Part Two begins. "Is a plastic creature like that *really* scary for people with arachnophobia? Perhaps it's when it jumps onto someone's back that's alarming."

"Well, I'm not afraid of spiders either," responds Peter. "But if a bugger that size jumped on my back and started talking, it'd be pants-changing time."

The spider merges with the chief conspirator, a twitchy middle-aged man called Lupton, and it becomes clear that the creature has come to Earth to find the Metebelis crystal. Back in the lab, the Doctor is resolutely refusing to join the plot.

"How can the Doctor possibly say there aren't any giant spiders on Metebelis 3, 'at least there weren't when I was there'?" wonders Richard. "He landed in one tiny quarry for a few minutes before leaving. Hardly time to do a planetary survey, is it Doctor?"

The debate is silenced as Lupton nicks off with the crystal. Stumbling into the UNIT car park, he thieves the Doctor's ridiculous new car. The Doctor and friends give chase in his ridiculous old car.

"It's like the Wacky Races," groans Clay, as the Doctor swaps Bessie for, in turn, a gyrocopter and the 'Whomobile'.

"Gah," adds Richard. "Doctor Who's space car is now a flying space car. That's not good – and nor is the effect."

"IT'S LIKE THE WACKY RACES!"

"Pish," responds Peter. "I love the idea of Doctor Who in a space car! It's *so* cool – it goes a golden colour when it flies!"

The chase rumbles on with the dread familiarity of a recurring dream. Lupton has a turn in the gyrocopter, before settling for a speedboat. The Doctor swaps space car for hovercraft, which he then drives over an unsuspecting homeless yokel.

"It's *ages* since we had a comedy tramp," chuckles Jac. "What with UNIT and all, I'm feeling all nostalgic. Now, someone wake me up when this episode is over."

"It might be forgiveable if it were interesting," sighs Clay. "But it is directed in a way that can only be described as comatose. John Dearth is required to do a double-take over his shoulder every half minute, which he does quite well. For the first dozen times."

The Doctor finally catches up with Lupton, who then vanishes into thin air.

"Why on Metebelis didn't Lupton do that in the first place?" wails Peter.

"12 minutes sooner and he'd have spared us a lot of bother," moans Clay.

Half of Part Three plays to silence from the team. This is fair enough, as it mainly consists of the Doctor waiting for an appointment with the villain. Out of sheer bloody-mindedness, the Doctor now seems to be insisting that the plot comes to him – having already spent a day chasing it around the West Country.

"I like Lupton," says Clay. "He has a depth very few *Doctor Who* characters are ever blessed with, and the bit where he and his spider mentally torture each other is surprisingly gripping. Never before has somebody's motivation for taking over the universe been getting the sack from an insurance firm." Indeed not – unless the Master once has a painful parting from Direct Line.

Lupton doesn't notice Tommy, a simple soul at the meditation centre, stealing his crystal. Our villain bluffs it out with the spiders, and Sarah accidentally follows. Like the Doctor in *The Green Death*, Sarah finds Metebelis 3 inhabited by creatures beyond our darkest imaginings.

"Jenny Laird," says Peter, giving a name to the actress who plays anxious Metebelian mother Neska. "She's not very good, is she?"

"Has she never heard of the word 'inflection'?" adds Clay. "It's probably the most gloriously awful performance of the entire Pertwee era. Even Rick James in *The Mutants* wasn't quite as bad as this. When she's stabbed in the back with a cattle prod it's hard not to cheer."

Trivia time, fact fans! At the famous London drama school RADA, it is actually possible to win the Jenny Laird Prize For Acting. In a little bit of spooky *Spiders* synchronicity, the proud recipient of this award in 1965 was none other than Richard Franklin. Not a lot of people know that.

"It should be said, however, that Jenny Laird can be a great actress," continues Clay. "She was fantastic in *Black Narcissus* you know."

By Part Four, the Doctor has joined Sarah in the primitive human settlement. He is swiftly blasted insensible by a spider guard.

"Ooh," says Jac. "Sarah thinks the Doctor is dead. That hasn't happened for at least five minutes."

Back on Earth, one performance attracts unanimous praise.

"John Kane is great as simple Tommy," says Richard. "Full marks for the scene where his mind is opened by the crystal. His breathless excitement as he races through his Ladybird book is really touching."

"It is a beautiful – full of hope, and joy and pathos," adds Peter, thumping his chest. "It gets you right there."

The Team race through Parts Five and Six, and we learn why the spiders are so hot for the Metebelis crystal. It's a present for their boss, the Great One – a spider the size of a three-storey town house, who over-enunciates like Julie Andrews.

"Hang on," says Richard. "The Doctor tells Sarah that the spiders arrived on Metebelis *after* he had taken the crystal. In that case, how did they ever know it was missing?" Perhaps they found a record of an earlier audit. "And the Doctor goes to great pains to say that he 'stole' the crystal. He didn't do anything of the sort. If the spiders didn't arrive until after his visit, who is he supposed to have stolen it from?"

"The jewel-collecting Big Bird creatures of Metebelis 3?" offers Peter.

Returning to Earth, the Doctor meets the head of the meditation centre, Abbot K'Anpo Rimpoche – a rather patronising so-and-so who gives cosy fireside chats, like JB Priestley during World War II. The Abbot is the Doctor's boyhood mentor he mentioned back in *The Time Monster* – so he's 100% responsible for every 'Moment Of Charm' we're endured since then. The sod.

"Goodness me!" exclaims Richard. "Eleven years into the series and we get the first use of the term 'regeneration'!"

K'Anpo is explaining what happens to Time Lords when they die. To hammer the point home, he drops dead, and 'regenerates' into his assistant, Cho-Je.

"Cho-Je!" breathes Peter. "So he was the Abbot all the time!"

Buddha says, in one of his Four Noble Truths, that suffering is caused by desire. To give in to desire is to stray from the path to Enlightenment. It seems the Doctor's desire for knowledge and adventure will bring about his fall.

"Way back in *Terror of the Autons*, the Master damned the Doctor's curiosity as his weakness," says Clay. "So I guess it's appropriate to see him punished for it. But it's an odd criticism in a show that wouldn't exist if it weren't for that trait – as if the ideal way for the Doctor to behave would be to retreat from the world and meditate."

With the squealing sound of petards being hoist, the Great One gets her crystal, and her sapphire web of power instantly boils her brain out through her cephalothorax. Meanwhile, the radiation of the crystal cave does untold damage to the Doctor's body.

"But ... but ..." stammers Peter. "The Doctor didn't have to 'face his fear', did he? If he'd let Lupton nick the crystal in Part Two, the Doctor would have been fine! Why does he have to die?"

"Hmmm, I can't say that I've been impressed with this story," says Richard. "It was overlong, and there's never the feeling that the spiders pose any real threat. A regeneration story is one of the rare occasions when something genuinely tragic is allowed to happen to the Doctor. You want him to go out on a bang – but this has been more of a splutter."

"All the Buddhist stuff gives this Doctor's last stand a sense of a noble quest," adds Clay. "Although, arguably, it's also a triumph of trite moralising which sums up so much of the programme's last five years."

"Well, I thought the spiders were creepy, especially when scuttling in the cellar," says Peter, sounding a shade petulant. "And although the Doctor's self-sacrifice seemed pointless, he died a hero."

"He did?" questions Jac. "I enjoyed the story – more than the rest of you did – but the ending was appalling. What an undramatic way to go."

And so, after three false alarms in as many hours, the Doctor dies. He's been exiled from Earth. He's pushing up those daisiest of daisies.

"The regeneration scene is very moving, isn't it?" says Clay, a tremble in his voice. "And it's helped no end by Elisabeth Sladen's performance."

But who's just appeared on the floor of the UNIT lab?

"He looks a bit like Eckersley," says Jac, turning her head sideways. Whatever he's like, there's *no way* he can be as good as the old one ...

AND YOU SAID...

THE MONSTER OF PELADON

"For a story called *The Monster of Peladon*, Aggedor (the real one) is completely sidelined, so his death at the end has little sense of occasion."

Christopher Bryant, Guildford

"Thank goodness for Alpha Centauri – camp and outrageously out of place, but the only watchable thing in it. 'Thank you Eckersley, but you are still a traitor' is worth tuning in for alone."

Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

"I do think it's cute that the Queen knows full well that the Doctor is leaving at the end when he claimed to just be 'checking' on the TARDIS."

Steven Manfred, Wisconsin

PLANET OF THE SPIDERS

"Part Two seems to be a *Knight Rider* episode seven years early!"

Steven Manfred, Wisconsin

"Do the Eight-Legs sit on formica kitchen work surfaces to avoid being accidentally trodden on? And why all the corridors?! One would think some sort of web-like setting would have been more appropriate ..."

Tim Gambrell, E-Mail

"The Eight-Legs react to being called 'spiders' the same way a six-year-old reacts to being kissed by a member of the opposite sex."

Jim Welke, Illinois

"In Part Five the Doctor says, 'this is getting monotonous' but I am convinced this is Jon Pertwee talking rather than the Doctor."

Jonathan Miles, Stoke-on-Trent

"The Part Five cliffhanger really misses a trick. If the scenes were in the same order as the Part Six reprise, the climax would be Sarah zapping the Doctor!"

Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

"The Doctor's inability to stop the Great One possessing him pinpoints his greatest fear in a way no other moment in the series has done as well. We see a deep fear flicker across his face and it's wonderfully played by Jon Pertwee."

Steven Manfred, Wisconsin

"This Doctor ends as he began, collapsing face first out of the TARDIS."

Christopher Bryant, Guildford

In **DWM** 343 the Time Team will be meeting and greeting Tom Baker as they gather to watch **Robot** and **The Ark in Space**. Comments? Let us know at the usual address, or e-mail us at **dwm@panini.co.uk** (marked 'Time Team') by 1 April. Ta.

The Time Team always watch eight episodes of *Doctor Who* at a time. This month, in a neat coincidence, their eighth episode falls exactly at the end of an 'era' of the show. This, the Team feels, calls for a celebration. Frankly, they need little excuse – in the past, the start of a season, the return of the Master or a story with an odd number of episodes has been cause enough for a party.

Tucked away in a booth in a second-rate Italian restaurant in Beckenham, South London, the Team's conversation spirals back and forth through the Pertwee years ...

"I think it all felt more grown up than the majority of the 1960s stories," says Clayton. "So many characters had political motivations – what with all those ministers, peace conferences, government and business interests."

"Things were starting to head in that direction anyway," adds Richard. "We'd already had the likes of Salamander and his political machinations in *The Enemy of the World*, or Robson and his dodgy leadership skills in *Fury from the Deep*. The concept works when it's part of a decent alien invasion, or if the story has a novel twist – like *Inferno* and *Day of the Daleks* – but stories like *Colony* or *Frontier in Space* just showed that political chit-chat alone does not a good story make."

"I completely disagree with both of you," says Jac, flatly. "I actually felt it became more a show for children than ever before."

Clay raises an eyebrow. "Really?" he says. "You'd say that *Inferno* was more aimed at children than, say, *The Chase?*"

"Cheeky. You've deliberately chosen two extreme examples there," replies Jac. "Season Seven remains a law unto itself, but after that, I thought there was less for the older members of the family. There were exceptions, but I felt there wasn't the depth there once was, and a lot of the stories felt thrown together, too. And having the Master – wonderful as he was – turn up with the same plan every week may have been great for kids, but it's no way to treat an intelligent audience."

"There was this constant drive to treat the monsters with 'respect'," adds Clay. "They were nearly always misunderstood and not nasty enough. If I see a monster depicted in 'shade of grey' again, I might scream. I'd much rather have those 1960s shambling monsters. Am I just shallow?"

"Not at all, dear chap," says Peter with a grin. "We all love the monsters! In fact, even the Doctor seemed unusually fond of some of the aliens he encountered. Unlike his second incarnation, this wasn't a Doctor who'd blow up the baddies without a second thought. No, he'd try to understand them, to reason with them, befriend them ..."

"... and *then* he'd blow them up," says Richard.

Peter sighs. "I was setting up that punchline. It's very rude of you to steal it."

"Sympathetic monsters or not, I do feel the era became more childish over time," interrupts Jac. "UNIT became less of a realistic military organisation and more just comic relief. The Brigadier's brain seemed to shrink as the series went on – I still loved him, but it was sometimes painful to see the wonderful Nick Courtney having to deliver quite embarrassing lines."

"THE REALLY ODD THING ABOUT JON PERTWEE'S DOCTOR IS THAT HE LOOKS AND SOUNDS LIKE AN OLD-FASHIONED GENT, BUT HE IS ACTUALLY A HIPPY!"

"The production values seemed to drop off too," adds Peter, showing a mouthful of ravioli in his enthusiasm to speak. "Maybe the memory cheats, but the early Pertwee stories seemed glossier, with more stunts and better effects. It all got quite cheap in comparison."

"It's often said that you get diminishing returns with the Pertwee stuff," says Clay. "But I think the slump is in the middle, actually. Season Seven was nice in a very different, non-*Doctor Who* way, then Season Eight has some fun stuff with the Master, but Seasons Nine and Ten could be pretty dreary. It's only with Eleven that it starts to glimmer again."

"It's a real shame there weren't more adventures set in the past," says Richard, wistfully. "I miss those."

Peter looks up from his plate. "That would have been good! Even though the Doctor was exiled to Earth, it would have been interesting if he could have got the TARDIS partially working – travelling in time, but not in space."

"Oh yes!" enthuses Richard. "It would have been wonderful to see the Doctor meet historical figures, rather than just persistently name-dropping!"

"I find it very difficult to imagine what a Pertwee historical might have been like," muses Peter. "But it would have been fascinating."

"It would have been just like *The Curse of Peladon*," says Clayton. "But with more Elizabethan ruffs, and a ghostly bear that turned out to be the pet of Sir Walter Raleigh. And no Alpha Centauri."

Jac laughs. "This Doctor would surely have been in his element," she says. "He could be such a rude and patronising old so-and-so at times, but I did gradually warm towards him. Most of the time I'd be wondering why on earth Jo had so much affection for someone who treated her so badly, and then he'd be briefly nice and it would be a bit more understandable."

"I thought he was really good with Jo," agrees Clay. "It's a shame she wasn't there for his 'death', really. He never seemed to warm to Sarah so much."

"Don't get me started on Sarah Jane Smith!" huffs Jac.

"OK. What about Liz Shaw?"

"Never mind Liz Shaw," replies Jac, "This thing about Sarah is... well, I adore her."

"But?"

"But she was given really appalling dialogue and character traits – constantly telling people about her 'women's lib' opinions. It was almost as though independent women were just as alien to everyone as Sontarans."

"I imagine a Sontaran might be easier to live with than an independent woman," says Peter, wistfully.

"What I don't accept," continues Jac, "is that this is only because *Doctor Who* was such a product of its time. Look at *The Avengers*, which never felt the need to have Cathy Gale or Emma Peel spout superficial philosophy to all and sundry – they just were strong, independent women. Show, don't tell!"

"I loved Liz, Jo and Sarah," says Clay. "They were a real progression from the one-dimensional companions of the later 1960s. Sarah in particular was almost a throwback to Barbara."

Peter nods his agreement. "The Pertwee girls were more like best friends than assistants. They and the Doctor had a mutual respect and affection for each other. The same goes for the Brig."

Clay seems to be trying to nod and shake his head at the same time. "The really odd thing about Pertwee's Doctor is that he looks and sounds like an old-fashioned gent, but he is actually a hippy. His relationship with the Brigadier is really funny, for example. The Doctor's so ungrateful and shouty, but the Brig finds it funny – and so, for the most part, did I."

"Pertwee's Doctor was at his best with those friends around him," adds Richard. "It's only when he left twentieth century England that the stories slipped below par. Yawns like *Frontier in Space*, for instance. Not even Delgado and Daleks could save that one – dull, dull, dull!"

"It did get rough at times," says Jac. "I don't want to sound like I hated the era, because I don't think there was a single main character that I disliked. It had some wonderful stories – *Day of the Daleks* is one of the greatest of all time, and I loved *The Curse of Peladon* too."

"But?" choruses the group.

"But ... they felt like an oasis in the desert – I don't think we've ever before had so many runs of poor stories in a row, which got disheartening at times."

"To be honest, though, not one of Pertwee's stories grabbed me in the way that the best 1960s stories did," says Clay. "I just don't think I liked his portrayal as much as I liked Hartnell and Troughton. Sorry!"

"You old curmudgeons!" laughs Peter. "The only thing the Third Doctor lacked compared to his predecessors was a certain air of mystery. But instead this Doctor was a hero – a superhero – plain and simple. He was a grumpy old man at first, maybe, but he eventually became the best uncle I never had.

"And I loved him."

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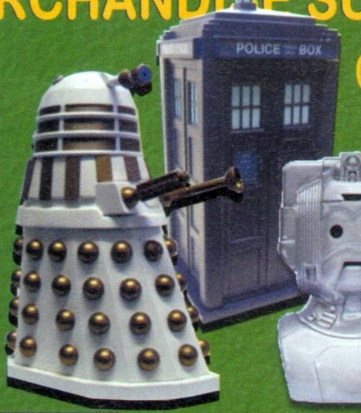

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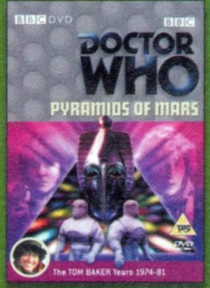

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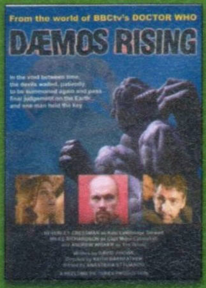

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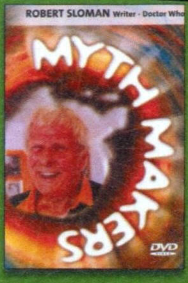

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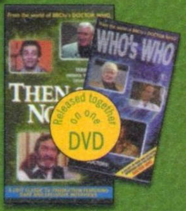

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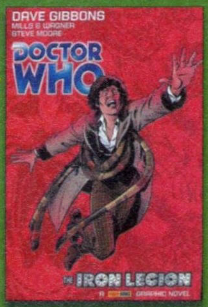

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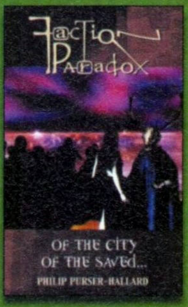

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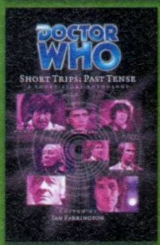

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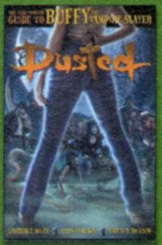

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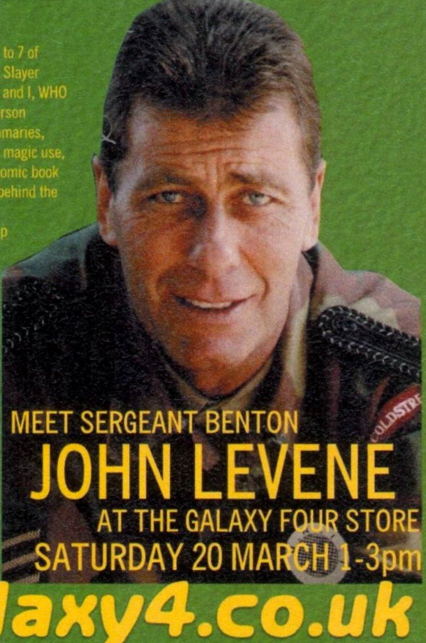

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PRODUCTION NOTES #1

THE SOUND OF SILENCE

You will hate this page. Maybe not now, but in the months to come, oh yes. Because you want to know [a] who plays the Doctor, [b] who plays his companion Rose, and [c] are the Daleks coming back? And I can't tell you.

I've got to be professional. A lot of this information depends on contracts, negotiations, inspiration, and everything can change at the drop of the proverbial hat. There's enough speculation on the internet ("Rose Tyler is a twentieth-century scientist who discovers time-travel!" Er, no. "My friend is doing the prosthetics!" Nope, definitely not. "Russell T Davies can go all night!" Oh, all right then.) So all I can do in this column is keep things calm. In years to come, this period will be known as the Great Prevarication. A strange, nebulous limbo, looking a bit like the Mandragora Helix but without the rocks, built out of potential and promise, lacking a single, solid fact.

But the facts will come. I swear. For all the current frustration, there will come a time – soon, I hope – when you can't move for costumes and spaceships and actors' CVs. And as that time approaches, I hope you'll be able to read about it here first, in the pages of **DWM**.

Because I love this comic. I really do. I've bought it since the very first issue. There was one newsagent's in Swansea, with the marvellous name of Billy Hole, which would get the original **Doctor Who Weekly** on a Wednesday instead of a Thursday. Every Wednesday, I'd cross town to get there. Oh, so long ago. My nan was alive, my mum was alive. A million years.

I kept every issue. I lost a couple around the #130's, but that was a very drunk time – you should see the friends I lost, never mind the comics. But I persevered. I even had a glass door put over a certain set of shelves, because when I was (happy) a smoker, I was turning the pages a furious yellow.

So now, in collaboration with your lovely Editor (who is an offstage bellowing voice, much like the Editor in *The Sparky People*, or am I the only one who remembers that?) we hope to release exclusive news to **DWM** over the coming year. Let's face it, when it comes to the big stuff, like announcing the Doctor, then that's a proper tabloid-and-broadsheet story. **DWM** will have to stand in line. Behind a pillar, by the toilets, probably. But there are certain stories which we can keep as **DWM**'s preserve – this issue's announcement of the writers' names should, if we succeed, be an exclusive. And that's just the start. Hopefully, we'll be able to tell you stuff that the *Mirror* wouldn't want to print – the names of FX artists, the number of extras dressed as space-moose, and maybe the return of the Wolfweed. Read about it here! With a bit of luck, and a bit of ducking and diving and even a quick slalom, **DWM** will even be ahead of the internet. Impossible! But I'd love to try.

Of course, I'd love to get some things on screen with no advance warning. Not in **DWM**, or the internet, or anywhere. Can that be done, in this day and age? Let's find out.

I also hope that in the months to come, there will be times when this column is just a quick, angry scribble, 'cos we're all just too busy to write anything. That'll be fun. And can I be the first to point out, I'm sick of my name cropping up all the time. No, really, stop laughing (thanks, dad), I am. Because I'm six foot six with a big mouth, I can seem a bit proprietorial. But this wonderful, shining show belongs to millions of us, all the people who have loved it, and all the people who will, and it's now in the care of a production team which will eventually number hundreds. I hope, in the future, some of them can use this column to describe the production from their point of view. (Oh, see them run. Never that fast coming into work, are you?)

In the absence of facts, let me try to describe the current situation.

TEMPORARY PARKING
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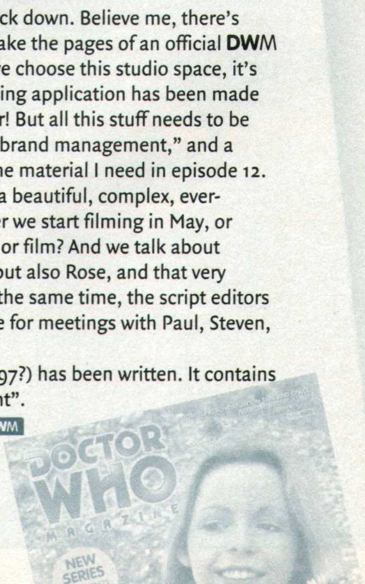
"IN YEARS TO COME, THIS PERIOD WILL BE KNOWN AS **THE GREAT PREVARICATION**. A STRANGE, NEBULOUS LIMBO, LACKING A SINGLE, SOLID FACT ..."

We're in limbo because we have yet to cast a Doctor. The casting process has only just begun, and we're keeping every option open. Until the actor is booked, we can't decide the production dates, and until they exist, we can't fix the transmission date, and neither can we issue contracts for anyone else. Directors, costume, make-up, all in limbo. I don't mean this to sound disorganised; every drama in the world takes shape in this way. (Except maybe Lesley Joseph in *Rumble*, I think that took an afternoon.) At a guess, I'd say we've got a couple of months to go, at the very least, before names can be named.

But there are certain things we can lock down. Believe me, there's some information which would never make the pages of an official **DWM** *Archive*, my current favourite being: "If we choose this studio space, it's only got temporary parking, but a planning application has been made for permanent spaces." Oh, the glamour! But all this stuff needs to be done. The BBC's already talking about "brand management," and a man is getting copyright clearance for the material I need in episode 12. The Production Associate has drawn up a beautiful, complex, ever-shifting schedule, depending on whether we start filming in May, or June, or September, or January. On tape or film? And we talk about casting every day – not just the Doctor, but also Rose, and that very important character in episode nine. At the same time, the script editors – yes, plural – are drawing up a schedule for meetings with Paul, Steven, Mark, and Rob.

And episode one (or is that episode 697?) has been written. It contains the words "radial," "balcony" and "shunt".

It is beginning to begin... DWM



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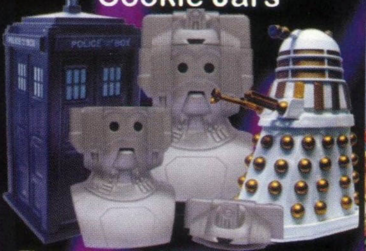

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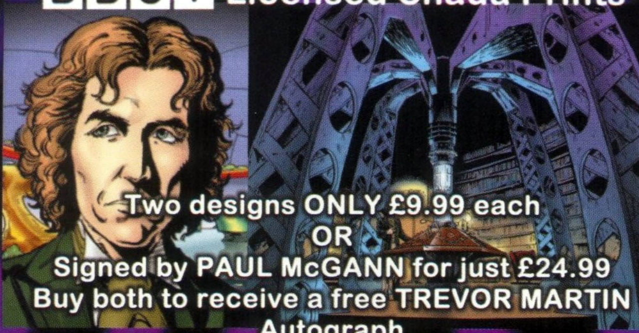

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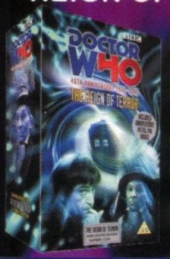
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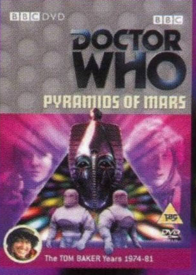
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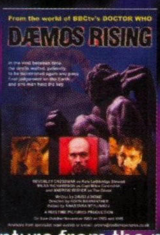
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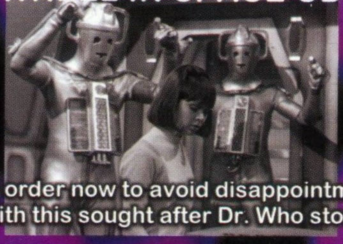

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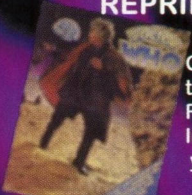

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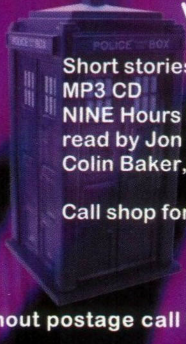

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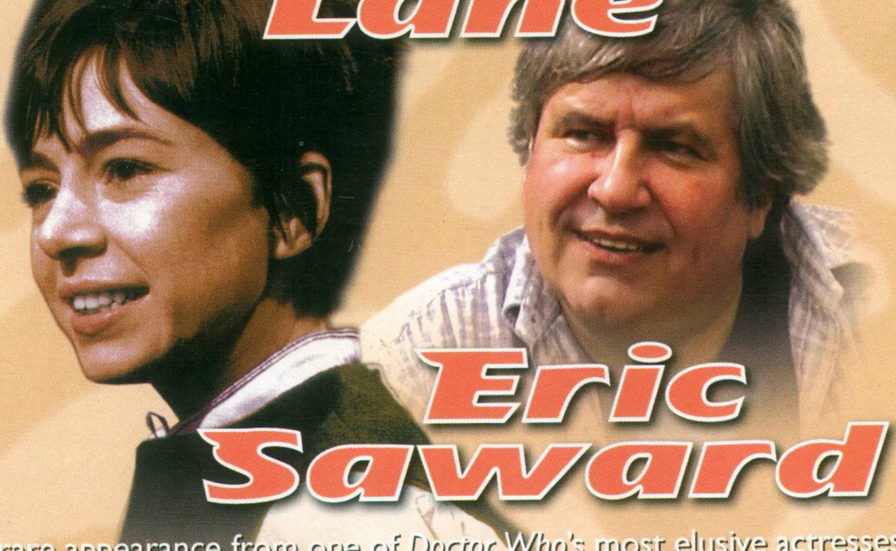

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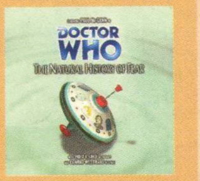

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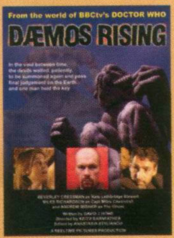

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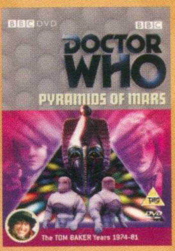

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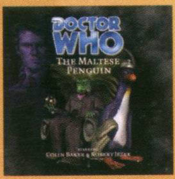

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